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MEMOIRS
OF
RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

AN ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS,

INTERSPERSED WITH

ANECDOTES AND CHARACTERS

OF SEVERAL OF THE MOST DISTINGUISHED
PERSONS OF HIS TIME,

WITH WHOM HE HAS HAD INTERCOURSE AND CONNEXION.

VOL. II.

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THE
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MEMOIRS

OF

RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

MY orders were to wait at Lisbon till Mr. Hussey wrote to me from Aranjuez, and according to the tenor of his report I was to use my discretion as to proceeding onwards, or returning home; and this being a point decisive as to my credit or discredit in the management of the business I was entrusted with, I was most urgent and precise with Mr. Hussey in conjuring him to be extremely careful and correct in his report, by which I was to guide myself, and this he solemnly promised me that he would observe. On the 19th and 20th I prepared my dispatches, and on the 21st delivered them to the pacquet master, who took his departure that very day.

In the mean time I understood from M. Hussey, that in applying to the Spanish ambassador Count Fernan Nunez for his passport, he had committed himself to a conversation, from which he drew very promising expectations; of this I informed my proper minister Lord Hillsborough, as will appear by the following extract of my letter dated the 19th of May 1780.

“ My Lord,

“ When Mr. Hussey waited on Count Fernan Nunez yesterday for his passport, he would have made his commission for the exchange of prisoners the pretence for his journey into Spain, but the ambassador gave him plainly to understand he was confidential with Count Florida Blanca in the business upon which we are come. This being the case, Mr. Hussey thought it by no means necessary to decline a conversation with the ambassador under proper reserve. He was soon told that his arrival was anxiously expected at Aranjuez. No expression of good will to him, to me, and to the commission I am entrusted with was omitted. It was proposed by the ambassador to pay me the ho-

“ nour of a visit, if acceptable, in any way I
“ liked best; but this Mr. Hussey without re-
“ ferring to me very properly and readily pre-
“ vented.

“ He entered into many pertinent enquiries
“ as to the state of the ministry and the man-
“ ner, in which Lord North had been pressed
“ in the House of Commons; he would have
“ stirred the question of an accommodation
“ with France, but was plainly answered by
“ Mr. Hussey that he had no one word to say
“ upon that subject; the channel was open,
“ he observed, but ours was not that chan-
“ nel—* *

“ The conversation then closed with such
“ assurances of a sincere pacific disposition on
“ the part of Spain, that if Count Fernan
“ Nunez reports fairly and is not imposed on,
“ our business seems to be in an auspicious
“ train—* * *

My gratitude to Sir William Burnaby and his officers induced me to address the following letter and request to Lord Hillsborough, which I made separate, and sent under cover of the same dispatch.

“ To the Earl of Hillsborough.”

“ May the 20th 1780

“ My Lord, “ Milford frigate off Belem.

“ I cannot let this opportunity go
“ by without expressing to your Lordship, and
“ through you to Lord Sandwich, my most
“ thankful acknowledgments for indulging my
“ wishes by putting me on board the Milford
“ under the care and command of Sir William
“ Burnaby, whose unremitting kindness and at-
“ tention to me and my family, I can neither
“ duly relate nor repay. Throughout a long
“ and an eventful passage, whether we were
“ struggling with a gale, or clearing ship for
“ action, both he and his officers uniformly
“ conducted themselves with that harmony,
“ temper and precision, as seemed to put them
“ in assured possession of success; the men
“ themselves have been so long attached to
“ their officers, and all of them to the ship it-
“ self, that the severest duty is here directed
“ without an oath, and obeyed without a mur-
“ mur.—Though we have been encumbered
“ with such a crowd of prisoners, many of
“ whom seemed to possess the spirit of mutiny
“ in full force, our discipline has kept all in

“ perfect quiet, and such humane attention
“ has been paid to their health, that not a sin-
“ gle prisoner has sickened or complained.

“ I take the liberty of intruding upon your
“ lordship with these particulars to introduce
“ a suit to you, which I have most anxiously
“ at heart, and in which I am joined with equal
“ anxiety by my friend Mr. Hussey: it is, my
“ lord, to beseech you to promote the applica-
“ tion made by Sir William Burnaby to Lord
“ Sandwich in behalf of his first lieutenant
“ Mr. William Grosvenor to be made master
“ and commander; an officer of ten years
“ standing, well known in the navy and dis-
“ tinguished for activity, sobriety and profes-
“ sional skill and ability: he went round the
“ world with Admiral Byron, and is highly res-
“ pected by him; he has been in this ship du-
“ ring the whole war, and assisted in the cap-
“ ture of near four-score prizes, by which he
“ has acquired very little more than the appro-
“ bation of his captains, and the love and re-
“ verence of the men.

“ Had our prize been a king’s ship Mr.
“ Grosvenor would have come home in her,
“ and his promotion would most probably

“ have followed in train ; however, as she is a
“ very fine new frigate and will I dare say be
“ reported fit for the king’s use, the opportu-
“ nity is judged favourable for recommending
“ Mr. Grosvenor’s pretensions, and as the
“ Milford may be said to be now acting under
“ your lordship’s orders, I flatter myself you
“ will take her under your protection by
“ granting your good offices with Lord Sand-
“ wich in Mr. Grosvenor’s behalf; an obliga-
“ tion, that I shall ever gratefully carry in re-
“ membrance.

“ I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

“ R. C.”

This letter produced no advantage to Mr. Grosvenor, nor any other gratification to me except the recollection that I had done my best to serve a meritorious officer.

At Buenos Ayres I was visited by our minister Mr. Walpole, Commodore Johnstone, Sir John Hort the consul, Captain Payne and several gentlemen of the factory. On the 25th instant the ceremony of the Corpus Christi took place in a day excessively sultry, when the king and prince walked with the patriarch of Lisbon, the religious orders, knights of

Christ and nobility of Portugal in procession through the streets, of which even the ruins were decorated with rich tapestries, silks and velvets, forming at once a splendid and a melancholy scene. I was with my daughters at a house, from which we had a very good view of what was passing, and as they presented themselves at an open window in their English dresses, (and I may add without vanity in all their native charms) they most evidently arrested the attention of the holy brotherhood in a manner, that by no means harmonized with the solemnity of their office; more perfect wolves in sheep's cloathing never were beheld. The haughtiness and ill-breeding of the Portuguese nobles is notorious to a proverb. One of these, the son of the minister Pombal, came into the room where I was waiting for the procession above mentioned; turning to me with an air of supercilious protection, very awkwardly assumed, and making a motion with his hand towards a chair, he was pleased to tell me that *I might sit down*—There was an insolence in the manner of it irresistibly provoking, and I am not ashamed to say my an-

swer was at least as contemptuous as his address was insolent.

Early in the morning of the 30th I went with my daughters, and some of our naval friends to Cintra, visiting the palace of Queluz in the way: the terrors of an earthquake are evidently expressed in the construction of this palace, which is nothing more than a long range of pavilions in the Moorish character very richly furnished and profusely gilt; the heat was quite oppressive, but the shady walks and delicious odour of the orange groves, the refreshing sight of the fountains and exquisite beauty of the flowers in high bloom and boundless abundance recompensed all we suffered by the mid-day violence of the burning sun. In the romantic and more temperate retreat of Cintra we enjoyed the most charming and enchanting scenes and prospects nature can display. The rock, the cork convent and the ancient palace of Cintra are objects that surpass description; from the latter of these the rock and town of Cintra, with all the country about it as far as to the palace of Mafra, till where it is bounded by the sea, form a most superb and interesting scene; the interior of the castle is

unfurnished, though the painted tiles, gilded ceilings and arrangement of the apartments, opening to parterres, cut out of the rock in stories and terraces one above the other, is singularly grand and striking. In one of the great chambers the ceiling is ornamented with the scutcheons of all the noble families of Portugal affixed to the necks of stags of no ordinary painting or design, and, though very ancient, their remarkable freshness bespeaks the extreme softness and dryness of the climate; in this collection the bearings and titles of the noble family of D'Aveiro had a conspicuous station, from which they are now dislodged and their very name expunged.

On our return to Lisbon we passed the remarkable aqueduct of Alcantara so often described, and on the 5th of June at early morning I received the expected dispatch from Mr. Hussey with letters inclosed for the Earl of Hillsborough and Lord George Germain—His letter to me was as follows—

“ Aranjuez 31st May 1780.
“ My dear friend,

“ I arrived here three days ago,
“ conversed with the minister of state upon

“ the subject of your journey, and do find that
“ the delays, which this business met with,
“ and the different turn, which matters have
“ taken, render this negociation every day ex-
“ ceedingly arduous and difficult. However
“ as the minister is so very desirous of finding
“ some means to bring it to a happy conclu-
“ sion, and as you are already so far advanced
“ on your journey, I think it by all means ad-
“ visable that you come, (giving out that you
“ mean to pass through Spain for the benefit
“ of your health) and so give the negociation
“ a fair trial. You know me too well to sus-
“ pect that I shall be wanting to cultivate the
“ good wishes of the minister of state, and to
“ incline him towards an accommodation.—
“ My servant Daly carries a memorandum of
“ the road and the different places where the
“ relays of carriages are to meet you.

“ Do not forget to mention to Mrs. Cum-
“ berland and the young ladies their's and
“ Your affectionate friend

“ Thomas Hussey.

“ P. S. His Catholic majesty's orders are
“ gone to Badajoz, the frontier town, not to
“ examine your baggage—”

Embarrassed by this letter, and doubtful of the part I ought to take, I obeyed my instructions by resorting to our minister Mr. Walpole, and delivered to him a letter from Lord Hillsborough, the contents of which I was privy to, and by which I was directed to be confidential and explicit with him. As there was but one point, upon which he hesitated, and which I had good reason to know would not be made a stipulation obstructive to my measures, I was disposed according to Mr. Hussey's advice to *give the negociation a trial*, though his letter was by no means such as I exacted from him, nor so explicit as to give me a safe rule to go by. Nevertheless upon full consideration of all circumstances, and under the persuasion that delay, (which was the utmost that Mr. Walpole suggested) would in effect be tantamount to absolute abandonment, I determined for the journey, and gave my reasons for pursuing the advice of Mr. Hussey, and meeting the advances of the Spanish minister, exemplified by his preparations for receiving me, in the following dispatch, which I transmitted to Lord Hillsbo-

rough by Sir William Burnaby, then upon his departure for England—

“ To the Earl of Hillsborough.”

“ Lisbon June 6th 1780.

“ My Lord,

“ In my letter No. 1. I informed
“ your lordship of my arrival here on the 17th
“ of last month at six in the afternoon, and of
“ Mr. Hussey’s departure for Aranjuez on the
“ 19th following at eleven o’clock in the fore-
“ noon. I have now the honour of transmit-
“ ting to you a letter, which I received yes-
“ terday morning by express from Aranjuez,
“ addressed to your lordship, and I inclose
“ one also, which I had from Mr. Hussey
“ of the 31st of last month by the same con-
“ veyance.

“ The letter of my instructions is explicit
“ for my returning to England, or advancing
“ to Spain, as that court shall make or not
“ make the cession of Gibraltar the basis of a
“ negociation. The simple resolution of this
“ question formed the whole purport of Mr.
“ Hussey’s journey, and as I well know it was

“ clearly understood on his part, I expected a
“ reply in the same style of precision with these
“ instructions : the case is now unexpectedly
“ become exceedingly embarrassing and deli-
“ cate. As he does not say that Spain stipu-
“ lates for the cession aforesaid ; I do not
“ consider myself under orders to return ; on
“ the other hand as he does not tell me that
“ she will treat without it, I am doubtful whe-
“ ther I am warranted to advance. He says
“ the minister *is very desirous of finding*
“ *means of bringing things to a happy con-*
“ *clusion*, and I have not only his authority,
“ but good grounds from private information,
“ to give credit to his assertion : I am also fur-
“ nished with the necessary passports from
“ the minister of Spain and from her ambassa-
“ dor at this court. It remains therefore a
“ question with me, and a very difficult one I
“ feel it, whether I should wait at Lisbon and
“ require a further explanation, or proceed
“ without it.

“ If I take the first part of this alternative,
“ I must expect it will create offence to the
“ punctilio of the Spanish court who have
“ given me their passport for myself and fa-

“ mily, have not only provided me with every
“ convenience of coaches and relays through
“ Spain, but have directed their ambassador
“ here to give me every furtherance from
“ hence, that can accommodate me to Badajoz,
“ and I have this day received Count Fernan
“ Nunez’s passport with a letter of recommen-
“ dation to the Marquis de Ustariz, intendant
“ of Badajoz. By the terms, in which Count
“ Florida Blanca has couched my passport, it
“ is set forth that I am travelling through
“ Spain towards Italy for the establishment of
“ my health: under this pretext it is in my
“ power to take my route as a private traveller,
“ and by no means deliver to the minister your
“ lordship’s letter until I have explicit satis-
“ faction in the leading points of my instruc-
“ tions: should I find the court of Spain ac-
“ quiescent under these particulars, success will
“ justify a doubtful measure; whereas if I
“ withstand the invitation and advice of Mr.
“ Hussey, sent no doubt with the privity of
“ the minister, and expressive of his good
“ wishes and desires for an accommodation, I
“ shall throw every thing into heat and fer-
“ ment, ruin all Mr. Hussey’s influence, from

“ which I have so much to expect, and at once
“ blast all his operations, now in so fair a train
“ for success, and which probably have been
“ much advanced since Daly’s departure. In
“ short, my lord, I regard this dilemma as a
“ case, in which personal caution points to one
“ side, and public service to the other. In
“ this light I view it, and although Mr. Hus-
“ sey’s letter to your lordship, (for it was un-
“ der a flying seal) is as silent on the same
“ material point, as that to me is, I have after
“ full deliberation thought it for his majesty’s
“ service that I should no longer hesitate to
“ pursue the advice of Mr. Hussey, but re-
“ solve to set out upon my journey for Spain.

“ The high opinion I entertain of Mr. Hus-
“ sey’s understanding weighs strongly with
“ me for this measure, because I know he has
“ intuition to penetrate chicanery, and discre-
“ tion enough not to expose me to it; and
“ though he does not expressly say that there
“ is no obstacle in my way, yet this I am per-
“ suaded must be his firm assurance and belief
“ before he would commit me to the journey.
“ The verbal message he has sent me by his

“ servant Daly that *all is well*, is to me a very
“ encouraging circumstance, because it is a
“ concerted token and pass-word between us,
“ agreed upon when we were together in the
“ frigate. The underlined expressions in the
“ memorandum for my journey have not es-
“ caped my observation, and I inclose you the
“ original for your inspection: he says, I am
“ impatient to tell you a thousand things,
“ *which I do not write*. This marks to me
“ an embarrassment and reserve in his letter,
“ which probably arose from the necessity of
“ his communicating it to the sub-minister
“ Campo, or to the minister himself. The
“ letters to your lordship and me were couched
“ nearly in the same words, and these so much
“ out of his style of expression, that they seem
“ either shaped to meet another man’s thoughts,
“ or to be of another man’s dictating. He
“ tells me in the same memorandum, that at
“ Aranjuez *every thing else*, as well as his
“ heart, will be ready to receive me: these
“ expressions from Mr. Hussey I know to be
“ no trivial indications of his thoughts, and
“ though I am sensible my duty instructs me

“ to take clearer lights for my guidance than
“ side-way hints and insinuations can supply,
“ yet such circumstances may come as aids,
“ though not as principals, in the formation of
“ an opinion.

“ I think it material to add that I have rea-
“ son to believe the dispatch, which the Spanish
“ ambassador received from the minister by
“ the hands of Daly, Mr. Hussey's servant, is
“ expressive of the same disposition to a sepa-
“ rate accommodation with Great-Britain, and
“ accords with what is stated by Mr. Hussey
“ in his letter to your lordship.

“ Through the same intelligence I have dis-
“ covered the channel, by which the proposi-
“ tions fabricated in this place were conveyed
“ to the Spanish minister, and am to the bot-
“ tom made acquainted with that whole in-
“ trigue. I can only by this opportunity in-
“ form your lordship, that it is a discovery of
“ much importance to me in my future pro-
“ ceedings, gives me power over, and posses-
“ sion of, an agent in trust and confidence with
“ the minister of Spain, as well as with the
“ ambassador here, and that the deductions I

“ draw from it strongly operate to incline my
“ judgment to the resolution I have now taken
“ of entering Spain.

“ I have the honour, &c. &c.

“ R. C.”

Having hired carriages and provided myself with things necessary for my journey to Badajoz, I wrote on the next morning the following letter to the Secretary of State, separate and distinct from the dispatch, inserted as above—

“ To the Earl of Hillsborough.”

“ Lisbon June 7th 1780.

“ Wednesday morning 5 o'clock.

“ My Lord,

“ I am sensible I have taken a
“ step, which exposes me to censure upon
“ failure of success, unless the reasons, on
“ which I have acted, shall be weighed with
“ candour and even with indulgence. In the
“ decision, I have taken for entering Spain, I
“ have had no other object but to keep alive a
“ negociation, to which any backwardness or
“ evasion on my part in the present crisis would
“ I am persuaded be immediate extinction. I

“ know where my danger lies, but as my endeavours for the public service and the honour of your administration are sincere, I have no doubt but I shall obtain your protection.

“ Though I dare not rest my public argument so much on private opinion as I am disposed to confess to you, yet you will plainly see how far I am swayed by my confidence in Mr. Hussey, and this will be the more evident when I must fairly own that Mr. Walpole’s opinion is not with me for my immediate journey into Spain: I owe this justice to him, that, if I fail, it may be known he is free from all participation in my error. I have delivered your letter, and in general opened the business to him as I was directed to do, but I have disclosed to him no other instruction, except that, on which Mr. Hussey’s errand turns. He appears to me totally to discredit the sincerity of Spain towards any accommodation with Great-Britain, and this opinion certainly coloured his whole argument upon the subject: had we agreed in this principal posi-

“tion, it is not likely we should have differed
“in deductions from it.

“I have written to Mr. Hussey, and beg
“leave to send you a copy of my letter. I
“had fully purposed, in conformity to what I
“said to your lordship, that my family should
“not accompany me upon my journey, but
“the nature of the passport and the circum-
“stances, that have arisen, make it indispen-
“sible for me to take them with me, not only
“as an excuse for my delay upon the road till
“Mr. Hussey shall meet me, but also as a cover
“for my pretence of health, should I find it
“necessary to pass through Spain without an
“explanation with the minister, &c. &c.

“R. C.”

At three o'clock in the afternoon of the 8th instant, I took my departure from Lisbon, embarking in one of the queen's barges for Aldea Gallega, whilst my wife and daughters accompanied me in the Milford's cutter with the first lieutenant and master.

The passage to Aldea Gallega is about nine miles up the river, which here forms a magni-

ficient sheet of water. At the wretched Posada in this place we had our first sample of that dirt and loathsomeness, which admit of no description, and which every baiting place throughout Portugal and Spain with little variation presented to us. Men may endure such scenes ; to women of delicacy they are, and must be, nauseous in the extreme. The policy of these courts agrees in prohibiting the publican from furnishing any thing to the traveller but firing : provisions must be purchased by the way, and the kid, whose carcass has dangled on your carriage in the sun and dust, half fried by the one, and more than half basted by the other, must be roasted for your meal by the faggot, that you purchase of your host, which in the meanwhile if you do not manfully defend, the muleteer and way-faring carrier will take a share of, and incense your poor carrion kid with the execrable fumes of his rank mess of oil and garlick. This rarely fails to stir up strife and fierce contention, which the host takes little or no pains to allay, sometimes ferments, till if your people cannot drive off the interlopers with a high hand, you call in the peace-officer of the village or town

to adjust your rights, which he is in no haste to do till you quicken his tardy sense of justice with a portion of your roast meat. I was once driven to this reference, when my people were out-numbered, and then my defender gave me gravely to understand that his spouse was extremely partial to cold turkey, that alluring object having been incautiously exposed to his eager ken. I tried if he would compound for a leg, but his spouse had a decided preference for the wing, and nothing short of half could move him to give sentence for my right. I had purchased at Lisbon two grey mules for the saddle at a high price; they were beautiful creatures, very fast trotters and perfectly sure-footed, so that I rode occasionally and could make short excursions, when there was any thing better than a dreary wilderness to tempt me out of the road.

On the 9th at three o'clock in the morning Captain Payne arrived, having been all night on the water; we breakfasted, and having taken leave of our friends, departed from Aldea Gallega, our road lying over a sandy country, interspersed however with the olive and cork

tree, and almost covered with myrtle bushes in full bloom. We passed by Vendas Novas, an unfurnished palace of the Queen's, and put up our beds for the night at a lone house near Silveira. On the 10th we passed Montemor, situated on a beautiful eminence, and further on Arrayolas, where there are the remains of a stately castle of Moorish construction, as it should seem, and concluded our day's journey at a lone house, called Venda do Duque. On the 11th, passing through Estremos we came to Elvas, the frontier town of Portugal, within sight of Badajoz in the plain at three leagues distance. The works erected by Count la Lippe on the hill, which commands the town, and the fortifications of the town itself seemed very extensive and in perfect repair, and the troops well accoutred and in good order, but the more striking sight to me was that of the aqueduct: it is raised on four lofty arches of stone one over the other, and enters the town in a very grand style. The suburbs are finely planted and laid out into walks by Count la Lippe, the projector, to whom Elvas is indebted for those public works, that constitute at once both her ornament and her defence.—

As our minister at Lisbon had not furnished me with any letter to the governor of Elvas, I was not only put to trouble about my baggage, but evidently became an object of suspicion. The former of these difficulties I got over by a bribe, but the latter subjected me to restraint, for upon attempting to walk out of my inn I found a guard of soldiers with fixed bayonets at the gate, who prevented me from stirring out, and mounted on me through the remainder of the day and the whole night, which I passed there. The next morning, whilst my carriages were in waiting for me, an Irish benedictine walked into my room, and in a very authoritative and unceremonious style insisted on my staying there all day, and even was proceeding to countermand my carriages. He believed, or pretended to believe, that I was an American agent, or negociator, travelling into Spain, and began to inveigh most virulently against the king and country, of which he was a subject born: if he was employed to sound me (which is not improbable) he executed his office very clumsily, yet his insolent importunity was a considerable interruption and extremely troublesome. His lan-

guage in the mean time was intolerably offensive, and his action worse, for as I reached out my hand to take my pistols from the table, the saucy fellow caught at them, with an action so suspicious, that I was obliged to put him from me, and sending my ladies out of the room before me to the carriages, got in last myself and ordered the postillions to proceed. The pertinacious monk still continued to oppose my going, and even vented his anathemas on the drivers, if they presumed to move. When I saw at the same time that there was a party of dragoons mounted and parading at the gate with drawn swords before the heads of my mules, I doubted whether they were in fact an escort of honour or arrest, but in a few minutes my leading carriage moved, and thus guarded I passed the barriers, whilst the monk, keeping his hand upon my carriage, and vociferating without intermission, never left me till we had passed through all the out posts, and fairly entered the plain in sight of Badajoz.

It was not pleasant, and I did not think that the proper precautions had been taken for me. When I had got rid of my monk, (the guard having taken no notice of his insolent behaviour)

in about a league and a half's driving a foot's pace we came to a small stream, which divides the territories of Portugal from Spain. Here we watered the mules, whilst on the opposite bank I perceived a party of Spanish infantry waiting as it seemed to receive and escort me. My Portuguese dragoons in perfect silence wheeled about and departed, and no sooner had I touched the Spanish soil than the party presented arms, and a messenger in the livery of the king with his badge of office on his sleeve, signified to me that coaches were in waiting for me at Badajoz, and that he had his Catholic majesty's commands to attend upon me through my journey. During this, my Portuguese postillions, finding themselves in my power, and apprehending no doubt that their hesitation in obeying me against the denunciations of the aforesaid benedictine, might justly have offended me, fell on their knees in the most abject manner, kissing the skirts of my coat and imploring pardon and forgiveness. Having ordered them to mount and proceed, we soon reached Badajoz, and were received into the garrison with all the honours they could shew us. As a town Badajoz has nothing

to engage the traveller, and as a fortified place stands in no degree of comparison with Elvas. The troops, being mostly invalids, made a very indifferent appearance, but the windows and balconies were thronged with spectators, who bestowed every mark of favour and good will upon us as we passed the streets.

Here I found a coach and six mules in waiting, and after some stay set forward at midnight, the gates being opened for me, and a guard turned out by order of the governor, and we proceeded to Miajada, where a fresh relay was in readiness. The province of Extremadura is miserably barren, producing nothing to relieve the eye but cork trees thinly scattered, and here and there a few distorted olive trees. The like disconsolate aspect of a country, where neither cattle nor habitations were to be seen, prevailed through the whole of our next stage to Truxillo, where we halted on the night of the 14th instant.

In this stage we were warned by our attendant messenger to be upon our guard against robbers, and in truth the country furnished most appropriate scenes and inviting opportunities for such adventurers. I had

three English servants and two men hired in Lisbon, besides the messenger above-mentioned, and myself and my English servants in particular were excellently armed and ammunitioned. My Englishmen consisted of Mr. Hussey's man Daly, a London hair-dresser of the name of Legge, whom I took for the convenience of my wife and daughters, and my own faithful servant Thomas Camis of tried courage and attachment, who had lived with me from the age of ten years. In the middle of the night, when we were in the depth of the forest, or rather wilderness, the Spaniard rode up to my coach-window, and telling me we were then in the most suspicious part of our road, recommended it to me to collect my people about me and keep them together. Daly indeed was not far behind, but in a state of absolute intoxication and sleeping on his mule : my hair-dresser pretty much in the same state, but totally disabled from excess of cowardice, of which he had given some unequivocal and most ridiculous tokens before and during our action in the frigate ; I had not much reliance on my Portuguese, one of whom was a black fellow, and in the mean time my brave and

trusty servant Camis was not to be found, nor did he answer to any call. Distressed with apprehension lest some fatal accident had befallen this most valuable man, I got out of my coach determined not to move from the spot without him, and sent the Spanish messenger and two other men in search of him. During their absence I heard a trampling of horses, and soon discovered through the dusk of night two men armed with guns, which they carried under the thigh, who rode smartly up to the carriage and proved to be archers on the patrole. This confirmed the report that the road was infested by robbers, and whilst this was passing I had the satisfaction to be joined by my servant Thomas Camis on foot, his mule having sunk under him, exhausted with fatigue. He now mounted behind the coach, and the men dispatched in search for him having come in, we pursued our route and arrived in safety at Truxillo.

From Truxillo we passed a very rugged and mountainous tract of country to Venta del Lugar Nuevo on the banks of the Tagus. This is a very romantic station, and the bridge a curious and most striking object passing from

one rock to another upon two very lofty Roman arches, the river flowing underneath at a prodigious depth.

On the 16th we passed through La Calzada to Talavera la Reina, a town in New Castile of considerable population and extent. A silk fabric is here established under the king's especial patronage. Here the following letter from Mr. Hussey met me—

“ From Mr. Hussey to me.”

“ Aranjuez Wednesday morning
“ My dearest friend, “ 14th June 1780.

“ How could you suspect that I
“ would send for you if I found the obstacle
“ in my way, which makes you so uneasy?
“ But it was always my intention to go part
“ of the way from Aranjuez to meet you, to in-
“ dulge my affection by personally attending
“ you and your family as soon as possible;
“ but as you do not mention what delay you
“ intended to make in Badajoz, I cannot pre-
“ cisely guess the day of your arrival here, and
“ therefore I dispatch this letter to meet you
“ at Talavera la Reina, that I may know it
“ more exactly, which will be by returning a
“ line to me, informing me of the day, and

“ whether you think it will be in the morning
“ or evening. As the distance between Ta-
“ lavera and Aranjuez is too great for one day’s
“ journey with the same mules, I have ordered
“ a fresh set to be posted for you seven leagues
“ from this place at La Venta de Olias, two
“ leagues and a half from that part of the Ta-
“ gus called Las Barcas de Azecar; where you
“ cross the water, and probably you will meet
“ me; otherwise you will come on and meet
“ me on the road. This fresh set of mules was
“ absolutely necessary, because you could find
“ no place to sleep in between Talavera and
“ Aranjuez. You do not come through To-
“ ledo. I long to embrace you and my amia-
“ ble friends, and open my mind to your satis-
“ faction, as well as my pleasure.

“ Adieu !

“ T. H.”

To this letter I answered as follows—

“ To Mr. Hussey.”

“ Talevara la Reina, Friday 16th

“ June half-past 5 evening.

“ My dearest friend,

“ Your consolatory letter meets
“ me at the end of a long and laborious jour-

“ ney, and like a magical charm puts all my
“ cares to rest at once. Say not however *how*
“ *could I suspect*—Had that been the case,
“ how could I advance? Yet I am come at
“ every risque, upon the reliance, which I am
“ fixed to repose in your honour and friendship
“ upon all occasions.

“ I have entered on an arduous service with-
“ out any conditions, and I fear without se-
“ curing to myself that sure support, which
“ they, by whom and for whom I am employ-
“ ed, ought to hold forth to me; but you
“ know full well who is, *and who is not*, my
“ corresponding minister, and if success does
“ not bear me through in this step, which I
“ have taken, my good intentions will not
“ stand me in much stead. Still, when I saw
“ that my reluctance would affect your situa-
“ tion, dash every measure you have laid, and
“ annihilate all chance of rendering service to
“ my country in this trying crisis, I did not
“ hesitate to risque this journey, even against
“ the advice of Mr. W.

“ We are not long since arrived after a most
“ sultry stage, and have been travelling all
“ night without a halt. I dare not but give

“ Mrs. Cumberland an hour or two’s repose,
“ and shall not take my departure from hence
“ till midnight. I shall stop at La Venta de
“ Olias to relieve my party from a few hot
“ hours, and shall be there to-morrow morning
“ about ten or eleven. I shall set out from
“ thence at seven o’clock in the evening at
“ latest, and reach the ferry at Las Barcas de
“ Azecar at nine that evening—There if we
“ meet, or whenever else more convenient to
“ yourself, it will I trust in God be remembered
“ as one of the happy moments, that here
“ and there have sparingly chequered the past
“ life of your

“ Affectionate R. C.”

From Talavera on the 17th instant we came to the little village of Olias about half-way, where we took the necessary relief of rest, and as the weather was now intolerably hot, my wife and daughters being almost exhausted with fatigue, we laid by for the whole of the day. Here the Alcayde of the village very hospitably sent me refreshments, and called on me at my inn, offering his house and whatever it afforded. I returned his visit and found the good old man surrounded by his children and

grand-children, a numerous family, grouped in their degrees, and sitting in their best apartment ready to receive me. After chocolate had been served the guitar was introduced, and the younger parties danced their sequedillas. When they had animated themselves with this dance, the player on the guitar began to sound the notes of the fandango : I had seated myself by the old grandfather, a feeble nerveless creature, and observed with some concern a paralytic motion vibrating in all his limbs and muscles, when at once unable to keep his seat he started up in a kind of ecstasy, and began snapping his fingers like castanets and dancing the fandango to my surprise and amusement.— This was the first time I had heard or seen it performed, and I ceased to wonder at the extravagant attachment which the Spaniards shew for that national tune and dance.

On Sunday the 18th of June, at five o'clock in the morning, we arrived at Aranjuez, and were most affectionately welcomed by Mr. Hussey. He delivered a paper to me dictated by the minister, and first appearances augured favourably for my negociation. The day following I was visited by the sub-minister Cam-

po, Anduaga and Escarano, (belonging to the minister's department,) also by the Duc d'Almodovar, Abbe Curtis and others, and in the evening of that day I had my first interview with the Count Florida Blanca.

I shall not enter upon local descriptions ; it is neither to my purpose, nor can it edify the reader, who will find all this done so much better by writers, who have travelled into Spain, and been more at leisure for looking about them than I ever was. My thoughts were soon distressfully occupied by the account, which met me, of the riots and disturbances in London by what was called Lord George Gordon's mob, which all but quite extinguished my hopes of success in the very outset of my business. I had repeated interviews with the minister, whom I visited by night, ushered by his confidential valet through a suite of five rooms, the door of every one of which was constantly locked as soon as I had passed it. The description of those dreadful tumults was given to the Spanish court by their ambassador at Paris, Count d'Aranda, and faithfully given without exaggeration. The effect it had upon the King of Spain was great indeed, and for me

most unfortunate, for I had no advices from my court to qualify or oppose it. How this intelligence operated on the mind of his Catholic Majesty can only be conceived by such as were acquainted with his character, and know to what degree he remained affected by the insurrection, then not long passed, in his own capital of Madrid. I will only say that my treaty was in shape, and such as my instructions would have warranted me to transmit and recommend. Spain had received a recent check from Admiral Rodney, Gibraltar had been relieved with a high hand, she was also upon very delicate and dubious terms with France. The crisis was decidedly in my favour; my reception flattering in the extreme; the Spanish nation was anxious for peace, and both court, ecclesiastics and military professedly anti-gallican. The minister did not lose an hour after my arrival, but with much apparent alacrity in the cause immediately proceeded to business. I never had any reason upon reflection to doubt the sincerity of Count Florida Blanca at this moment, and verily believe we should have advanced the business of the preliminaries, if the fatal news of the riots had

not most critically come to hand that very day, on which by the minister's own appointment we were to meet for fair discussion of the terms, while nothing seemed to threaten serious difficulty or disagreement between us.

According to appointment I came to him, perfectly ignorant of what had come to pass in my own country : I had prepared myself to the best of my capacity for a meeting and discussion, which it behoved me to manage with discretion and address, and which according to my view of it promised to crown my mission with success. We were to write, and **Campo** was to be present, so that when I entered the minister's inner chamber, and saw only a small table with a single candle, no **Campo** present and no materials for writing, I own my mind misgave me : I did not wait more than two minutes before **Florida Blanca** came out of his closet, and in a lamentable tone sung out the downfall of London ; king, ministers and government whelmed in ruin, the rebellion of America transplanted to England, and heartily as he condoled with me, how could he under such circumstances commit his court to treat with me ? I did not take the whole for truth,

and was too much on my guard to betray any astonishment or alarm, but left him to lament the unhappy state of my wretched country, and affected to treat the narrative as a French exaggeration of the transitory tumults of a London mob. In the mean time I could not fail to see, that nothing was to be done on my part, but to yield to the moment and wait for information, upon which I might rely. All that I did in the interim was to address a letter to the minister and confidently risque a prediction, that the tumult would be quashed so speedily and completely, as to add dignity to the king's government and stability to his ministers. He gave for answer that both his Catholic Majesty and himself trembled for the king, but of the extermination of the ministry no question could be made. I renewed my assertions in terms more confident than before, not so much upon conviction as from desperation, well knowing that, if I was undone by the event, it was of little importance that I was disgraced by my over-confidence and presumption.

In the course of a very few days my prediction was happily verified, for on the 24th I was informed by Escarano, that the rioters were

quelled, Lord George Gordon committed to the Tower, and indemnification ordered to the sufferers in the tumult, and on the day following the minister sent me the letter he had received from Count d'Aranda to explain why he had delayed to inform me of the news from London. I availed myself of this happy change by every means in my power for bringing back the negociation to that state of forwardness, in which it stood before it was interrupted, but the minds and understandings of those, with whom I had to deal, were not easy to be cured of alarms once given, or prejudices once received. It is not necessary for me to discuss the characters, with whom it was my lot to treat, it is enough to say that during more than a year's abode in Spain, I believe no moment occurred so favourable to the business I had in hand, as that of which ill-fortune had deprived me in the very outset of my undertaking. There was a gloomy being, out of sight and inaccessible, whose command as confessor over the royal mind was absolute, and whose bigotry was disposed to represent every thing in the darkest colours

against a nation of heretics, whose late enormities afforded too good a subject for his spleen to descant upon ; and in the mind, where no illumination, no elasticity resides, impressions will strike strongly and sink deep.

On the 26th I had completed my dispatches, in which I gave a full and circumstantial detail of my proceedings, the hopes I had entertained and the interruption I had met with, the conferences and correspondences I had held with the minister, and the measures I had pursued for reviving the negociation, and reconducting it according to the tenor of my instructions. In this dispatch I observe to the Secretary of State, " That although I relied upon his lordship's kind interpretation of my motives for leaving Lisbon, yet it was no inconsiderable anxiety that I suffered till my doubts were satisfied upon the points which Mr. Hussey's letter had not sufficiently explained. As it appeared to me a case, where I might use my discretion, and in which the inconveniencies incidental to my disappointment bore no proportion to the good, that might result from my success, I decided for the journey,

“ which I had now performed, and flattered
“ myself his lordship would see no cause to re-
“ gret the step I had taken.”—

“ Had I not made ready use of my passports
“ and relays, I had good reason to believe my
“ hesitation would have proved decisive against
“ any treaty; whereas now I had the satisfac-
“ tion of seeing many things point to a fa-
“ vorable and friendly issue.”—

Speaking of a probability of detaching Spain antecedent to the news of the disturbances in London, I tell the Secretary of State—“ That the moment for detaching Spain is now peculiarly favourable: she is upon the worst terms with France; not only the King of Naples, but the Queen of Portugal have written pressingly to his Catholic Majesty to make peace with England, and since my arrival a further influence is set to work to aid the friends of peace, and this is the Duc de Losada, who on behalf of his nephew the Duc d'Almodovar has actually solicited the embassy to England, and been favourably received. These and many other circumstances conspire to press the scale for peace; in the opposite one we may place their un-

“ retrieved disgrace in the relief of Gibraltar,
“ their hopes in the grand armament from
“ Cadiz of the 28th of April, their over-rated
“ successes in West Florida, and their belief
“ that your expeditions to the South-American
“ continent are dropt, and that Sir Edward
“ Hughes’s condition disables him from at-
“ tempting any enterprise against the Ma-
“ nillas—” I then recite the circumstance
that gave a check to my negociation, state the
measures I had since taken for resuming it,
and transmit a summary of such points in re-
quisition as require answers and instructions,
and conclude with suggesting such a mode of
accommodating these to the punctilio of the
Spanish court, as in my opinion cannot fail to
bring the treaty to a successful issue—“ If this
“ is conveyed,” (I observe) “ in mild and
“ friendly terms towards Spain, who submits
“ the mode to the free discretion of Great
“ Britain, and requests it only as a salvo, I
“ think I have strong grounds to say her fa-
“ mily compact will no longer hold her from a
“ separate peace with Great Britain—”

On the 27th I removed with my family to
Madrid, where I took a commodious house in

an airy situation, and on the 1st of July the king and royal family arrived from Aranjuez. Though I had frequent communications with Count Florida Blanca through the sub-minister Campo, which occasioned me to dispatch letters on the 6th instant, yet I had no appointed interview till the 15th: our treaty paused for the expected answer to my transmission before mentioned, and it was clear to me that the Spanish minister, under the pretence of sounding the sincerity of the British cabinet, was in effect manœuvring upon the suspicion of their stability. Nevertheless in this conversation, which he held on the 15th instant, he expressly declares, “That if Great Britain sends back any answer, which shall be couched in mild and moderate terms towards Spain, he will then proceed upon the treaty with all possible good will, and give me his ideas without reserve, endeavouring to adjust some expedient satisfactory to both parties; but he fears that our ministry is so constituted as to deceive my hopes in the temper and quality of their reply—”

During this interval, whilst I remained without an answer to my dispatch, the court re-

moved to San Ildefonso, where Count D'Estaign arrived, specially commissioned to traverse my negociation, and detach the Spanish court from their projected treaty with Great-Britain. France in the mean time sacrificed her whole naval campaign in the harbour of Cadiz, where a combined force of sixty line of battle ships was assembled, whilst the British fleet under the successive commands of Geary and Derby did worse than nothing, and the capture of our great East and West-Indian convoy by the Spanish squadron completed their triumph and our discomfiture.

A mind so fluctuating and feeble as that of the Spanish minister was not formed to preserve equanimity in success, or to persist in its resolutions against the counter-action of opinions. He was at this period absolutely intoxicated not only by the capture of our trading ships, but by the alluring promises of D'Estaign, and surrendered himself to the self-interested councils of Galvez, minister of the Indies, for the continuance of the war. That minister, (the creature of France to all intents and purposes) had like himself been raised to high office from the humble occupation of a

petty advocate, and by early habits of intimacy, as likewise by superiority of intellect, acquired a power over his understanding little short of absolute ascendancy.

Through the influence of this man and by the intrigues of Count D'Estaing my situation at this period became as critical as possible ; my house was beset with spies, who made report of every thing they could collect or impute ; I was proscribed from all my accustomed friends and visitors, whilst no one ventured publicly to enter my doors but the empress's ambassador Count Kaunitz, whom no circumstances ever separated from me, and a few religious, whose visits to me were more than suspicious. The most insidious means were practised to break Mr. Hussey from me, but though they had their effect for a short time, his good sense soon discovered the contrivance and prevented its effects.

Finding myself thus beset, I attached to my service certain confidential agents, who were extremely useful to me, and amongst these a gentleman in the employ of one of the northern courts, the ablest in that capacity, and of the most consummate address, I ever became ac-

quainted with; by his means I possessed myself of authentic papers and documents, and was enabled to expose and effectually to traverse some very insidious and highly important manœuvres much to my own credit and to the satisfaction of the cabinet, before whom they were laid by my corresponding minister.

I now received the long expected answer to my first dispatch. It served little more than to cover a letter to Count Florida Blanca, and that letter found him now in the hands of D'Estaing, and more than half persuaded that the co-operation of France would put him in possession of Gibraltar, that coveted fortress, which I would not suffer him even to name, and for which Spain would almost have laid the map of her islands, and the keys of her treasury at my feet. I must confess this letter, which I had looked to with such hope, was more suited to gratify his purposes than mine, for if quibble and evasion were what he wished to avail himself of at this moment, he certainly found no want of opportunity for the accomplishment of his wish.

But if the inclosed letter was not altogether

what I hoped for, the covering letter was most decidedly what I had not deserved, for it conveyed a more than half implied reproof for my having *written* to the Spanish Minister on the matter of the riots, and at the same time acknowledges that *my paper was cautiously worded, and that I had most certainly succeeded in my argument*—Why I was not to write to the minister, who had first written to me, especially when I wrote so *cautiously* and argued so *successfully*, I could never comprehend. When I was surprised by a very alarming and unpleasant piece of intelligence, conveyed to my knowledge through the channel of my country's enemy, not of my country's minister, what could I do more conformable to my duty than attempt to soften the impressions it had created? I had not been five minutes arrived before the minister's letter and proposals were put into my hands. What could occur to me so natural both in policy and politeness as to write to him, especially on a subject so deeply interesting, so imperiously demanding of me an appeal, that to have sunk under it in silence would have been disgraceful in the extreme?

In the same letter I am reminded—*That I was instructed not even to converse upon any particular proposition, until I was satisfied of the willingness of the Court of Spain to treat at all*—Of this willingness his lordship professes to doubt, and grounds that doubt upon what he gathers from my report of the change, which seemed to have been wrought in the disposition of the minister by the intelligence of the disturbances in London; whereas the conversation, which he alludes to, was held before that intelligence arrived, when the *willingness* to treat was put out of all doubt by the very progress made in that treaty, and which was only not completed by the check which that intelligence gave to it. If when the premier of Spain assured himself of the total overthrow of our ministry he hesitated to proceed in treating with the agent of that ministry, it is nothing wonderful; but it would have been wonderful, if when I had such proofs of his *willingness*, I had not been satisfied with them, because something totally unforeseen might come to pass to thwart the business we were then engaged in. By parity of reason I might as well have been made responsible

for the riots themselves, as for the consequences that resulted from them. It is a pity that his lordship did not advert to the order of time laid down in my dispatch, by which he could not have failed to discover, that in one part of it I was reporting conversation held when all was well, and in the other part remarking upon embarrassments naturally produced by unforeseen events of the most alarming nature.

That I had been careful enough to have satisfactory proofs of a *willingness* to treat before I committed myself to conversation is sufficiently clear from the circumstance above mentioned of the overtures presented to me in the very instant of my arrival, before I had seen the minister, or he had seen my letter of accreditation. *Willingness* more unequivocal hardly can be conceived, and when I did present that letter upon my first interview I reported to my secretary of state the sum total of my conversation, which consisting only of the following words, copied verbatim from the transcript of my letter to Lord Hillsborough, could not much edify his excellency, or divulge any secrets I was instructed to be re-

served upon. I tell his lordship in my letter of the 26th of June 1780,—“ That after the “ first civilities I put into the minister’s hands “ his lordship’s letter, which I desired he would “ consider as conveying in the language of “ sincerity the mind of a most just and up- “ right king, who in his love of peace rejoices “ to meet similar sentiments in the breast of “ his Catholic majesty, and who has been gra- “ ciously pleased to send me to confer with his “ excellency, not from my experience in ne- “ gociation, but as one confidential to the bu- “ siness in all its stages, and zealously devoted “ to conduct it to an issue—” I proceed to say—That “ as this visit passed wholly in ex- “ pressions of civility, I shall observe no fur- “ ther to your lordship upon it, than that “ I was perfectly well pleased with my recep- “ tion.”

If in any one part of my conduct or con-
versation I had advanced a step beyond the
line of my instructions, or varied from them in
a single instance, I should not have sought to
shelter myself under the peculiar difficulties of
my situation, I must have met the reproof I
merited, and was certain to receive; but when

I was arraigned for giving credit to sincerity, when it did exist, and being doubtful of it, when it wavered, as I was not conscious of an error, I was not moved by a reproof; but without entering into any argumentation, unprofitable and extraneous, applied my utmost diligence to the business I was upon, and continued to dictate to Mr. Hussey my dispatches for England, when I was disabled from writing them by a fractured arm.

The instant I was able to endure the motion of my coach, I attended upon the minister Florida Blanca at San Ildefonso: D'Estaing was there, in high favour and much caressed; Hussey was not permitted to accompany me; I was alone, and closely watched. It was the most unfavourable moment that I passed during my whole residence in Spain. Florida Blanca, instead of taking up his negociation where he left it, gave little credit or attention to the letter of Lord Hillsborough, but evasively adverted to certain propositions, which he had made before I came into Spain and transmitted through the hands of Mr. Hussey, to which propositions he observed our ministry had returned no answer—“ I admitted that no answer

“ had been given to the propositions he alluded to, because they were formed upon the suggestions of Commodore Johnstone at Lisbon without any authority: it was a matter I had in charge to disavow those overtures in the most direct terms; they neither originated with the cabinet, nor were ever before it; but if he could stand in need of any proof to satisfy his doubts as to the disposition of my court towards peace, I desired him to recollect that I had been sent into Spain for that express purpose, without any interchange on his part, and against the formal practice of states in actual war.”

He acknowledged that my observation was fair, and that he admitted it, but he again reverted to Commodore Johnstone, observing “ That although he might take on himself to make unauthorised propositions (which by the way he must think was strange presumption, and still more strange that it was passed over with impunity) yet he said that he answered with authority; his propositions had the sanction of his court, and as such he hoped they merited an answer from mine.” It was now clear to me, when he was driven

to allude to these unaccredited propositions, that evasion was his only object.

"Did he now refer to them," I asked, "as the actual basis of a treaty?—"

He saw no reason to the contrary.

"They contained," I said, "an article for the cession of Gibraltar."

They did.

"How then did such a stipulation accord with his word given, that I should be subjected to no requisition on that point?"

He was now evidently embarrassed, and turning aside to the sub-minister Campo, held some conversation with him apart: he then resumed his discourse, but in a desultory way, and being one of the most irritable men living, was so entirely off his guard as to let out nearly the whole of Count D'Estaing's intrigue, and plainly intimated that Gibraltar was an object, for which the king his master would break the Family-Pact and every other engagement with France, which he exemplified by stamping the very paper itself under his feet upon the marble floor; when recollecting himself after awhile, and composing his countenance, that had been

distorted with agitation, he said—"That if I "would bind him to his word, it must be so. "However, if the article for Gibraltar was in- "admissible, what prevented our taking the "remaining propositions into consideration?"

I told him, and with truth, that I had seen his propositions, but was not in possession of them. "Would he put them down afresh and "join me in discussing them?"

"The Abbe Hussey had his original, and he "had taken no copy."

As I recollect enough of these propositions to know myself restrained from treating upon them, it occurred to me, as the only expedient left to keep the treaty alive, to consent to his sending them over by Mr. Hussey, who was now become heartily sick of his situation, and catching at every possible plea for his returning home. Still I was resolved that the proposal of sending over propositions of that sort by Mr. Hussey should not originate with me, though I was perfectly willing to acquiesce in it, as giving my ministers the chance of getting out of a war, which I thought good policy would rather have sought to narrow in its ex-

tent than to widen, and which ever since I had been in Spain presented nothing but a succession of disasters.

This expedient of getting Mr. Hussey to be sent home by the minister with propositions, which, though upon a broader scale of treaty than my instructions allowed me to embrace, were yet in my opinion of them by no means inadmissible, appeared to me the best I could resort to in the present moment. With this idea in my thoughts I asked Count Florida Blanca if he knew the mind of France, and whether he was prepared with any overtures on her part, which could be transmitted.—I put this question experimentally, for I had obtained pretty full information of what D'Estaing had been about.

He had by this time recovered his serenity, and with great deliberation made answer to me, as nearly as it can be rendered, (for he always spoke in his own mother-tongue) to this effect—“ We have no overtures to make “ on the part of France ; France, as well as all “ the other courts, which have representatives “ here resident, has been very inquisitive touch-“ ing your business in this place ; the only an-

“ swer given on our part has been, that the
“ Catholic King is an honourable monarch,
“ and will faithfully observe all his engage-
“ ments: on the faith of this single assertion
“ the whole matter rests. If your court is sin-
“ cere for peace, let her now set to work upon
“ that business, which sooner or later must be
“ the business of all parties. We will honestly
“ and ardently second her endeavours; we do
“ not put her to any thing, which may revolt
“ her dignity; we acknowledge and conceive
“ the degree of sensibility (call it if you please
“ indignation) which she must harbour against
“ a state in actual alliance with the rebel sub-
“ jects of her empire; let her act with that
“ dignity, which is her due, constantly in
“ sight; but let her meet his Catholic Majesty
“ in his disposition for finishing a war, which
“ can only exhaust all parties; and as she best
“ knows what her own interests will admit,
“ let her suggest such terms, as she would re-
“ ceive, was France the proponent, and let her
“ couple them with terms for Spain, and if
“ these be fair and reasonable on both sides,
“ and such as Spain in her particular can pos-
“ sibly accede to, the Catholic King will close

“ with her on his own behalf, and exert all his
“ influence with his ally to make the peace ge-
“ neral. This is an arduous and delicate bu-
“ siness ; let us cordially unite our endeavours
“ to bring it forward. I shall be at all times
“ ready to confer with you freely and without
“ disguise, and let no difference of opinion af-
“ fect our personal good understanding.”

The day following this conference Mr. Hussey arrived at San Ildefonso, and having communicated to him what had passed and my wish for his going to England with the minister's propositions, he readily agreed to it, and before that day passed the sub-minister Campo came to my house to sound me on this very expedient, managing as he conceived with great finesse to induce me to consent to what in fact I much desired, and expressing, as from the minister, his earnest hope that I would not quit Spain in the interim. Unpleasant as my situation was now become, still I was unwilling to abandon the negociation, as I knew that D'Estaing was on his departure for Cadiz, where I had good reason to believe he would lose his influence and forfeit his popu-

larity. I then availed myself of his informers, and through their channel gave out what I knew would come to his ears, and induce him to think that my negociation was totally desperate: accordingly I departed from San Ildefonso, leaving Mr. Hussey to settle propositions with the minister, and the day following my return to Madrid, D'Estaing set out for his command at Cadiz. Florida Blanca offered to communicate to me copies of what he transmitted by Mr. Hussey, but for obvious reasons I declined his offer.

D'Estaing at Cadiz soon lost all the interest he had gained at Court. He put to sea with his fleet against the protest of the Spanish admiral, and with circumstances, that rendered him completely unpopular. The British fleet under Admiral Darby was at sea in his track; the French ships were in the worst condition imaginable, but our fleet did not avail itself of the opportunity for bringing them to action, and they reached their port without exchanging a shot. How justifiable this was on our part I will not doubt, how disappointing it was even to Spain, whose wishes had by this time

turned about, and how derogatory in her opinion to the credit of our arms, I can truly witness.

I had now manœuvred the Abbe Hussey into a mission, the most acceptable to him that could be devised, as it took him out of Spain, and liberated him from the necessity of acting a part, which he could not longer have sustained with any credit to himself; for it was only whilst the treaty was in train with the sincere good will of Spain that he could be truly cordial in the cause: when unforeseen events occurred to check and interrupt the progress of it, his sagacity did not fail to discover that he could no longer preserve a middle interest with both parties, but must be hooked into a dilemma of choosing his side; which that would have been when duplicity must have been thrown off, was a decision he did not wish to come to, though I perhaps can conjecture where it would have led him. He had no great prejudices for England; Ireland was his native country, but even that and the whole world had been renounced by him, when he threw himself into the oblivious convent of La

Trappe, and was only dragged from out his cell by force and the emancipating authority of the Pope himself. Whilst he was here digging his own grave, and consigning himself to perpetual taciturnity, he was a very young man, high in blood, of athletic strength, and built as if to see a century to its end. It was not the enthusiasm of devotion, no holy raptures, that inspired him with this desperate resolution: it was the splenetic effect of disappointed passion; and such was the change, which a short time had wrought in him, that father Robinson, the worthy priest with whom he afterwards cohabited, told me, that when he attended the order for his deliverance, he could hardly ascertain his person, especially as he persisted to asseverate in the strongest terms that he was not the man they were in search of.

When he came forth again into the world with passions, rather suspended than subdued, I am inclined to think he considered himself as forced upon a scene of action, where he was to play his part with as much finesse and dissimulation as suited his interest, or furthered his

ambition ; and this he probably reconciled to his conscience by a commodious kind of casuistry, in which he was a true adept.

He wore upon his countenance a smile sufficiently seductive for common purposes and cursory acquaintance : his address was smooth, obsequious, studiously obliging, and at times glowingly heightened into an impassioned show of friendship and affection. He was quick enough in finding out the characters of men, and the openings through which they were assailable to flattery ; but he was not equally successful in his mode of tempering and applying it ; for he was vain of showing his triumph over inferior understandings, and could not help colouring his attentions often-times with such a florid hue, as gave an air of irony and ridicule, that did not always escape detection ; and thus it came to pass that he was little credited (and perhaps even less than he deserved to be) for sincerity in his warmest professions, or politeness in his best attempts to please.

As I am persuaded that he left behind him in his coffin at La Trappe no one passion, native or engrafted, that belonged to him when

he entered it, ambition lost no hold upon his heart, and of course I must believe that the station, which he filled in Spain, and the high-sounding titles and dignities, which the favour of his Catholic majesty might so readily endow him with, were to him such lures, as, though but feathers, outweighed English guineas in his balance ; for of these I must do him the justice to say he was indignantly regardless ; but to the honours, that his church could give, to the mitre of Waterford, though merely titular, it is clear to demonstration he had no repugnance.

He made profession of a candour and liberality of sentiment, bordering almost upon downright protestantism, whilst in heart he was as high a priest as Thomas a Becket, and as stiff a catholic, though he ridiculed their mummeries, as ever kissed the cross. He did not exactly want to stir up petty insurrections in his native country of Ireland, but to head a revolution, that should overturn the church established, and enthrone himself primate in the cathedral of Armagh, would have been his brightest glory and supreme felicity : and in truth he was a man by talents, nerves, ambi-

tion, intrepidity, fitted for the boldest enterprise.

After he had negotiated my introduction into Spain, and set the treaty on foot, the very first check, which it received by the disturbances in London, left me very little hope of further help from him; but when the prospect was darkened by accumulated clouds, and he discovered nothing through the gloom of my embarrassed situation but a tottering ministry, a discontented people, an unquiet capital, our trading fleets captured, and our fighting fleets no longer worthy of the name; when he saw Spain assume a proud and conquering attitude, and, (buoyed up by the promises of France) blockading Gibraltar and preparing for the actual siege of it, he began to perceive he had engaged himself in a most unpromising intrigue, and readily lent his ear to those that were at hand and ready to intrigue him out of it. He was assiduous in his homage to the Archbishop of Toledo, and in the closest intimacy and communication with the minister of the Elector of Treves, and all at once, without the smallest cause of offence, or any reason that I could possibly divine, changed his be-

haviour as an inmate of my family, and from the warmest and most unreserved attachment, that man ever professed to man, took up a character of the severest gloom and sullenness, for which he would assign no cause, but to all my enquiries, all my remonstrances, was either obstinately silent, or evasively uncommunicative. He would stay no longer, he was resolved to demand his passports, and actually wrote to Del-Campo to that purpose. To this demand an answer was returned, refusing him the passports until he had leave from Lord Hillsborough for quitting Spain, which it was at the same time observed to him could not be for his reputation to do in the depending state of the business, on which he came. Upon this he proceeded to write a short letter to Lord Hillsborough, demanding leave to return: he was not hardy enough to dispatch this letter without communicating it to me for my opinion: I gave it peremptorily against his sending it: I stated to him my reasons why I thought both the measure and the mode decidedly improper and dishonourable; he grew extremely warm, and so intemperate, that I found it necessary to tell him, if he persisted

in demanding his return of the secretary of state in those terms, that it would oblige me to write home in my own justification, and also to enter upon explanations with the Spanish Minister, who might else impute his conduct to a cabal with me, though it was so directly against my judgment and my wishes. I declared to him that I had not written a line, or taken a step without his privity, and that no one word had ever passed my lips, but what was dictated by sincere regard and consideration for him, and this was solemnly and strictly true: I said that I observed he had altered his behaviour towards me and my family, which he could not deny, and I added that this proceeding must not only ruin him with the minister of Spain, but was such as must be highly prejudicial to my business, unless I took every prudent precaution to explain and avert the mischief it was pregnant with. The consequence of this conversation was, that he did not send his letter to Lord Hillsborough, but as he was not explicit on that point, I prepared myself with a letter to Lord Hillsborough, and another to Del-Campo, explanatory of his conduct, which, upon his assuring me on our next

meeting that he would not write to England, I also forbore to send. Upon the following day, without any cause assigned or explanation given, my late sullen associate met me with a smiling countenance, and was as perfectly an altered man, as if he had come a second time out of the cloisters of La Trappe. He was in fact a most profound casuist, and a confessor of the highest celebrity.

I cannot say this caprice of Mr. Hussey gave me much concern, or created in me any extraordinary surprise, though I could never thoroughly develope the cause of it; yet at that very time my life was brought into imminent danger by the unskilfulness of the surgeons, who attended upon me in consequence of my having received a very serious injury by a fall from one of my Portuguese mules. I was riding on the Pardo road, when the animal took fright, and in the act of stopping him the bitt broke asunder in his mouth. In this state, being under no command, he ran with violence against an equipage drawn by six mules that was passing along the road in a train with many others. In the concussion I came to the ground; the carriage fortunately

stopped short, and I was lifted into it stunned with the shock and for a time insensible. I was bleeding at the elbow, where the skin was torn, and upon recovering my senses I found myself supported by my wife in her chariot, and probably indebted to her drivers for my life. Though I had cause to tremble for the consequences of the violent alarm I had given her, as she was now very near her time, yet in other respects it was a fortunate and extraordinary chance, that my accident should have thrown me immediately into her protection, who lost not an instant of time in conveying me home. Two surgeons, such as Madrid could furnish, were called in and speedily arrived, but for no other purpose, as it seemed, except to dispute and wrangle with each other upon the question if the arm was fractured at the shoulder or at the elbow, whilst each alternately twisted and tortured it as best suited him in support of his opinion. In the height of their controversy a third personage made his appearance in the uniform of the *Guardes de Corps*, being chief surgeon of that corps and sent to me by authority. This gentleman silenced both, but agreed with neither, for he

pronounced the bone to be split longitudinally from the shoulder to the elbow, and finding it by this time extremely swelled and inflamed, very properly observed that no operation could be performed upon it in that state. He proceeded therefore to bathe it liberally with an embrocation, which he affirmed was sovereign for the purpose, but if his object was to reduce the swelling and assuage the inflammation, the learned gentleman was most egregiously mistaken, for the fiery spirit of the rum, with which he fomented it, soon increased both to so violent a degree with such a raging erysipelas as in a few days had every symptom of a mortification actually commencing, when the case being pressing, my wife, whose presence of mind never deserted her in danger, took the prudent measure of dismissing the whole trio of ignoramuses, and calling to her assistance a modest rational practitioner in our near neighbourhood, who under the sign of a brass-bason professed the sister arts of shaving and surgery conjointly, by reversing the practice so injurious and applying the bark, rescued me from their hands, and under Providence preserved my life.

Here I must take leave to digress a little from the tenor of my tale, whilst I record an anecdote, in itself of no other material interest except as it enables me to state one amongst the many reasons which I have to love and revere the memory of a deceased friend, who devoted to me the evening of every day without the exception of one, which I passed during my residence in Madrid. This excellent old man, Patrick Curtis by name, and by birth an Irishman, had been above half a century settled in Spain, domestic priest and occasionally preceptor to three successive Dukes of Osuna. In this situation he had been expressly the founder of the fortunes of the Premier Florida Blanca, by recommending him as advocate to the employ and patronage of that rich and noble house. The Abbe Don Patricio Curtis was of course looked up to as a person of no small consideration ; he was also not less conspicuous and universally respected for his virtues, for his high sense of honour, his bold sincerity of speech and generous benignity of soul ; but this good man at the same time had such an over-abundant portion of the *amor patriæ* about him, was so marked a devotee to

the British interest and so unreserved an opponent to that of France, that it seemed to demand more circumspection than he was disposed to bestow for guarding himself against the resentment of a party, whose principles he arraigned without mitigation, and whose power he set at open defiance without caution or reserve. Though considerably past eighty, his affections were as ardent and his feelings as quick as if he had not reached his twentieth year. When I was supposed to be out of chance of recovery this affectionate creature came to me in an agony of grief to take his last farewell. He told me he had been engaged in fervent prayer and intercession on my behalf, and had pledged before the altar his most earnest and devoted services for the consolation and protection of my beloved wife and daughters, if it should please Heaven to remove me from them and reject his humble supplications for my life: he lamented that I had no spiritual assistant of my own church to resort to; he did not mean to obtrude his forms, to which I was not accustomed, but on the contrary came purposely to tender me his services according to my own; and was ready, if I would

furnish him with my prayer book, and allow him to secure the doors from any, that might intrude or over-hear to the peril of his life, to administer the sacrament to me exactly as it is ordained by our church, requesting only that I would reach the cup with my own hand, and not employ his to tender it to me. All this he fulfilled, omitting none of the prayers appointed, and officiating in the most devout impressive manner, (though at times interrupted and overcome by extreme sensibility) to my very great comfort and satisfaction. Had the office of Inquisition, whose terrific mansion stood within a few paces of my gates, had report of this which passed in my heretical chamber, my poor friend would have breathed out the short remnant of his days between two walls, never to be heard of more. From six o'clock in the afternoon till ten at night he never failed to occupy the chair next to me in my evening circle, and though I saw with infinite concern that his constitution was rapidly breaking up for the last six or seven weeks of my stay, no persuasion could keep him from coming to me and exposing his declining health to the night air; at last when I was recal-

led and had fixed the day for my departure, dreading the effect, which the act of parting for ever might have upon his exhausted frame, I endeavoured to impose upon him a later hour of the morning than I meant to take for my setting out, and enjoined strict secrecy to all my party: but these precautions were in vain; at three o'clock in the morning, when I entered the receiving room I found my poor old friend alone and waiting, with his arms extended to embrace me and bathed in tears, scarcely able to support himself on his tottering legs, now miserably tumified, a spectacle that cut my heart to the quick, and perfectly unmanned me. He had purchased a number of masses of some pious mendicants, which he hoped would be efficacious and avail for our well-doing: he had no great faith in amulets, he told me, yet he had brought me a ring of Mexican workmanship and materials, very ancient and consecrated and blessed by a venerable patriarch of the Indies, since canonized for his miracles; which ring had been highly prized by the late Duchess of Osuna for its efficacy in preserving her from thunder and lightning, and though he did not presume to

think that I would place the slightest confidence in its virtue, yet he hoped I would let him bestow it on the person of the infant daughter, which was born to me in Spain, whom I then gave into his arms, whilst he invoked a thousand blessings upon her. He brought a very fine crucifix cut in ivory ; he said he had put up his last prayers before it, and had nothing more to do but lie down upon his bed and die, which as soon as I departed he was prepared to do, sensible that his last hour was near at hand, and that he should survive our separation a very few days. I prevailed with him to retain his crucifix, but I accepted an exquisite Ecce Homo by El Divino Morales, and exchanged a token of remembrance with him ; I saw him led out of my house to that of the Duke of Osuna near at hand, and whilst I was yet on my journey the intelligence reached me of his death, and may the God of mercy receive him into bliss !

When I had so far advanced in my recovery as to be able to wear my arm in a sling, and endure the motion of a carriage, I dispatched my servant Camis to San Ildefonso, and proposed to the minister a conference with him

there upon the supposed mediation of Russia, on which he had thought fit to sound me.— My servant returned, bringing a letter from the sub-minister Campo, in which he signifies the minister's wish that I would consent to defer my visit, but adds that “ If I think other- “ wise I shall always be welcome—” I well knew to whom and to what I was indebted for this letter, and naturally was not pleased with it, yet I thought it best and most prudent to answer it as follows—

“ To Senor Don Bernardo Del-Campo.

“ Dear Sir,

“ My servant returned with your “ letter of this day in time to prevent my setting “ out for San Ildefonso.

“ When I tell you that it is with pleasure I “ accommodate myself to the wishes of Count “ Florida Blanca, I not only consult my own “ disposition, but I am persuaded I conform “ to that of my court, and of the minister, “ under whose immediate instructions I am “ acting. The reconciliation of our respective “ nations is an object, which I look to with “ such cordial devotion, that I would on no

“ account interpose myself in a moment unacceptable to your court for any consideration short of my immediate duty. I am persuaded there is that honour and good faith in the councils of Spain, and in the minister, who directs them, that I shall not suffer in his esteem by this proof of my acquiescence, and I know too well the sincerity of my own court to apprehend for the part I have taken.

“ At the same time that I signify to you my acquiescence as above stated, I think my predicament thereby becomes such as to require an immediate report to my court, and I desire you will request of his excellency Count Florida Blanca to send me a blank passport, to be filled up by me with the name of such person, as I may find convenient to dispatch to England by the way of Lisbon.

“ I am, &c. &c.

“ R. C.”

This letter produced a most courteous invitation, and thence ensued those conferences already described, which separated Mr. Hussey

from me, and sent him home with propositions, which my instructions did not allow me to discuss. By this chasm in the business I was upon, I found myself so far at leisure, that I was tempted to indulge my curiosity by a visit to the Escorial, and accordingly set out for that singular place with a letter from the minister to the Prior, signifying the king's pleasure that I should have free access to the manuscripts, and every facility, that could be given to my researches of whatever description. I had been informed by Sir John Dalrymple of a curious manuscript, purporting to be letters of Brutus, to which he could not get access ; these letters are written in Greek, and are referred to by Doctor Bentley in his controversy with Boyle as notoriously spurious, fabricated by the sophists, of which there can be no doubt. I obtained a sight of the manuscript, and the fathers favoured me with a copy of the Greek original, and also of the Latin translation by Petrarch. I have them by me, but they are good for nothing, and bear decided evidence of an imposture. This the worthy father, who introduced himself to me as librarian and professor of the learned lan-

guages, discovered by a very curious process, observing to me that these could not be the true letters of Brutus, forasmuch as they profess to have been written after the death of Julius Cæsar, which he had found out to be a flagrant anachronism, assuring me that Brutus, having died before Cæsar, could not be feigned to have written letters after the decease of the man, who survived him. When I apologized for my hesitation in admitting his chronology, and asked him if Brutus was not suspected of having a hand in the murder of Cæsar, he owned that he had heard of it, but that it was a mere fable, and hastening to his cell brought me down a huge folio of chronology, following me into the court, and pointing out the page, where I might read my own conviction. I thanked him for his solicitude, and assured him that his authority was quite sufficient for the fact, and recollecting how few enjoyments he probably had in that lugubrious mansion, left him in possession of his victory and triumph.

I took no body with me to the Escurial but my servants and a Milanese traiteur, who opened an empty hotel, and provided me with

a chamber and my food. There were indeed myriads of annoying insects, who had kept uninterrupted possession of their quarters, against whom I had no way of guarding myself but by planting my portable crib in the middle of the room, with its legs immersed in pails of water. The court was expected, but not yet arrived, and the place was a perfect solitude, so that I had the best possible opportunity of viewing this immense edifice at my ease and leisure. I am not about to describe it; assuredly it is one of the most wonderous monuments that bigotry has ever dedicated to the fulfilment of a vow. Yet there is no grace in the external, which owes its power of striking to the immensity of its mass: The architect has been obliged to sacrifice beauty and proportion to security against the incredible hurricanes of wind, which at times sweep down from the mountains, that surround it; of a scenery more savage, nature hardly has a sample to produce upon the habitable globe: yet within this gloomy and enormous receptacle there is abundant food for curiosity in paintings, books and consecrated treasures exceeding all description. There is a vast and inesti-

mable collection of pictures, and the great masters, whose works were in my poor judgment decidedly the most prominent and attractive, are Raphael, Titian, Rubens, Velasquez and Coello, of which the two last were natives of Spain and by no means unworthy to be classed with the three former. Of Raphael there are but four pre-eminent specimens, of which the famous *Perla* is one, but hung very disadvantageously: of Titian there is a splendid abundance; of Rubens not many, but some that shew him to have been a mighty master of the passions, and speak to the heart with incredible effect; they throw the gauntlet to the proudest of the Italian schools, and seem to leave *Vandyke* behind him almost out of sight: of Velasquez, if there was none other than his composition of *Jacob*, when his sons are showing him the coat of *Joseph*, it would be enough to rank him with the highest in his art: Coello's fame may safely rest upon his inimitable altar-piece in the private chapel.— Were it put to me to single out for my choice two compositions, and only two, from out the whole inestimable collection, I would take Titian's *Last Supper* in the refectory for my

first prize, and this altar-piece of Coello's for my second, leaving the Perla and Madona del pesce of Raphael, the Dead Christ of Rubens, and the Joseph of Velasquez with longing and regret, but leaving them notwithstanding.

The court removed from San Ildefonso to the Escurial in a few days after I had been there, and I was invited to bring my family thither, which accordingly I did. My reception here was very different from what I had experienced at San Ildefonso. The king, one of the best tempered men living, was particularly gracious; in walking through his apartments in the Escurial, I surprised him in his bed-chamber: the good man had been on his knees before his private altar, and upon the opening of the door, rose; when seeing me in the act of retiring, he bade me stay, and condescended to show me some very curious South American deer, extremely small and elegantly formed, which he kept under a netting; and amongst others a little green monkey, the most diminutive and most beautiful of its species I had ever seen. He also shewed me the game he had shot that morning of various sorts from the bocafica to the vulture. He was alone,

and seemed to take peculiar pleasure in gratifying our curiosity. No monarch could well be more humbly lodged, for his state consisted in a small camp bed, miserably equipped with curtains of faded old damask, that had once been crimson, and a cushion of the same by his bedside with a table, that held his crucifix and prayer book, and over that a three-quarters picture of the *Mater-dolorosa* by Titian, which he always carried with him for his private altar-piece ; of which picture I was fortunate enough to procure a very perfect copy by an old Spanish master (Coello as I suspect) upon the same sized cloth, and very hardly to be distinguished from the original. This picture I brought home with me, and it is now in my possession. His majesty's dress was, like his person, plain and homely ; a buff leather waistcoat, breeches of the same, and old-fashioned boots, (made in Pall Mall) with a plain drab coat, covered with snuff and dust, a bad wig and a worse hat constituted his wardrobe for the chace, and there were very few days in the year, when he denied himself that recreation.

The Prince of Asturias, now the reigning

sovereign, was always so good as to notice the respect I duly paid him with the most flattering and marked attention. He spoke of me and to me with distinguished kindness, and caused it to be signified to me, that he was sorry circumstances of etiquette did not allow him to show me those more pointed proofs of his regard, by which it was his wish to make appear the good opinion he was pleased to entertain of me. Such a testimony from a prince of his reserved and distant cast of character was to be valued for its sincerity. On my way from San Ildefonso to Segovia one morning at an early hour, as I was mounting a hill, that opened that extensive plain to my view, I discovered a party of horsemen and the prince considerably advanced before them at the full speed of his horse; I had just time to order my chariot out of the road, and halt it under some cork trees by the way-side, and according to my custom I got out to pay him my respects. The prince stopped his horse upon the instant, and with his hat in his hand wheel-ed him about to come up to me, when the high-spirited animal, either resenting the manœuvre, or taking fright, as it seemed, at the

gleamy reflection of my grey mules half-covered with the cork branches, reared and wheeled upon his hinder legs in a most alarming manner. The prince appeared to me in such imminent danger, that I was about to seize the bitt of his bridle, but he was much too complete a cavalier to accept of assistance, and after a short but pretty severe contest, brought his horse up to me in perfect discipline, and with many handsome acknowledgments for the anxiety I had shewn on his account, in a very gracious manner took his leave, and pursued his road to San Ildefonso : he was a man of vast bodily strength, and a severe rider ; the fine animal, one of the most beautiful I had seen in Spain, shewed the wounds of the spur streaming with blood down his glossy-white sides from the shoulder to the flank.

This prince had a small but elegant pavilion at a short distance from the Escurial, which in point of furniture and pictures was a perfect gem : he did me and my family the honour to invite us to see it ; at the appointed hour we found it prepared for our reception, with a table set out and provided with refreshments ; some of the officers of his household were in

waiting; the dukes of Alva, Grenada, Almodovar and others of high rank accompanied us through the apartments, and when I returned to my hotel at the Escorial, the prince's secretary called on me by command to know my opinion of it. There could be no difficulty in delivering that, for it really merited all the praise that I bestowed upon it. In a very short time after, the same gentleman returned and signified the prince's express desire to know if there was any thing in the style of furniture, that struck me as defective, or any thing I could suggest for its improvement. With the like sincerity I made answer, that in my humble opinion the fitting of the principal room in the Chinese style, though sufficiently splendid, was not in character with the rest of the apartments, that were hung round with some of the finest pictures of the Spanish and Italian masters, where a chaster style in point of ornament had been preserved.

I heard no more of my critique for some days, and began to suspect that I had made my court very ill by risquing it, when another message called me to review the complete change, which that apartment had undergone,

to the exclusion of every atom of Japan work, in consequence of my remark.

It was on this occasion that the minister Florida Blanca in the moment of that favour and popularity, which I then enjoyed, addressed me in a very different style from any he had ever used, and with an air of mock solemnity charged me with having practised upon the heir apparent of the crown of Spain by some secret charm, or *love-powder*, to the engagement of his affections, “which,” said he, “I perceive you are so exclusively possessed of, that I must throw myself on your protection, and request you to preserve to me some place in his regard—” As I had found his excellency for the first time in the humour for raillery, I endeavoured to keep up the spirit of it by owning to the *love-powder*; in virtue of which I had gained that power over the prince, as to seize the bridle of his horse, and arrest him on the road, which led me to relate the anecdote of our *rencontre* on the way to Segovia above-described. He listened to me with great good humour, appearing to enjoy my narrative of the adventure, and at the conclusion observed to me, that my life was for-

feited by the laws of Spain; but as he supposed I had no evil design against the prince himself, but only wanted to possess myself of so fine a charger, as an offering to my excellent and royal master, whose virtues made his life and safety dear to all the world, he would in confidence disclose to me that order was given out by his Catholic Majesty to select from his stud in the Mancha ten the noblest horses, that could be chosen, and out of those, upon trial of their steadiness and temper, to select two, which I might tender as my offering to the acceptance of my sovereign; and this he observed was a present never before made to any crowned head in Europe but of his majesty's own immediate family, alluding to the King of Naples.

A few days after my return to Madrid this gracious promise was fulfilled, and two horses of the royal stud, led by the king's grooms and covered by cloths, on which the royal arms &c. were embroidered, were brought into the inner court of my house, and there delivered to me. I flatter myself they were such horses, as had not been brought out of Spain for a century before, and not altogether unworthy

of the acceptance of the illustrious personage, who condescended to receive them. I was at dinner when they arrived, and Count Kaunitz, the imperial ambassador, was at the table with me. I had not spoken to him, or any other person of this expected present, and his astonishment at seeing that, which had been the great desideratum of many ambassadors, and himself amongst the number, thus voluntarily and liberally bestowed upon me, (the secret and untitled agent of a court at war with Spain) surprised him into some comments, which had the only tincture of jealousy, that I ever discovered in him. A crowd had followed these horses to the gates, which enclosed my courts; one of these opened to the Plazauela de los Affligidos, and the other to the street of the inquisition; I caused these gates to be thrown open, and when the people saw the horses with their royal coverings upon them led into my stable, they gave a shout expressive of their pleasure and applause. If my very amiable friend Kaunitz was not quite so highly gratified by these occurrences as I was, he was perfectly excusable.

I kept these horses in my stables at Madrid, and should not have used them but at the special requisition of the royal donor ; when that was signified to me, my daughters and myself rode them, as occasion suited, and as a proof how noble they were by nature, the following instance will suffice. As my eldest daughter was passing a small convent, not a mile from the gate of San Bernandino, a large Spanish mastiff of the wolf-dog kind rushed out of the convent, and seizing her horse by the breast, hung there by his teeth, whilst the tortured animal rushed onwards at full speed, showing no manner of vice, and only eager to shake off his troublesome encumbrance. In this situation she was perceived and rescued by a Spanish officer on foot, who presenting himself in the very line of the horse's course, gave him the word and signal to stop, when to my equal joy and astonishment (for I saw the action) the generous animal obeyed, the dog dropped his hold, and the lady, still firm and unshaken in her seat, though alarmed and almost breathless, was seasonably set free by the happy presence of mind of her deliverer, and the very singular

obedience of her royal steed, whose generous breast long retained the marks of his ignoble and ferocious assailant.

When I had received my recall I sent these horses before me under the care of two Spaniards, father and son, of the name of Velasco, who led them from Madrid through Paris to Ostend, walking on foot, and sleeping by them in their stables every night; and taking their passage from Ostend to Margate, arrived with them at my door in Portland-Place, and delivered them without spot or blemish in perfect order and condition to his majesty's grooms at the royal Mews.

If my gratitude to the memory of the late benevolent sovereign, who was pleased by this and many other favours graciously to mark the sincere, though ineffectual, efforts of an humble individual, defeated in his hopes by unforeseen events, which he could not controul, and afterwards abandoned to distress and ruin by his employers for want of that success, which he could not command; if my gratitude (I repeat it) to the deceased King of Spain causes me to be too particular, or prolix, in recording his goodness to me, it is because I na-

turally must feel it with the greater sensibility from the contrast, which I painfully experienced, when I returned bankrupt, broken-hearted and scarce-alive to my native country. But of this more at large in its proper place.

I have hinted at the surprise, which my friend Count Kaunitz expressed upon the present of the royal horses, it was again his chance to experience something of the like nature, when he did me the honour to dine with me upon the 4th of June, when with a few cordial friends I was celebrating my beloved sovereign's birth-day in the best manner my obscurity and humble means allowed of. On this occasion I confess my surprise was as great as his when the music of every regiment in garrison at Madrid, not excepting the Spanish guards, filed into my court-yard, and afforded me the exquisite delight of hearing those, who were in arms against my country, unite in celebrating the return of that day, which gave its monarch birth.

I frequently visited the superb collection of paintings in the palace at Madrid; the king was so good as to give orders for any pictures

to be taken down and placed upon the eezel, which I might wish to have a nearer view of; he also gave direction for a catalogue to be made out at my request, which I have published and attached to my account of the Spanish painters; he authorised me to say, that if the king my master thought fit to send over English artists to copy any of the pictures in his collection, either for engravings or otherwise, he would give them all possible facility and maintain them at free cost, whilst they were so employed; this I made known on my return. He gave direction to his architect Sabbatini to supply from the quarries in Spain any blocks or slabs of marble, according to the samples, which I brought over to the amount of above a hundred, whenever any such should be required for the building or ornamenting the royal palaces in England.

I bear in my remembrance many other favours, which after what I have related are not necessary to enumerate. They were articles, to which his grace and goodness gave a value, and exactly such as I could with perfect consistency of character accept. The present of Viguna cloth from the royal manufactory,

which he had given to the ambassador Lord Grantham, in the same proportion was bestowed upon me. The superior properties of the Spanish pointer are well known, and dogs of the true breed are greatly coveted : the king understood I was searching after some of this sort, and was pleased to offer me the choice of any I might wish to have from out his whole collection ; but I had already possessed myself of two very fine ones, which his majesty saw, and thought them at least equal to any of his own ; I therefore thankfully acknowledged his kind offer, but did not avail myself of it.

The Princess of Asturias, now reigning Queen of Spain, had taken an early opportunity of giving a private audience to my wife and daughters, and gratifying their curiosity with a sight of her jewels, most of which she described to be of English setting. She descended to take a pattern of their riding habits, though they were copied from the uniform of our guards, and, when apprised of this, replied, that it was a further motive with her for adopting the fashion of it ; I remember however that she caused a broad gold lace to be carried round the bottom of the skirt. She

also condescended to send for several other articles of their dress as samples, whilst they were conforming to the costuma of Spain to the minutest particular, and wearing nothing but silks of Spanish fabric, rejecting all the finery of Lyons, and every present or purchase, however tempting, of all French manufactures whatever. This lure for popularity succeeded to such a degree, that when these young Englishwomen, habited in their Spanish dresses, (and attractive, as I may presume to say they were by the bloom and beauty of their persons) passed the streets of Madrid, their coach was brought to frequent stops, and hardly found its passage through the crowd. A Spanish lady, when she rides, occupies both sides of her palfry, and is attended by her lacquies on foot, her horse in the mean time, *movens*, *sed non promovens*, brandishing his legs, but advancing only by inches. When my wife and daughters on the contrary, who were all admirable riders, according to the English style and spirit, put their horses to their speed, it was a spectacle of such novelty, and oftentimes drew such acclamations, particularly from the Spanish guards whilst we were at the Escurial, as

might have given rise to some sensations, if persisted in, which in good policy made it prudent for me to remand them to Madrid.

Here I considered myself bound in duty to adapt my mode of life to the circumstances of my situation, and the undefined character, in which I stood. I was not restricted from receiving my friends, but I made no visits whatsoever, and the journal of any one day may serve for a description of the whole. The same circle assembled every afternoon at the same minute, and with the same regularity broke up. The ladies had a round table of low Pope-Joan, and I had a party of sitters-by. My house was extremely spacious, and that space by no means choked up with furniture; I had fourteen rooms on the principal floor, and but one fire place; in this, during the winter months, I burnt pieces of wood, purchased of a coach-maker, many of them carved and gilt, the relics of old carriages, and it was no uncommon thing to discover fragments of arms and breasts of Caryatides, who had worn themselves out in the service of some departed Grandee, who had left them, like the wreck of Pharoah's chariots, to their disgraceful fate. I

found my mansion in the naked dignity of brick floors and white walls ; upon the former I spread some matts, and on the other I pasted some paper. I farmed my dinners from a Milanese traiteur, exorbitantly dear and unpar-donably bad ; but I had no resource ; they came ready cooked to my house, and were heated up afresh in my stoves. The lacquies, that I hired, had two shillings per day, and dited themselves ; my expence in equipage was very great, for the mules appropriate to my town use could not go upon the road ; others were to be hired for posting, and less than six had been against all rule. I had a stable full of capital Spanish horses, exclusive of the king's, three of which were lent to me for the use of the ladies, and two given to me by Count Kaunitz ; one of these, a most beau-tiful creature of the under size, and a favourite of my wife's I brought to England : the other was an aged horse, milk-white, the victor over nine bulls, and covered in his flanks and sides with honourable scars ; he had been devoted to the amphitheatre under suspicion of having the glanders, but he outlived the imputation, and in the true character of the Spanish horse

carried himself in the proudest style of any I ever saw, possessing the sweetest temper with the noblest spirit, and when in the possession of the great Grandee Altamira had been prized and admired above all other horses of his day. My eldest daughter seldom failed to prefer him, but, thinking him too old to undergo any great fatigue, I did not risk the bringing him to England, but returned him to the noble donor.

This amiable personage, son to the Imperial Minister Count Kaunitz, had been ambassador to Russia, and was now filling that distinguished station at the court of Spain. When I had been but a few days in Madrid, whilst I was in my box at the comedy with my wife and daughters, he asked leave to enter, and placed himself in a back seat: the drama, as far as I could understand it, seemed to be grounded on the story of Richardson's Pamela, and amongst the characters of the piece there was one, who meant to personate a British sea-captain. When this representative of my countryman made his entrance on the stage, Kaunitz, who perhaps discovered something in my countenance, which the ridiculous dress

and appearance of the actor very possibly excited, leaning forwards and addressing himself to me for the first time, said—" I hope, Sir, " you will overlook a small mistake in point of " costuma, which this gentleman has very na- " turally fallen into, as I am convinced he " would have been proud of presenting himself " to you in his proper uniform, could he have " found amongst all his naval acquaintance " any one, who could have furnished him with " a sample of it." This apology, at once so complimentary and ingenious, set off by his elegant manner of address, led us into conversation, and from that evening I can hardly call to mind one, in which he failed to honour me with his company. In his features he bore a striking resemblance to the portrait, which he gave me of his father; in his manners, which were those of a perfect gentleman, he was correctly fitted to the situation that he filled, and for that situation his talents, though not pre-eminently brilliant, were doubtless all-sufficient. He was not unconscious of those high pretensions to which his birth and station entitled him, but it was very rarely indeed that I could discover any symptoms in his behaviour, that

betokened other than a proper and becoming sensibility towards his honour and his office. With a constitution rather delicate, he possessed a heart extremely tender, and how truly and entirely that heart was devoted to the elder of my daughters, I doubt not but he severely felt, when frustrated in his honourable and ardent wishes to be united to her, he saw her depart out of Spain, and after one day's journey in our company took his melancholy leave for ever; for after the revolution of a few months, when it may be presumed he had conquered his attachment, and reconciled himself to his disappointment, this amiable young man, being then upon his departure for his native country, sickened and died at Barcelona.

There were two other gentlemen of the imperial party, who very constantly were pleased to grace my evening circle; the one Signor Giusti, an Italian, secretary of the embassy; the other General Count Pallavicini, a man not more ennobled by the splendor of his birth, than by the services he had performed, and the fame he had acquired. In the short war between Austria and Prussia, this gallant offi-

cer by a very brilliant coup-de-main had surprised a fortress and made prisoners the garrison, which covered him with glory and the favours of his sovereign: he was now making a military tour by command and at the charge of the Empress Queen, and came into Spain, consigned (as I may say) to Count Kaunitz, for the purpose of being passed into the Spanish lines, then investing Gibraltar.—Into this fortress he was anxiously solicitous to obtain admission, and when no accommodation could be granted to his wishes through the influence of Count Kaunitz, I gave him letters to Mr. Walpole, which he carried to him at Lisbon, and by a route, which that minister pointed out, assisted by his and my introduction to General Elliot, succeeded in his wishes, and I believe no man entertained a higher respect for the brave defenders of that fortress, or a warmer sense of the gratifying indulgence, which they granted to him in so liberal a manner. Count Pallavicini was in the prime of life, of a noble air and high-born countenance; tall, finely formed, gay, natural, open-hearted; his spirit was alive in every feature; it did not need the aid of suscitation; no dress could

hide the soldier, or disguise the gentleman. He had a happy flow of comic humour at command, unobtrusive however, and only resorted to at times and seasons; of the suavity and pomposity of the Castilian character he seemed to have taken up a very contemptible impression, and would no otherwise fall in with any of their habits and customs, than for the purpose of ridiculing them by imitations designedly caricatured. There are twenty ways of arranging the Spanish Capa; he never would be taught any of one them, though he underwent a lecture every night at parting, but in an one-and-twentieth way of his own hung it on his shoulders, and marched off most amusingly ridiculous. I think it never was my lot to make acquaintance with a man, for whom my heart more rapidly warmed into friendship, than it did towards this engaging gallant hero; he continued to me his affectionate correspondence, till turning out against the Turks, and ever foremost in the field of glory, his head was sabred from his body at a stroke, and he died, as he had lived, in the very arms of victory; his ardent courage, though it turned the battle, did not serve him to ward off the blow.

From this lamented friend, whose memory will be ever dear to me, I have now in my possession letters, written from Prague, where he had a separate command of eight thousand men, by which letters, though he could not prevail with either of my daughters (for he successively addressed himself to each) to change their country and forsake their parents and connexions, yet I trust he was assured and satisfied from the answers he received, that it was because they could not detach themselves from ties like these, and not because they were insensible to his merits, when in their humble station they felt themselves compelled to reject those offers, that would have conferred honour on them, had they ranked amongst the highest.

The Nuncio Colonna, cardinal elect, paid me some attentions, and the Venetian ambassador favoured me with his visits. The Saxon minister, Count Gerstoff, was frequently at our evening parties, and the Danish minister Count Reventlau seldom failed. The former of these was an animated lively man, and a most agreeable companion: Reventlau had been in a diplomatic character at the court of

London, and had brought with him the language, manners and habitudes of an Englishman of the first fashion. His partiality to our native country created in me and my family a reciprocal partiality for him, and so interesting was this elegant young Dane in person, countenance and address, that the eye, which could have contemplated him with indifference, must have held no correspondence with the heart. We passed the whole evening before our departure with this engaging and affectionate friend; the parting was to all most painful, but by one in particular more acutely felt than I will attempt to describe. Reventlau was one, and not the eldest of a very numerous and noble family: his father had been minister, but his hereditary property was by no means large, and the purity of his principle disdained the accumulation of any other advantages or rewards, than those, which attached themselves to his reputation, and were rigidly consistent with the character of a patriot.

Colonel O'Moore of the Walloons, a very worthy and respectable man, and Signor Nicolas Marchetti of the corps of Engineers, a Si-

cilian, were constant parties in our friendly circle. There were other Irish officers in the Spanish service, some Religious also of that nation, and some in the commercial line, who frequently resorted to me ; but to the generous and benevolent Marchetti in particular, who accompanied me through the whole of my disastrous journey from Madrid, by the way of Paris, I am beholden for the means that enabled me to reach my native country, as will appear hereafter.

Count Pietra Santa, lieutenant-colonel of the Italian band of body-guards, was my most dear and intimate friend ; by that name in its truest and most appropriate sense I must ever remember him, (for he is now no more) and though the days, that I passed with him in Spain did not out-number those of a single year, yet in every one of these I had the happiness to enjoy so many hours of his society, that in his case, as in that of the good old Abbe Curtis, whilst we were but young in acquaintance, we might be fairly said to be old in friendship. It is ever matter of delight to me, when I can see the world disposed to pay tribute to those modest unassuming characters, who ex-

act no tribute, but in plain and pure simplicity of heart recommend themselves to our affections, and borrowing nothing from the charms of wit, or the display of genius, exhibit virtue —*in itself how lovely*. Such was my deceased friend, a man, whom every body with unanimous assent denominated the good Pietra Santa, whom every body loved, for he that ran could read him, and who together with the truest courage of a soldier and the highest principles of honour combined such moral virtues with such gentle manners and so sweet a temper, that he seemed destined to give the rare example of a human creature, in whom no fault could be discovered.

In this society I could not fail to pass my hours of relaxation very much to my satisfaction without resorting to public places or assemblies, in which species of amusement Madrid was very scantily provided, for there was but one theatre for plays, no opera, and a most unsocial gloomy style of living seemed to characterise the whole body of the nobles and grandes. I was not often tempted to the theatre, which was small, dark, ill-furnished, and ill-attended, yet when the celebrated tragic

actress, known by the title of the *Tiranna*, played, it was a treat, which I should suppose no other stage then in Europe could compare with. That extraordinary woman, whose real name I do not remember, and whose real origin cannot be traced, till it is settled from what particular nation or people we are to derive the outcast race of gipsies, was not less formed to strike beholders with the beauty and commanding majesty of her person, than to astonish all that heard her by the powers, that nature and art had combined to give her. My friend Count *Pietra Santa*, who had honourable access to this great stage-heroine, intimated to her the very high expectation I had formed of her performances, and the eager desire I had to see her in one of her capital characters, telling her at the same time that I had been a writer for the stage in my own country: in consequence of this intimation she sent me word that I should have notice from her, when she wished me to come to the theatre, till when, she desired I would not present myself in my box upon any night, though her name might be in the bill, for it was only when she liked

her part, and was in the humour to play well, that she wished me to be present.

In obedience to her message I waited several days, and at last received the looked-for summons; I had not been many minutes in the theatre before she sent a mandate to me to go home, for that she was in no disposition that evening for playing well, and should neither do justice to her own talents, nor to my expectations. I instantly obeyed this whimsical injunction, knowing it to be so perfectly in character with the capricious humour of her tribe. When something more than a week had passed, I was again invited to the theatre, and permitted to sit out the whole representation. I had not then enough of the language to understand much more than the incidents and action of the play, which was of the deepest cast of tragedy, for in the course of the plot she murdered her infant children, and exhibited them dead on the stage lying on each side of her, whilst she, sitting on the bare floor between them (her attitude, action, features, tones, defying all description) presented such a high-wrought picture of hysterical phrensy,

laughing wild amidst severest woe, as placed her in my judgment at the very summit of her art; in fact I have no conception that the powers of acting can be carried higher, and such was the effect upon the audience, that whilst the spectators in the pit, having caught a kind of sympathetic phrensy from the scene, were rising up in a tumultuous manner, the word was given out by authority for letting fall the curtain, and a catastrophe, probably too strong for exhibition, was not allowed to be completed.

A few minutes had passed, when this wonderful creature, led in by Pietra Santa, entered my box; the artificial paleness of her cheeks, her eyes, which she had dyed of a bright vermillion round the edges of the lids, her fine arms bare to the shoulders, the wild magnificence of her attire, and the profusion of her dishevelled locks, glossy black as the plumage of the raven, gave her the appearance of something so more than human, such a Sybil, such an imaginary being, so awful, so impressive, that my blood chilled as she approached me not to ask but to claim my applause, demanding of me if I had ever seen any actress, that

could be compared with her in my own, or any other, country. "I was determined," she said, "to exert myself for you this night; and if the sensibility of the audience would have suffered me to have concluded the scene, I should have convinced you that I do not boast of my own performances without reason."

The allowances, which the Spanish theatre could afford to make to its performers, were so very moderate, that I should doubt if the whole year's salary of the *Tiranna* would have more than paid for the magnificent dress, in which she then appeared; but this and all other charges appertaining to her establishment were defrayed from the coffers of the Duke of Osuna, a grandee of the first class and commander of the Spanish Guards. This noble person found it indispensably necessary for his honour to have the finest woman in Spain upon his pension, but by no means necessary to be acquainted with her, and at the very time, of which I am now speaking, Pietra Santa seriously assured me, that his excellency had indeed paid large sums to her order, but had never once visited, or even seen her. He told

me at the same time that he had very lately taken upon himself to remonstrate upon this want of curiosity, and having suggested to his excellency how possible it was for him to order his equipage to the door, and permit him to introduce him to this fair creature, whom he knew only by report and the bills she had drawn upon his treasurer, the duke graciously consented to my friend's proposal, and actually set out with him for the gallant purpose of taking a cup of chocolate with his hitherto invisible mistress, who had notice given her of the intended visit. The distance from the house of the grandee to the apartments of the gipsy was not great, but the lulling motion of the huge state-coach, and the softness of the velvet cushions had rocked his excellency into so sound a nap, that when his equipage stopped at the lady's door, there was not one of his retinue bold enough to undertake the invidious task of troubling his repose. The consequence was, that after a proper time was passed upon the halt for this brave commander to have waked, had nature so ordained it, the coach wheeled round and his excellency having slept away his curiosity, had not at the time when I

left Madrid ever cast his eyes upon the person of the incomparable Tiranna. I take for granted my friend Pietra Santa drank the chocolate, and his excellency enjoyed the nap. I will only add in confirmation of my anecdote, that the good Abbe Curtis, who had the honour of having educated this illustrious sleeper, verified the fact.

When Count Pallavicini left Madrid and went to Lisbon in the hope of getting into Gibraltar through the introduction, that I gave him to the minister Mr. Walpole and others of my correspondents in that city, I availed myself of that opportunity for conveying my dispatches of the 12th of December 1780 to the Secretary of State Lord Hillsborough. They embraced much matter and very many particulars, interesting at that time, but now so long since gone by, that the insertion of them here could answer no purpose but to set forth my own unwearied assiduity, and good fortune in procuring intelligence, which in the event proved perfectly correct. On the 3d of the month following, viz. January 1781, I inform Lord Hillsborough, that "having found means " to obtain copies of some state papers, the

“ authenticity of which may be relied upon, I
“ have the honour to transmit them to your
“ lordship by express to Lisbon—” These
were all actual dispatches of the minister Flo-
rida Blanca, secret and confidential, to the
Spanish envoy at the court of Petersburgh, and
developed an intrigue, of which it was highly
important that my court should be apprised.
This project it was my happy chance to lay
open and defeat by the acquisition of these
papers through the agency of one of the ablest
and most efficient men, that ever was concern-
ed in business of a secret nature: had my cor-
responding minister listened to the recommen-
dation I gave of this gentleman, I could have
taken him entirely into the pay and service of
my court, and the advantages to be derived
from a person of his talents and address were
incalculable. He served me faithfully and ef-
fectually on this, and some other occasions,
and it was not without the most sensible re-
gret I found myself constrained to leave him
behind me.

When I had sent my faithful servant Camis
express with this important dispatch, I re-

ceived the following letter from the Earl of Hillsborough—

“ St. James’s 9th December 1780.

“ Sir,

“ I have duly received your letters
“ from No. 7 to No. 12 inclusive, and laid
“ them before the king. The last number was
“ delivered to me by Mr. Hussey. That gen-
“ tleman has communicated to me the purport
“ of Count Florida Blanca’s conversation with
“ him, for which purpose alone he appears to
“ me to have returned to London. The in-
“ troduction of Gibraltar and the American
“ rebellion into that conversation, convinces
“ me that there is no intention in the court of
“ Spain to make a separate treaty of peace
“ with us. *I do not however as yet signify*
“ *to you the king’s command for your return,*
“ *though I see little utility in your remain-*
“ *ing at Madrid.*

“ If you should obtain any further intelli-
“ gence concerning the mediation, which you
“ informed me you understood had been pro-
“ posed by the Empress of Russia, I desire you
“ will acquaint me with it.

“ Mr. Hussey undertakes to deliver this letter to you. I have nothing further to add, “ but to repeat to you, that the king expects “ from you the strictest adherence to your instructions, without any deviation whatsoever “ during the remainder of the time you shall “ continue at Madrid.

“ I am, with great truth and regard,

“ Sir,

“ Your most obedient

“ Humble servant,

(Signed) “ Hillsborough.”

“ Mr. Cumberland.

This was sufficient authority for me to believe that my mission was fast approaching to its conclusion, and I prepared myself accordingly. In the mean time Mr. Hussey, *who undertook to deliver this letter to me*, was stopped at Lisbon and not permitted to continue his journey into Spain; for in fact the train, which my minister had now contrived to throw the negociation into, was not acceptable to the Spanish court, and the rigour, with which I was enjoined to adhere to my instructions,

operated so effectually against the several overtures, which were repeatedly made to me on the part of Florida Blanca, that I must ever believe the negociation was lost on our part by transferring it to one, with whom Spain was not inclined to treat, and tying up my hands, with whom there seemed every disposition to agree. In fact we parted merely on a punctilio, which might have been qualified between us with the most consummate ease ; they wanted only to talk about Gibraltar, and I was not permitted to hear it named ; the most nugatory article would have satisfied them, and if I had dared to have given in writing to the Spanish minister the salvo, that I suggested in conversation after my receiving the letter above referred to, I have every reason to be confident that the business would have been concluded, and the object of a separate treaty accomplished without any other sacrifice than that of a little address and accommodation in the matter of a mere punctilio.

When some conferences had passed, in which, fettered as I was by my instructions, I found it impossible to put life into our expiring negocia-

ation, favoured though I was by the court and minister to the last moment of my stay, I wrote to Lord Hillsborough as follows—

“ No. 19.

“ Madrid January 18th 1781.

“ My Lord,

“ In consequence of a letter, which
“ Mr. Hussey will receive by this conveyance
“ from Count Florida Blanca, I am to con-
“ clude, that he will immediately return to
“ England, without coming to this court. In
“ the copy of this letter, which his excellency
“ has communicated to me, he remarks, that,
“ in case the negociation shall break off upon
“ the answer now given, my longer residence at
“ Madrid will become unnecessary: and as I
“ am persuaded that your lordship and the ca-
“ binet will agree with the minister of Spain in
“ this observation, I shall put myself in readi-
“ ness to obey his majesty's recall. In the
“ mean time I beg leave to repeat to your lord-
“ ship, that I shall strictly adhere to his ma-
“ jesty's commands, trusting that you will
“ have the goodness to represent to his ma-
“ jesty my faithful zeal and devotion, how in-

“ effectual soever they may have been, in the
“ fairest light.

“ Understanding that the king had been
“ pleased to accept from the late Prince Mas-
“ serano a Spanish horse, which was in great
“ favour, and hoping that it might be accept-
“ able to his majesty, if occasion offered of
“ supplying his stables with another of the like
“ quality, I desired permission of the minister
“ to take out of Spain a horse, which I had in
“ my eye, and his excellency having report-
“ ed this my desire to the King of Spain, his
“ Catholic Majesty was so good as to give
“ immediate direction for twelve of the best
“ horses in Andalusia of his breed of royal
“ Caribaneers to be drafted out, and from
“ these two of the noblest and steadiest to
“ be selected, and given to me for the above
“ purpose. I have accordingly received them,
“ and as they fully answer my expectations
“ both in shape and quality; and are superior
“ to any I have seen in this kingdom, I
“ hope they will be approved of by his ma-
“ jesty, if they are fortunate in a safe pas-
“ sage, and shall arrive in London without any
“ accident.

“ Don Miguel Louis de Portugal, ambassador from her most faithful majesty to this court, died a few days ago of a tedious and painful decay. The Infanta of Spain is sufficiently recovered to remove from Madrid to the Pardo, where the court now resides.

“ I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

“ R. C.”

Whilst the court was at the Pardo, a complaint, founded on the grossest misrepresentations, was started and enforced upon me by the minister respecting the alledged ill treatment of the Spanish prisoners of war in England. I traced this complaint to the reports of a certain Captain Nunez, then on his parole and lately come from England; with this gentleman there came a nephew of my friend the Abbe Curtis, who had been chaplain on board Captain Nunez's frigate, when she was taken, and who was now liberated, having brought over with him a complete copy of the minutes of parliament, in which the matter in complaint was fully and completely enquired into, and the allegations in question confuted upon

the clearest evidence, Captain Nunez himself being present at the examination, and testifying his satisfaction and entire conviction upon the result of it. These documents the worthy nephew of my friend very honourably put into my hands, and, armed with these, I proved to the court of Spain, that, upon a sickness breaking out amongst the Spanish prisoners from their own uncleanliness and neglect, our government, with a benevolence peculiar to the British character, had made exertions wholly out of course, furnishing them with entire new bedding at a great expence, supplying them with medicines and all things needful, whilst in attendance on the diseased more than twenty surgeons (I speak from memory, and I believe I am correct) had sacrificed their lives. If in the refutation of a charge so grossly unjust and injurious as this, I lost my patience and for a short time forgot the management befitting my peculiar situation, I can truly say it was the only error I committed of that sort, though it was by no means the only instance that occurred to provoke me to it, as the following anecdote will demonstrate.

There was a young man, by name Antony

Smith, a native of London, living at Madrid upon a small allowance, paid to him upon the decease of his father, who had been watch-maker to the King of Spain. I took this young man into my family upon the recommendation of the Abbe Curtis, and employed him in transcribing papers, arranging accounts and other small affairs, in which his knowledge of the language rendered him very useful.— One day about noon the criminal judge with his attendants walked into my house, and seizing the person of this young man took him to prison, and shut him up in a solitary cell without assigning any cause for the proceeding, or stating any crime, of which he was suspected. I took the course natural for me to take, and from the effect, which my remonstrance and appeal to the minister instantly produced, I had no reason to think him privy to the transaction, for late in the evening of the next day Antony Smith was brought to my gates by the officers of justice, from whom I would not receive him, but sent him back till the day following, when I required him to be delivered to me at the same hour and in the same public manner as they had chosen to take him from

me, and further insisted that the same criminal judge with his attendants should be present at the surrender of their prisoner. All this was exactly complied with, and the foolish magistrate was hooted at by the populace in the most contemptuous manner. It seemed that this wise judge was in search of an assassin, who was described as an old black-complexioned fellow with a lame foot, whereas Smith was a very fair young man with red hair, and perfectly sound and active on his legs. What were the motives for this wanton act of cruelty I never could discover; I brought him with me to England, but the terrors he had suffered during his short but dismal confinement haunted him through every stage of his journey, till we passed the frontiers of Spain. When we arrived in London I recommended him to my friend Lord Rodney as Spanish clerk on board his flag ship, but poor Smith's spirit was so broken, that he declined the service, and found a more peaceful occupation in a merchant's counting-house.

I was now in daily expectation of my recall, and as my own immediate negociation was shifted for a time into other hands, I availed

myself of those means, which by my particular connexions I was possessed of, for collecting such a body of useful information, as might safely be depended upon, and this I transmitted to my corresponding minister in my dispatches No. 20 of the 31st of January, and No. 21 of the 3d of February 1781. I had now no longer any hope of bringing Spain into a separate treaty, whilst my court continued to receive overtures, and return answers, through the channel of Mr. Hussey then at Lisbon, and Florida Blanca having imparted to me a dispatch, which he affected to call his ultimatum, I plainly saw extinction to the treaty upon the face of that paper, for he would still persist in the delusive notion, that he could insinuate articles and stipulations for Gibraltar in his communications through Mr. Hussey, though I by my instructions could not pass a single proposition, in which it might be named. When he had written this letter, which he called his ultimatum, it seems to have occurred to him to communicate it to me rather too late for any good purpose, inasmuch as he had taken his Catholic majesty's pleasure upon it, and made it a state paper, before he put it into

my hands. He nevertheless was earnest with me to give him my opinion of it, and I did not hold myself in any respect bound to disguise from him what I thought of it, neither did I scruple to suggest to him the idea, which I had formed in my mind, of an expedient, that might have conciliated both parties, and would at all events have obviated those consequences, to which his unqualified requisition could not fail to lead. It will suffice to say that he candidly declared his readiness to adopt my idea, and form his letter anew in conformity to it, if he had not, by laying it before the King, made it a state paper, and put it out of his power to alter and new-model it, without a second reference to the royal pleasure. This however he was perfectly disposed to do, provided I would give him my suggestions *in writing*, as a producable authority for reconsidering the question. Here my instructions stood so irremoveably in my way, that, although he tendered me his honour that my interference should be kept secret, I did not venture to commit myself, nor could he be brought to consider conversation as authority.

Upon the failure of this my last effort I regarded the negociation as lost, and, reflecting upon what had passed in the conference above referred to, when I had finished my letter No. 20 of the 31st of January 1781, I attached to it the following paragraph, viz.—

“ Since Count Florida Blanca dispatched “ his express to Lisbon I have not heard from “ Mr. Hussey, neither do I know any thing of “ his commission, but what Count Florida “ Blanca’s answer opens to me, and as I must “ believe that in great part a finesse, I cannot “ but lament, that it had not been prepared by “ discussion—”

As the court of Spain was now become the centre of some very interesting and important intrigues, by which she was attempting to impose the project of a general pacification under the pretended mediation of Russia only, and to substitute this project in the place of the separate and exclusive treaty, now on the point of dissolution, I felt myself justified in taking every measure, which my judgment dictated, and my connexions gave me opportunity to pursue, for bringing that event to pass, of which I apprize Lord Hillsborough

in the following paragraph of my letter No. 20—viz.—

“ An express from Vienna brought to Count Kaunitz in the evening of the 27th instant the important particulars relative to the mediation of his imperial majesty jointly with the Empress of Russia. This court being at the Pardo, the Ambassador Kaunitz took the next day for communicating with Count Florida Blanca, and yesterday a courier arrived from Paris with the instructions of that court to Count Montmorin on the subject.

“ When the minister of Spain shall deliver the sentiments of His Catholic majesty to the imperial ambassador, which will take place on the day after to-morrow, they will probably be found conformable to those of France, of which I find Count Kaunitz is already possest. I shall think it my duty to apprise your lordship of any particulars, that may come to my knowledge, proper for your information—.”

In my letter No. 21 of the 3d of February, I acquaint Lord Hillsborough that “ the answer of Spain to the proposition of the Emperor’s

“ mediation was made on the day mentioned in
“ my letter No. 20, and as I then believed it
“ would conform to that of France, so in
“ effect it happened, with this further circum-
“ stance, that in future reference is to be made
“ to the Spanish ambassador at Paris, who in
“ concert with the minister of France is to
“ speak for his court, being instructed in all
“ cases for that purpose.”

Upon this arrangement I observe that it is made—“ As well to sooth the jealousy of the French court, who in their answer glanced at the separate negociation here carrying on with Great Britain, as for other obvious reasons—” In speaking of the Emperor’s proposed mediation I explain the reasons that prevailed with me for expressing my wishes in a letter No. 8 of the 4th of August—“ That the good offices of the imperial court might maintain their precedence before those of any other, and that I am well assured it was owing to the knowledge Russia had of these overtures made by the imperial court, that she put her propositions to the belligerent powers in terms so guarded and so general, as should not awaken any jealousy in the first

“proponent,” and I add, “that I know the
“instructions of Monsieur de Zinowieff, the
“Russian ambassador, to have been so precise
“on this head, so far removed from all idea of
“the formal overture pretended by the Spanish
“minister, that I think he would hardly have
“been induced to deliver in any *writing*, as
“Monsieur Simolin did in London, although
“it had been so desired.”

I shall obtrude upon my readers only one more extract from this letter, in which—“I
“beg leave to add a word in explanation of
“what I observe at the conclusion of my let-
“ter No. 20, touching the answer made to
“Mr. Hussey, viz. *that it were to be wished*
“*it had been preceded by a discussion*—this I
“said, my Lord, because the answer was no
“sooner settled and given to the King, than a
“disposition evidently took place to have re-
“considered and modified the stipulation for
“Gibraltar, now so glaringly inadmissible;
“but this and every other observation touch-
“ing our negociation, traversed by so many
“unforeseen events, will for the future, as I
“hope, find its course in a more general and
“successful channel.”

I make no other comment upon the good or ill policy of laying me under those restrictions, but that I could else have prevented the transmission of that article, which gave the death-blow to my negociation.

For this I was prepared, and after the revolution of a few days received his majesty's recall, communicated to me in the following letter—

St. James's 14th February 1781.

“ Sir,

“ I am sorry to find from your last letter No. 19, and from that written from “ Count de Florida Blanca to Mr. Hussey, “ which the latter received at Lisbon, that an “ entire stop is put to the pleasing expectation, “ which had been formed from your residence “ in Spain. Had I been as well informed of “ the intentions of the court of Madrid, when “ you went abroad, as I now am, you would “ certainly not have had the trouble and fa- “ tigue of so long a voyage and journey.

“ There remains nothing now for me but to “ acquaint you, that I am commanded by the “ king to signify to you His majesty's pleasure, “ that you do immediately return to England :

“ when I say immediately, it is not intended
“ that your departure should have the appear-
“ ance of resentment, or that you should be
“ deprived of the opportunity of expressing a
“ just sense of the marks of civility and atten-
“ tion, which Mr. Cumberland has received
“ since his arrival in Madrid.

“ I am, with great truth and regard,
“ Sir,

“ Your most obedient
“ Humble servant,
(Signed) “ Hillsborough.”

I had now his majesty's commands, signified to me as above, for my return to England, and his lordship's interpretation of them to direct my behaviour in avoiding all appearance of *resentment*, which I did not feel, and expressing that sense of gratitude, which I did feel, for the many marks of civility and attention, which I had received in the person of *Mr. Cumberland*, since *his* arrival in Madrid. To these excellent rules of conduct I was prepared to pay the most correct and cheerful obedience.

For the favour of his lordship's information, that he would have spared me the trouble and

fatigue of my long journey, if he had been aware that there was no occasion for my taking it, I could not but be duly thankful, and I am most sincerely sorry that nobody could be found with prescience to inform his lordship what the *intentions* of the court of Madrid would be for a whole year to come, nor to apprize me what my recompence would be upon the expiration of it. If such inspiration had been vouchsafed to both, I think I can guess, who would have been the greater gainer of the two.

Had any kind good-natured incendiary been so confidential as to have told me, that it was his intention to set fire to London as soon as I was well out of it; or had Count Florida Blanca had the candour to have premised, that his invitation of me into Spain had no other object in view, but to give me the amusement of a tour, and himself the pleasure of my company, it would perhaps have been very flattering to my vanity, but I don't think it would have suited my principle to have passed it off for a negociation, and I am quite convinced it would not have suited my finances to have paid

his excellency the visit, and sacrificed my fortune to the amusement of it.

It certainly would be extremely convenient, if we could always see to the end of an experiment before we undertake it. I could not see to the end of the riots in London, when they were reported to be so terrible, yet I predicted as truly as if I had foreseen it, and was reprimanded notwithstanding; if then I acted wrong by guessing right at the only favourable occurrence, that happened whilst I was in Spain, how should I have escaped a severer reproof if I had been as successful in foretelling the many evil occurrences of that disastrous year, during the whole course of which I kept alive a treaty, which was never lost till it was taken out of my hands?

If here I seem to speak too vainly of my unsuccessful services, I have to appeal to the testimony of that great and able minister Prince Kaunitz, who together with his tender of the mediation of the imperial court, communicated to the British cabinet, suggests a wish, that I may be included in the commission, if such shall be appointed, at the general con-

gress; and is pleased to give for his reason, the favourable impressions, which his correspondence with Spain had given him, of my conduct there in carrying on a very arduous business, which many circumstances contributed to embarrass.—This I should never have had the gratification to know, had it not been communicated to me by a friend after my return to England, who, concluding I had been informed of it, was complimenting me upon it. Thus I went abroad to find friendship and protection, and came home to meet injustice and oppression.

If the following fact, which is correctly true, and which I now for the first time make public, shall prove that those, whom I could not put at peace with my country, were yet at perfect peace with me, I hope I shall not be suspected of having overstrained the privilege allowed me by my letter of recall, and carried my complaisance too far upon my farewell visit to the Spanish minister at the Pardo. I certainly harboured no *resentment* in my heart, and having free leave to avoid the appearance of it, had no object but to express as well as I was able the grateful sense I entertained of the

many favours, which the King and court of Spain had condescended to bestow upon me and mine. In replying to these acknowledgments, so justly due, Count Florida Blanca, assuming an air of more than ordinary gravity, and delivering himself slowly and distinctly, as one, who wishes that a word should not be lost, addressed the following speech to me, which according to my invariable practice I wrote down and rendered into English in my entry book, whilst it was yet fresh in my memory; and from that record I have transcribed not only this, but every other speech, that I have given as authentic in these Memoirs—

“ Sir, the King my Sovereign has been entirely satisfied with every part of your conduct during the time you have resided amongst us. His majesty is convinced that you have done your duty to your own court, and exerted yourself with sincere good will to promote that pacification, which circumstances out of your reach to foresee, or to controul, seem for the present to have suspended. And now, Sir, you will be pleased to take in good part what I have to say to

“ you with regard to your claims for indemnification on the score of your expences, in which I have reason to apprehend you will find yourself abandoned and deceived by your employers. I have it therefore in command to tell you, that the King my Sovereign has taken this into his gracious consideration, and tenders to you through me full and ample compensation for all expences, which you have incurred by your coming into Spain; being unwilling that a gentleman, who has resorted to his court, and put himself under his immediate protection, without a public character, honestly endeavouring to promote the mutual good and benefit of both countries, should suffer, as you surely will do, if you withstand the offer, which I have now the honour to make known to you—.”

What I said in answer to this generous, but inadmissible, offer I shall make no parade of; it is enough to say that I did not accept a single dollar from the King of Spain, or any in authority under him, which, as far as a negative can be proved, was made clear, when upon my journey homewards my bills were

stopped, and my credit so completely bankrupt, that I might have gone to prison at Bayonne, if I had not borrowed five hundred pounds of my friendly fellow-traveller Marchetti, which enabled me to pay my way through France and reach my own country.

How it came to pass that my circumstances should be so well known to Count Florida Blanca is easily accounted for, when the dis honouring of my bills by Mr. Devisme at Lisbon, through whose hands the Spanish banker passed them, was notorious to more than half Madrid, and could not be unknown to the minister. The fact is, that I had come into Spain without any other security than the good faith of government upon promise, pledged to me through Mr. Robinson, secretary of the treasury, that all bills drawn by me upon my banker in Pall Mall, should be instantly replaced to my credit, upon my accompanying them with a letter of advice to the said secretary Robinson. This letter of advice I regularly attached to every draft I made upon Messrs. Crofts, Devaynes and Co. but from the day that I left London to the day that I returned to it, including a period of fourteen

months, not a single shilling was replaced to my account with my bankers, who persisted in advancing to my occasions with a liberality and confidence in my honour, that I must ever reflect upon with the warmest gratitude. If I was improvident in relying upon these assurances, they, who made them, were inexcusable in breaking them, and betraying me into unmerited distress. I solemnly aver that I had the positive pledge of Treasury through Mr. Robinson for replacing every draft I should make upon my banker, and a very large sum was named, as applicable at my discretion, if the service should require it. I could explain this further, but I forbear. I had one thousand pounds advanced to me upon setting out; my private credit supplied every farthing beyond that; for the truth of which I need only to refer the reader to the following letter—

“ To John Robinson Esquire &c.

“ Madrid 8th of March 1781.

“ Sir,

“ My banker informs me of a difficulty, which has arisen in replacing the bills, which I have had occasion to draw upon

“ him for the expences of my commission at
“ this court.

“ As I have not had the honour of hearing
“ from you on this subject, and as it does not
“ appear that he had seen you, when he wrote
“ to me, the alarm, which such an event would
“ else have given me, is mitigated by this con-
“ sideration, as I am sure there can be no in-
“ tention in government to disgrace me at this
“ court in a commission, undertaken on my
“ part without any other stipulation than that
“ of defraying my expences. I flatter myself
“ therefore that you have before this done what
“ is needful in conformity to what was settled
“ on our parting. Suffer me to add, that by
“ the partition I have made of my office with
“ the gentleman, who executes it, by the ex-
“ pences preparatory to my journey, all which
“ I took on myself, and by many others since
“ my departure, which I have not thought
“ proper to put to the public account, I
“ have greatly burdened my private affairs
“ during my attendance on the business I am
“ engaged in.

“ That I have regulated my family here for
“ the space of near a twelvemonth with all pos-

“sible œconomy upon a scale in every respect
“as private, and void of ostentation, as possi-
“ble, is notorious to all who know me here;
“but a man must also know this court and
“country to judge what the current charges
“of my situation must inevitably be; what
“the *occasional* ones have been can only be
“explained by myself; and as I can clearly
“make it appear, that I have neither misap-
“plied the money, nor abused the trust of go-
“vernment in any instance, I cannot merit,
“and I am persuaded I shall not experience,
“any misunderstanding or unkindness.

“I have the honour to be, &c. &c.
“R. C.”

I might have spared myself the trouble of this humiliating appeal. It produced just what it should produce—nothing; for it was addressed to the feelings of those who had no feelings; and called for justice, where no justice was, no mercy, no compassion, honour or good faith.

I wearied the door of Lord North till his very servants drove me from it. I withstood the offer of a benevolent monarch, whose mu-

nificence would have rescued me; and I embraced ruin in my own country to preserve my honour as a subject of it; selling every acre of my hereditary estate, jointured on my wife by marriage settlement, who generously concurred in the sacrifice, which my improvident reliance upon the faith of government compelled me to make.

But I ought to speak of these things with more moderation, so many years having passed, and so many of the parties having died, since they took place. In prudence and propriety these pages ought not to have seen the light, till the writer of them was no more; neither would they, could I have persisted in my resolution for withholding them, till that event had consigned them into other hands; but there is something paramount to prudence and propriety, which wrests them from me—

My poverty, but not my will, consents.

The copy-right of these Memoirs produced to me the sum of five hundred pounds, and if, through the candour and protection of a generous public, they shall turn out no bad bargain to the purchaser, I shall be most sincerely

thankful, and my conscience will be at rest—but I look back, and find myself still at Madrid, though on the point of my departure.—On the 15th of March I write to the Earl of Hillsborough as follows, *viz*—

“ My Lord,

“ On the 11th instant I had the
“ honour of your lordship’s letter, dated the
“ 14th of February, and in obedience to his
“ majesty’s commands, therein signified, I took
“ occasion on the same day of demanding my
“ passports of the minister of Spain. Agree-
“ ably to the indulgence, granted me by His
“ majesty, I yesterday took leave of Count
“ Florida Blanca at the Pardo, and this day
“ my family presented themselves to the Prin-
“ cess of Asturias at the convent of Santo Do-
“ mingo el Real, who received their parting
“ acknowledgments with many expressions of
“ kindness and condescension. I am to see
“ the King of Spain on Sunday, and expect to
“ leave Madrid on Tuesday or Wednesday
“ next.

“ The ambassador of France having in the

“ most obliging manner given me a passport,
“ and your lordship’s letter containing no di-
“ rections to the contrary, I propose to return
“ by Bayonne and Bourdeaux, to which route
“ I am compelled by the state of my health,
“ and that of part of my family.

“ I have the honour to be, &c. &c.
“ R. C.”

“ I hope your lordship has received my let-
“ ter No. 18, also those numbered 20 and 21,
“ which conclude what I have written.”

To the sub-minister Campo, who had been confidential throughout, and present at almost every conference I had held with the Premier, I wrote as follows—

“ Madrid March 20th 1781.

“ You have done all things, my dear Sir,
“ with the greatest kindness and the politest
“ attention. I have your passports, and as
“ my baggage is now ready to be inspected, I
“ wait the directions of the Minister Musquiz,
“ which I pray you now to dispatch. To-
“ morrow in the forenoon at 11 o’clock, or

“ any other hour more convenient to the officers of the customs will suit me to attend upon them.

“ You tell me that no more could be done for me, were I an ambassador; I am persuaded of it, for being as I am, a dependant on your protection, and entrusted to you by my country, how can I doubt but that the Spanish point of honour will concede to me not less, (and I should not wonder if it granted more) than any ambassador can claim by privilege.

“ I have never ceased to feel a perfect confidence in my situation, nor ever wished for any other title to all the rights of hospitality and protection, than what I derive from the trust, which my court has consigned to me, and that which I repose in yours.

“ I bring this letter in my pocket to the Pardo, lest you should not be visible at the hour I shall arrive. I beg to recommend to you the case of the English prisoners, who have undersigned the inclosed paper.

“ I hope to set out on Friday; be assured I shall carry with me a lasting remembrance of your obliging favours, and I shall ardently

“ seize every occasion in my future life of ex-
“ pressing a due sense of them.

“ If your leisure serves to favour us with
“ another visit at Madrid, we shall be happy to
“ see you, and I shall be glad to confer with
“ you on the subject of the Spanish prisoners;
“ and apprise you of the language I shall hold
“ on that topic upon my return home.

“ On all occasions, and in every place I shall
“ conscientiously adhere to truth. Let me
“ say for the last time I shall speak of myself,
“ that no man ever entered Spain with a more
“ conciliating disposition, and I hope I leave
“ behind me some proofs of patience.

“ Farewell ! ever faithfully yours,
“ R. C.”

On the 24th of March 1781, having taken a last painful leave of the worthy Abbe Curtis and the rest of my friends, at half past ten in the forenoon I set out upon my journey. My party consisted of my wife, my two eldest daughters and my infant daughter, born in Spain, at the breast of a Spanish nurse, a wild but affectionate creature, native of San Andero : the good Marchetti and the poor redeemed

prisoner Antony Smith accompanied us, and we had three English servants, two of which, (Thomas Camis and Mary Samson) had been in my family from their earliest years, and have never since served any other master. Two Spanish coaches, drawn by six mules each, with mules for our out-riders, constituted our travelling equipage and I contracted for their attending upon us to Bayonne. They are heavy clumsy carriages, but they carry a great deal of baggage, and if the traveller has patience to put up with their very early hours and slow pace, there is nothing else to complain of.

Madrid, which may be considered as the capital of Spain, though it is not a city, disappoints you if you expect to find suburbs, or villas, or even gardens when you have passed the gates, being almost as closely environed with a desert as Palmyra is in its present state of ruin. The Spaniards themselves have no great taste for cultivation, and the attachment to the chace, which seems to be the reigning passion of the Spanish sovereigns, conspires with the indolence of the people in suffering every royal residence to be surrounded by a

savage and unseemly wilderness. The lands, which should contribute to supply the markets, being thus delivered over to waste and barrenness, are considered only as *preserves* for game of various sorts, which includes every thing the gun can slay, and these are as much *res sacræ* as the altars, or the monks, who serve them. This *solitudo ante ostium* did not contribute to support our spirits, neither did the incessant jingling of the mules' bells relieve the tedium of the road to Guadarama, where we were agreeably surprised by the Counts Kau-nitz and Pietra Santa, who passed that night in our company, and next morning with many friendly adieus departed for Madrid, never to meet again—

*Animas queis candidiores
Nusquam terra tulit—*

The next day we passed the mountains of Guadarama by a magnificent causeway, and entered Old Castile. Here the country began to change for the better: the town of Villa Castin presents a very agreeable spectacle, being new and flourishing, with a handsome house belonging to the Marchioness of Torre-

Manzanares, who is in part proprietor of the town. This illustrious lady was just now under a temporary cloud for having been party in a frolic with the young and animated Duchess of Alva, who had ventured to exhibit her fair person on the public parade in the character of postillion to her own equipage, whilst Torre-Manzanares mounted the box as coachman, and other gallant spirits took their stations behind as footmen, all habited in the splendid blue and silver liveries of the house of Alva.— In some countries a whim like this would have passed off with eclat, in many with impunity, but in Spain, under the government of a moral and decorous monarch, it was regarded in so grave a light, that, although the great lady postillion escaped with a reprimand, the lady coachman was sent to her castle at a distance from the capital, and doomed to do penance in solitude and obscurity.

We were now in the country for the Spanish wool, and this place being a considerable mart for that valuable article, is furnished with a very large and commodious shearing-house.— We slept at a poor little village called San Chidrian, and being obliged to change our quar-

ters on account of other travellers, who had been before-hand with us, we were fain to put up with the wretched accommodations of a very wretched posada.

The third day's journey presented to us a fine champaign country, abounding in corn and well peopled. Leaving the town of Arebalo, which made a respectable appearance, on our right, we proceeded to Almedo, a very remarkable place, being surrounded with a Moorish wall and towers in very tolerable preservation; Almedo also has a fine convent and a handsome church.

The fourth day's journey, being March the 27th, still led us through a fair country, rich in corn and wine. The river Adaga runs through a grove of pines in a deep channel very romantic, wandering through a vast tract of vineyards without fences. The weather was serene and fresh, and gave us spirits to enjoy the scenery, which was new and striking. We dined at Valdestillas, a mean little town, and in the evening reached Valladolid, where bigotry may be said to have established its head quarters. The gate of the city, which is of modern construction, consists of three

arches of equal span, and that very narrow ; the centre of these is elevated with a tribune, and upon that is placed a pedestrian statue of Carlos III. This gate delivers you into a spacious square, surrounded by convents and churches, and passing this, which offers nothing attractive to delay you, you enter the old gate of the city, newly painted in bad fresco, and ornamented with an equestrian statue of the reigning king with a Latin inscription, very just to his virtues, but very little to the honour of the writer of it. You now find yourself in one of the most gloomy, desolate and dirty towns, that can be conceived, the great square much resembling that of the Plaza-mayor in Madrid, the houses painted in grotesque fresco, despicably executed, and the whole in miserable condition. I was informed that the convents amount to between thirty and forty.—There is both an English and a Scotish college ; the former under the government of Doctor Shepherd, a man of very agreeable, cheerful, natural manners : I became acquainted with him at Madrid through the introduction of my friend Doctor Geddes, late Principal of the latter college, but since Bishop of

Mancecos, Missionary and Vicar General at Aberdeen. I had an introductory letter to the Intendant, but my stay was too short to avail myself of it; and I visited no church but the great cathedral of the Benedictines, where Mass was celebrating, and the altars and whole edifice were arrayed in all their splendour.— The fathers were extremely polite, and allowed me to enter the Sacristy, where I saw some valuable old paintings of the early Spanish masters, some of a later date, and a series of Benedictine Saints, who if they are not the most rigid, are indisputably the richest, order of Religious in Spain.

Our next day's journey advanced us only six short leagues, and set us down in the ruinous town of Duenas, which like Olmedo is surrounded by a Moorish fortification, the gate of which is entire. The Calasscros, obstinate as their mules, accord to you in nothing, but in admitting indiscriminately a load of baggage, that would almost revolt a waggon, and this is indispensable, as you must carry beds, provisions, cooking vessels, and every article for rest and sustenance, not excepting bread, for in this country an inn means a hovel, in which

you may light a fire, if you can defend your right to it, and find a dunghill called a bed, if you can submit to lie down in it.

Our sixth day's stage brought us to the banks of the Douro, which we skirted and kept in sight during the whole day from Dueñas through Torrequemara to Villa Rodrigo. The stone-bridge at Torrequemara is a noble edifice of eight and twenty arches. The windings of this beautiful river and its rocky banks, of which one side is always very steep, are romantic and present fine shapes of nature, to which nothing is wanting but trees, and they not always. The vale, through which it flows, inclosed within these rocky cliffs, is luxuriant in corn and wine; the soil in general of a fine loam mixed with gravel, and the fallows remarkably clean; they deposit their wine in caves hollowed out of the rocks. In the mean time it is to the bounty of nature rather than to the care and industry of man, that the inhabitant, squalid and loathsome in his person, is beholden for that produce, which invites exertions, that he never makes, and points to comforts, that he never tastes. In the midst

of all these scenes of plenty you encounter human misery in its worst attire, and ruined villages amongst luxuriant vineyards. Such a bountiful provider is God, and so improvident a steward is his vicegerent in this realm.

It should seem, that in this valley, on the banks of the fertilizing Douro, would be the proper scite for the capital of Spain; whereas Madrid is seated on a barren soil, beside a meagre stream, which scarce suffices to supply the washer-women, who make their troughs in the shallow current, which only has the appearance of a river, when the snow melts upon the mountains, and turns the petty Manzanares, that just trickles through the sand, into a roaring and impetuous torrent. Of the environs of Madrid I have already spoken, and the climate on the northern side of the Guadarramas is of a much superior and more salubrious quality, being not so subject to the dangerous extremes of heat and cold, and much oftener refreshed with showers, the great desideratum, for which the monks of Madrid so frequently importune their poor helpless saint Isidore, and make him feel their vengeance,

whilst for months together the unrelenting clouds will not credit him with a single drop of rain.

Upon our road this day we purchased three lambs at the price of two pisettes (shillings) apiece, and, little as it was, we hardly could be said to have had value for our money. Our worthy Marchetti, being an excellent engineer, roasted them whole with surprising expedition and address in a kitchen and at a fire, which would have puzzled all the resources of a French cook, and which no English scullion would have approached in her very worst apparel.—A crew of Catalunian carriers at Torrequemara disputed our exclusive title to the fire, and with their *arroz a la Valenciana* would soon have ruined our roast, if our gallant provedor had not put aside his capa, and displayed his two epaulets, to which military insignia the sturdy interlopers instantly deferred.

There is excellent morality to be learnt in a journey of this sort. A supper at Villa Rodrigo is a better corrective for fastidiousness and false delicacy than all that Seneca or Epictetus can administer, and if a traveller in Spain will carry justice and fortitude about him, the

Calasseros will teach him patience, and the Posadas will enure him to temperance ; having these four cardinal virtues in possession, he has the whole ; all Tully's offices can't find a fifth.

On the seventh day of our travel we kept the pleasant Douro still in sight. Surely this river plays his natural sovereign a slippery trick ; rises in Galicia, is nourished and maintained in his course through Spain, and as soon as he is become mature in depth and size for trade and navigation, deserts and throws himself into the service of Portugal. This is the case with the Tagus also : this river affords the Catholic King a little angling for small fry at Aranjuez, and at Lisbon becomes a magnificent harbour to give wealth and splendour to a kingdom. The Oporto wines, that grow upon the banks of the Douro in its renegado course, find a ready and most profitable vent in England, whilst the vineyards of Castile languish from want of a purchaser, and in some years are absolutely cast away, as not paying for the labour of making them into wine.

The city and castle of Burgos are well situated on the banks of the river Relancon. Two

fine stone-bridges are thrown over that stream, and several plantations of young trees line the road as you approach it. The country is well watered, and the heights furnish excellent pasture for sheep, being of a light downy soil. The cathedral church of Burgos deserves the notice and admiration of every traveller, and it was with sincere regret I found myself at leisure to devote no more than one hour to an edifice, that requires a day to examine it within side and without. It is of that order of Gothic, which is most profusely ornamented and enriched ; the towers are crowned with spires of pierced stone-work, raised upon arches, and laced all through with open-work like filigree : the windows and doors are embellished with innumerable figures, admirably carved in stone, and in perfect preservation ; the dome over the nave is superb, and behind the grand altar there is a spacious and beautiful chapel, erected by a Duke of Frejas, who lies entombed with his duchess within a stately monument, recumbent with their heads resting upon cushions, in their robes and coronets, well sculptured in most exquisite marble of the purest white. The bas-relieves at the back of the grand altar

representing passages in the life and actions of our Saviour, are wonderful samples of sculpture, and the carrying of the cross in particular is expressed with all the delicacy of Raphael's famous *Pasma de Sicilia*. The stalls of the choir in brown oak are finely executed and exhibit an innumerable groupe of figures: whilst the seats are ludicrously inlaid with grotesque representations of fauns and satyrs unaccountably contrasted with the sacred history of the carved work, that encloses them. The altars, chapels, sacristy and cloisters are equally to be admired, nor are there wanting some fine paintings, though not profusely bestowed. The priests conducted me through every part of the cathedral with the kindest attention and politeness, though Mass was then in high celebration.

When I was on my departure, and my carriages were in waiting, a parcel of British seamen, who had been prisoners of war, most importunately besought me, that I would ask their liberation of the Bishop of Burgos, and allow them to make their way out of the country under my protection. This good bishop, in his zeal for making converts, had taken

these fellows upon their word into his list of pensioners, as true proselytes, and allowed them to establish themselves in various occupations and callings, which they now professed themselves most heartily disposed to abandon, and doubted not but I should find him as willing to release them, as they were to be set free. Though I gave little credit to their assertions, I did not refuse to make the experiment, and wrote to the bishop in their behalf, promising to obtain the release of the like number of Spanish prisoners, if he would allow me to take these men away with me. To my great surprise I instantly received his free consent and permit under his hand and seal to dispose of them as I saw fit. This I accordingly did, and by occasional reliefs upon the braces of my carriages marched my party of renegadoes entire into Bayonne, where I got leave upon certain conditions to embark them on board a neutral ship bound to Lisbon, and consigned them to Commodore Johnstone, or the commanding officer for the time being, to be put on board, and exchanged for the like number of Spanish prisoners, which accordingly was done with the exception of one or two, who

turned aside by the way. I have reason to believe the good bishop was thoroughly sick of his converts, and I encountered no opposition from the ladies, whom two or three of them had taken to wife.

We pursued our eighth day's journey over a deep rich soil, with mountains in sight covered with snow, which had fallen two days before. There was now a scene of more wood, and the face of the country much resembled parts of England. We advanced but seven leagues, the river Relancon accompanying us for the last three, where our road was cut out of the side of a steep cliff, very narrow, and so ill defended, that in many places the precipice, considering the mode, in which the Spanish Callasseros drive, was seriously alarming. The wild woman of San Andero, who nursed my infant, during this day's journey was at high words with the witches, who twice pulled off her redecilla, and otherwise annoyed her in a very provoking manner till we arrived at Breviesca, a tolerable good Spanish town, where they allowed her to repose, and we heard no more of them.

From Breviesca we travelled through a fine

picturesque country of a rich soil to Pancorvo at the foot of a steep range of rocky mountains, and passing through a most romantic fissure in the rock, a work of great art and labour, we reached the river Ebro, which forms the boundary of Old Castile. Upon this river stands the town of Miranda, which is approached over a new bridge of seven stone arches, and we lodged ourselves for the night in the posada at the foot of it; a house of the worst reception we had met in Spain, which is giving it as ill a name as I can well bestow upon any house whatever.

A short stage brought us from Breviesca to the town of Vittoria, the capital of Alaba, which is one portion of the delightful province of Biscay. We were now for the first time lodged with some degree of comfort. We shewed our passport at the custom-house, and the administrator of the post-office having desired to have immediate notice of our arrival, I requested my friend Marchetti to go to him, and in the mean time poor Smith passed a very anxious interval of suspense, fearing that he might be stopped by order of government in this place, (a suspicion I confess not out of the

range of probabilities) but it proved to be only a punctilio of the Sub-minister Campo, who had written to this gentleman to be particular in his attentions to us, inclosing his card, as if in person present to take leave; this mark of politeness on his part produced a present from the administrator of some fine asparagus, and excellent sweetmeats, the produce of the country, with the further favour of a visit from the donor, a gentleman of great good manners and much respectability.

The Marquis Legarda, Governor of Vittoria, to whom I had a letter from Count D'Yranda, the Marquis D'Allamada, and other gentlemen of the place, did us the honour to visit us, and were extremely polite. We were invited by the Dominicans to their convent, and saw some very exquisite paintings of Ribeira and Murillo. At noon we took our departure for Mondragone, passing through a country of undescribable beauty. The scale is vast, the heights are lofty without being tremendous, the cultivation is of various sorts, and to be traced in every spot, where the hand of industry can reach: a profusion of fruit trees in blossom coloured the landscape with such

vivid and luxuriant tints, that we had new charms to admire upon every shift and winding of the road. The people are laborious, and the fields being full of men and women at their work (for here both sexes make common task) nothing could be more animated than the scenery; 'twas not in human nature to present a stronger contrast to the gloomy character and squalid indolence of the Castilians. And what is it, which constitutes this marked distinction between such near neighbours, subjects of the same King, and separated from each other only by a narrow stream? It is because the regal power, which in Castile is arbitrary, is limited by local laws in Catalunia, and gives passage for one ray of liberty to visit that happier and more enlightened country.

From Mondragone we went to Villa Franca, where we dined, and finished our twelfth day's journey at Tolosa; the country still presented a succession of the most enchanting scenery, but I was now become insensible to its beauties, being so extremely ill, that it was not without much difficulty, so excruciating were my pains, that I reached Tolosa. Here I staid three days, and when I found

my fever would not yield to James's powder, I resolved to attempt getting to Bayonne, where I might hope to find medical assistance, and better accommodation.

On the seventeenth day, after suffering tortures from the roughness of the roads, I reached Bayonne, and immediately put myself under the care of Doctor Vidal, a Huguenot physician. Here I passed three miserable weeks, and though in a state of almost continual delirium throughout the whole of this time, I can yet recollect that under Providence it is only owing to the unwearied care and tender attentions of my ever-watchful wife, (assisted by her faithful servant Mary Samson) that I was kept alive ; from her hands I consented to receive sustenance and medicine, and to her alone in the disorder of my senses I was uniformly obedient.

It was at this period of time that the aggravating news arrived of my bills being stopped, and my person subjected to arrest. I was not sensible to the extent of my danger, for death hung over me, and threatened to supersede all arrests but of a lifeless corpse : the kind heart however of Marchetti had compassion for my

disconsolate condition, and he found means to supply me with five hundred pounds, as I have already related. It pleased God to preserve my life, and this seasonable act of friendship preserved my liberty. The early fruits of the season, and the balmy temperature of the air in that delicious climate, aided the exertions of my physician, and I was at length enabled to resume my journey, taking a day's rest in the magnificent town of Bourdeaux, from whence through Tours, Blois and Orleans I proceeded to Paris, which however I entered in a state as yet but doubtfully convalescent, emaciated to a skeleton, the bones of my back and elbows still bare and staring through my skin.

I had both Florida Blanca's and Count Montmorin's passports, but my applications for post-horses were in vain, and here I should in all probability have ended my career, as I felt myself relapsing apace, had I not at length obtained the long-withheld permission to pass onwards. They had pounded the King of Spain's horses also for the space of a whole month, but these were liberated when I got my freedom, and I embarked them at Ostend,

from whence I took my passage to Margate, and arrived at my house in Portland-Place, destined to experience treatment, which I had not merited, and encounter losses, I have never overcome.

I will here simply relate an incident without attempting to draw any conjectures from it, which is, that whilst I laid ill at Bayonne, insensible, and as it was supposed at the point of death, the very monk, who had been so troublesome to me at Elvas, found his way into my chamber, and upon the alarm given by my wife, who perfectly recognized his person, was only driven out of it by force. Again when I was in Paris, and about to sit down to dinner, a sallad was brought to me by the lacquey, who waited on me, which was given to him for me by a red-haired Dominican, whose person according to his description exactly tallied with that of the aforesaid monk; I dispatched my servant Camis in pursuit of him, but he had escaped, and my suspicion of the sallad being poisoned was confirmed by experiment on a dog.

I shall only add that somewhere in Castile, I forget the place, but it was between Valla-

dolid and Burgos, as I was sitting on a bench at the door of a house, where my Calasseros were giving water to the mules, I tendered my snuff box to a grave elderly man, who seemed of the better sort of Castilians, and who appeared to have thrown himself in my way, sitting down beside me as one who invited conversation. The stranger looked steadily in my face, and after a pause put his fingers in my box, and, taking a very small portion of my snuff between them, said to me—“ I am “ not afraid, Sir, of trusting myself to you, “ whom I know to be an Englishman, and a “ person, in whose honour I may perfectly re- “ pose. But there is death concealed in many “ a man’s snuff box, and I would seriously ad- “ vise you on no account to take a single pinch “ from the box of any stranger, who may offer “ it to you ; and if you have done that alrea- “ dy, I sincerely hope no such consequences “ as I allude to will result from your want of “ caution.” I continued in conversation with this stranger for some time ; I told him I had never before been apprised of the practices he had spoken of, and, being perfectly without suspicion, I might, or might not, have exposed

myself to the danger, he was now so kind as to apprise me of, but I observed to him that however prudent it might be to guard myself against such evil practices in other countries, I should not expect to meet them in Castile, where the Spanish point of honour most decidedly prevailed. “ Ah, Senor,” he replied, “ they may not all be Spaniards, whom you have chanced upon, or shall hereafter chance upon, in Castile.” When I asked him how this snuff operated on those who took it, his answer was, as I expected—“ On the brain.” I was not curious to enquire who this stranger was, as I paid little attention to his information at the time, though I confess it occurred to me, when after a few days I was seized with such agonies in my head, as deprived me of my senses; I merely give this anecdote, as it occurred; I draw no inferences from it.

I have now done with Spain, and if the detail, which I have truly given of my proceedings, whilst I was there in trust, may serve to justify me in the opinion of those, who read these Memoirs, I will not tire their patience with a dull recital of my unprofitable efforts to

obtain a just and equitable indemnification for my expences according to agreement. The evidences indeed are in my hands, and the production of them would be highly discreditable to the memory of some, who are now no more; but redress is out of my reach; the time for that is long since gone by, and has carried me on so far towards the hour, which must extinguish all human feelings, that there can be little left for me to do but to employ the remaining pages of this history in the best manner I can devise, consistently with strict veracity, for the satisfaction of those, who may condescend to peruse them, and to whom I should be above measure sorry to appear in the character of a querulous, discontented and resentful old man; I rather hope that when I shall have laid before them a detail of literary labours, such as few have executed within a period of the like extent, they will credit me for my industry at least and allow me to possess some claim upon the favour of posterity as a man, who in honest pride of conscience has not let his spirit sink under oppression or neglect, nor suffered his good will to mankind, or his zeal for his country's service and the honour of his

God, to experience intermission or abatement, nor made old age a plea for indolence, or an apology for ill humour.

Nevertheless as I have charged my employers with a direct breach of faith, it seems necessary for my more perfect vindication, to support that charge by an official document, and this consideration will I trust be my sufficient apology for inserting the following statement of my claim—

“ To the Right Honourable Lord North
&c. &c. &c.

" The humble Memorial of Richard Cumber-
" land

"Sheweth,

“ That your Memorialist in April
“ 1780 received His Majesty’s most secret and
“ confidential orders and instructions to set out
“ for the court of Spain in company with the
“ Abbe Hussey, one of his Catholic Majesty’s
“ chaplains, for the purpose of negotiating a
“ separate peace with that court.

“ That to render the object of this commis-
“ sion more secret, your Memorialist was di-
“ rected to take his family with him to Lisbon,
“ under the pretence of recovering the health

“ of one of his daughters, which he accordingly did, and having sent the Abbe Hussey before him to the Court of Spain, agreeably to the King’s instructions, your Memorialist and his family soon after repaired to Aranjuez, where his Catholic Majesty then kept his court.

“ That your Memorialist upon setting out on this important undertaking received by the hands of John Robinson Esquire, one of the secretaries of the Treasury, the sum of one thousand pounds on account, with directions how he should draw, through the channel of Portugal, upon his banker in England for such further sums as might be necessary, (particularly for a large discretionary sum to be employed, as occasion might require, in secret services) and your Memorialist was directed to accompany his drafts by a separate letter to Mr. Secretary Robinson, advising him what sum or sums he had given order for, that the same might be replaced to your Memorialist’s credit with the bank of Messieur Crofts and Co. in Pall Mall.

“ That your Memorialist in the execution

“ of this commission, for the space of nearly
“ fourteen months, defrayed the expences of
“ Abbe Hussey’s separate journey into Spain,
“ paid all charges incurred by him during four
“ months residence there, and supplied him
“ with money for his return to England, no
“ part of which has been repaid to your Me-
“ morialist.

“ That your Memorialist with his family
“ took two very long and expensive journeys,
“ (the one by way of Lisbon and the other
“ through France) no consideration for which
“ has been granted to him.

“ That your Memorialist, during his resi-
“ dence in Spain, was obliged to follow the
“ removals of the court to Aranjuez, San Ilde-
“ fonso the Escorial and Madrid, besides fre-
“ quent visits to the Pardo; in all which
“ places, except the Pardo, he was obliged to
“ lodge himself, the expence of which can only
“ be known to those, who in the service of
“ their court have incurred it.

“ That every article of necessary expence,
“ being inordinately high in Madrid, your
“ Memorialist, without assuming any vain ap-
“ pearance of a minister, and with as much

“ domestic frugality as possible, incurred a very
“ heavy charge.

“ That your Memorialist having no courier
“ with him, nor any cypher, was obliged to
“ employ his own servant in that trust, and the
“ servant of Abbe Hussey, at his own proper
“ cost, no part of which has been repaid to him.

“ That your Memorialist did at considerable
“ charge obtain papers and documents, con-
“ taining information of a very important na-
“ ture, which need not here be enumerated ;
“ of which charge so incurred no part has
“ been repaid.

“ That upon the capture of the East and
“ West India ships by the enemy, your Me-
“ morialist was addressed by many of the Bri-
“ tish prisoners, some of whom he relieved
“ with money, and in all cases obtained the
“ prayer of their memorials. Your Memo-
“ rialist also, through the favour of the Bishop
“ of Burgos, took with him out of Spain some
“ valuable British seamen, and restored them
“ to His Majesty’s fleet ; and this also he did
“ at his own cost.

“ That your Memorialist during his resi-
“ dence in Spain was indispensably obliged to

“ cover these his unavoidable expences by several drafts upon his banker to the amount of 4500l. of which not one single bill has been replaced, nor one farthing issued to his support during fourteen months expensive and laborious duty in the King's immediate and most confidential service; the consequence of which unparalleled treatment was, that your Memorialist was stopped and arrested at Bayonne by order from his remit-tancers at Madrid; in this agonizing situation your Memorialist, being then in the height of a most violent fever, surrounded by a family of helpless women in an enemy's country, and abandoned by his employers, on whose faith he had relied, found himself incapable of proceeding on his journey, and destitute of means for subsisting where he was: under this accumulated distress he must have sunk and expired, had not the generosity of an officer in the Spanish service, who had accompanied him into France, supplied his necessities with the loan of five hundred pounds, and passed the King of Great-Britain's bankrupt servant into his own country, for which humane action this

“ friendly officer, (Marchetti by name) was
“ arrested at Paris, and by the Count D'Aranda
“ remanded back to Madrid, there to take his
“ chance for what the influence of France may
“ find occasion to devise against him.

“ Your Memorialist, since his return to En-
“ gland, having, after innumerable attempts,
“ gained one only admittance to your lord-
“ ship's person for the space of more than ten
“ months, and not one answer to the frequent
“ and humble suit he has made to you by let-
“ ter, presumes now for the last time to solicit
“ your consideration of his case, and as he is
“ persuaded it is not, and cannot be, in your
“ lordship's heart to devote and abandon to
“ unmerited ruin an old and faithful servant
“ of the crown, who has been the father of
“ four sons, (one of whom has lately died,
“ and three are now carrying arms in the ser-
“ vice of their King) your Memorialist hum-
“ bly prays, that you will give order for him
“ to be relieved in such manner, as to your
“ lordship's wisdom shall seem meet—

“ All which is humbly submitted by

“ Your lordship's most obedient

“ And most humble servant,

“ Richard Cumberland.”

This memorial, which is perhaps too long and loaded, I am persuaded Lord North never took the pains to read, for I am unwilling to suppose, that, if he had, he would have treated it with absolute neglect. He was upon the point of quitting office when I gave it in, and being my last effort I was desirous of summing up the circumstances of my case so, that if he had thought fit to grant me a compensation, this statement might have been a justification to his successor for the issue; but it produced no compensation, though I should presume it proved enough to have touched the feelings of one of the best tempered men living, if he would have devoted a very few minutes to the perusal of it.

It is not possible for me to call to mind a character in all essential points so amiable as that of this departed minister, and not wish to find some palliation for his oversights; but if I were now to say that I acquit him of injustice to me, it would be affectation and hypocrisy; at the same time I must think, that Mr. Secretary Robinson, who was the vehicle of the promise, was more immediately bound to solicit and obtain the fulfilment of it, and this I am

persuaded was completely in his power to do : to him therefore I addressed such remonstrances, and enforced them in such terms, as no manly spirit ought to have put up with ; but anger and high words make all things worse ; and language, which a man has not courage to resent, he never will have candour to forgive.

When in process of time I saw and knew Lord North in his retirement from all public affairs, patient, collected, resigned to an afflictive visitation of the severest sort, when all but his illuminated mind was dark around him, I contemplated an affecting and an edifying object, that claimed my admiration and esteem ; a man, who when divested of that incidental greatness, which high office for a time can give, self-dignified and independent, rose to real greatness of his own creating, which no time can take away ; whose genius gave a grace to every thing he said, and whose benignity shed a lustre upon every thing he did ; so richly was his memory stored, and so lively was his imagination in applying what he remembered, that after the great source of information was shut against himself, he still possessed a boundless

fund of information for the instruction and delight of others. Some hours (and those not few) of his society he was kind in bestowing upon me: I eagerly courted, and very highly prized them.

I experienced no abatement in the friendship of Lord George Germain; on the contrary it was from this time chiefly to the day of his death, that I lived in the greatest intimacy with him. Whilst he held the seals I continued to attend upon him both in public and in private, rendering him all the voluntary service in my power, particularly on his Levee-days, which he held in my apartment in the Plantation office, though he had ceased to preside at the Board of Trade, and here great numbers of American loyalists, who had taken refuge in England, were in the habit of resorting to him: it was an arduous and delicate business to conduct: I may add it was also a business of some personal risque and danger, as it engaged me in very serious explanations upon more occasions than one. Upon Lord George's putting into my hands a letter he had received from a certain naval officer, very disrespectful towards him, and most unjustifiably

so to me, for having brought him an answer to an application, which he was pleased to consider as private and confidential, I felt myself obliged to take the letter with me to that gentleman, and require him to write and sign an apology of my own dictating ; whatever was his motive for doing what I peremptorily required, so it was, that to my very great surprise he submitted to transcribe and sign it, and when I exhibited it to Lord George, he acknowledged it to be the most complete revocation and apology he had ever met with.

There were other situations still more delicate, in which I occasionally became involved, but which I forbear to mention ; but in those unpleasant times men's passions were enflamed, and in every case, when reasoning would not serve to allay intemperance, and explanation was lost upon them, I never scrupled to abide the consequence.

When Lord George Germain resigned the seals, the King was graciously pleased in reward for his services, to call him to the House of Lords by the title of Viscount Sackville. The well known circumstance, that occurred upon the event of his elevation to the peerage, made

a deep and painful impression on his feeling mind, and if his seeming patience under the infliction of it should appear to merit in a moral sense the name of virtue, I must candidly acknowledge it as a virtue, that he had no title to be credited for, inasmuch as it was entirely owing to the influence of some, who over-ruled his propensities, and made themselves responsible for his honour, that he did not betake himself to the same abrupt unwarrantable mode of dismissing this insult, as he had resorted to in a former instance. No man can speak from a more intimate knowledge of his feelings upon this occasion than I can, and if I was not on the side of those, who no doubt spoke well and wisely when they spoke for peace, it is one amongst the many errors and offences, which I have yet to repent of.

There was once a certain Sir Edward Sackville, whom the world has heard of, who probably would not have possessed himself with so much calmness and forbearance as did a late noble head of his family, whilst the question I allude to was in agitation, and he present in his place. It was by the medium of this noble personage that the Lord Viscount Sackville

meditated to send that invitation he had prepared, when the interposition and well-considered remonstrances of some of his nearest friends, (in particular of Lord Amherst) put him by from his resolve, and dictated a conduct more conformable to prudence, but much less suited to his inclination.

The law, that is sufficient for the redress of injuries, does not always reach to the redress of insults; thus it comes to pass, that many men, in other respects wise and just and temperate, not having resolution to be right in their own consciences, have set aside both reason and religion, and, in compliance with the evil practice of the world about them, performed their bloody sacrifices, and immolated human victims to the idol of false honour.— Truth obliges me to confess that the friend, of whom I am speaking, though possessing one of the best and kindest hearts, that ever beat within a human breast, was with difficulty diverted from resorting a second time to that desperate remedy, which modern empirics have prescribed for wounds of a peculiar sort, oftentimes imaginary and always to be cured by patience.

When Lord North's administration was overthrown, and the Board of Trade, of which I was Secretary, dismissed under the regulations of what is commonly called Mr. Burke's Bill, I found myself set adrift upon a compensation, which though much nearer to an equivalent than what I had received upon my Spanish claims, was yet in value scarce a moiety of what I was deprived of. By the operation of this reform, after I had sacrificed the patrimony I was born to, a very considerable reduction was made even of the remnant, that was left to me: I lost no time in putting my family upon such an establishment, as prudence dictated, and fixed myself at Tunbridge Wells.

This place, of which I had made choice, and in which I have continued to reside for more than twenty years, had much to recommend it, and very little, that in any degree made against it. It is not altogether a public place, yet it is at no period of the year a solitude.—A reading man may command his hours of study, and a social man will find full gratification for his philanthropy. Its vicinity to the capital brings quick intelligence of all that passes there: the morning papers reach us be-

fore the hour of dinner, and the evening ones before breakfast the next day ; whilst between the arrival of the general post and its departure there is an interval of twelve hours ; an accommodation in point of correspondence that even London cannot boast of. The produce of the neighbouring farms and gardens, and the supplies of all sorts for the table are excellent in their quality ; the country is on all sides beautiful, and the climate pre-eminently healthy, and in a most peculiar degree restorative to enfeebled constitutions. For myself I can say, that through the whole of my long residence at Tunbridge Wells I never experienced a single hour's indisposition, that confined me to my bed, though I believe I may say with truth that till then I had encountered as many fevers, and had as many serious struggles for my life, as have fallen to most men's lots in the like term of years.

Some people can sit down in a place, and live so entirely to themselves and the small circle of their acquaintance, as to have little or no concern about the people, amongst whom they reside. The contrary to this has ever been my habit, and wheresoever my lot in life

has cast me, something more than curiosity has always induced me to mix with the mass, and interest myself in the concerns of my neighbours and fellow subjects, however humble in degree; and from the contemplation of their characters, from my acquaintance with their hearts and my assured possession of their affections, I can truly declare that I have derived, and still enjoy some of the most gratifying sensations, that reflection can bestow.— The Men of Kent, properly so called, are a peculiar race, well worthy of the attention and study of the philanthropist. There is not only a distinguishing cast of humour, but a dignity of mind and principle about them, which is the very clue, that will lead you into their hearts, if rightly understood; but, if mistaken or misused, you will find them quick enough to conceive, and more than forward enough to express, their proud contempt and resolute defiance of you. I have said in my first volume of *Arundel*, page 220, that they are—“a race “distinguishable above all their fellow sub-“jects for the beauty of their persons, the “dignity of their sentiments, the courage of “their hearts, and the elegance of their man-

“ners—” Many years have passed since I gave this testimony, and the full experience I have now had of the men of Kent, ever my kind friends, and now become my comrades and fellow soldiers, confirms every word that I have said, or can say, expressive of their worthiness, or my esteem.

The house, which I rented of Mr. John Fry, at that time master of the Sussex Tavern, was partly new and partly attached to an old foundation; it was sufficient for my family, and when I had fitted it up with part of my furniture, and all my pictures from Portland-Place, it had more the air of comfort and less the appearance of a lodging house than most in the place: it was by no means the least of its commendations, that it was well appointed with offices and accommodations for those old and faithful domestics, who continued in my service. There was a square patch of ground in front, of about half an acre, fenced and planted round with trees, which I converted into a flower garden and encircled with a sand walk: it had now become the only lot of English terra firma, over which I had a legal right, and I treated it with a lover-like attention; it

soon produced me excellent wall-fruit of my own rearing, and at last I found a little friendly spot, the only one as yet discovered, in which my laurels flourished. My true and trusty servant Thomas Camis, (more than ever attached, because more than ever necessary to me) had a passion for a flower garden, and he quickly made it a bed of sweets and a display of beauty. It was now, unhappily for me, too evident, that the once-excellent constitution of my beloved wife, my best friend and under Providence the preserver of my life, was sinking under the effects, which her late sufferings and exertions in attending upon me, had entailed upon her: I had tried the sea-coast, and other places before I settled here, but in this climate only could she breathe with freedom and experience repose: the boundary of our little garden was in general the boundary of her walk, and beyond it her strength but rarely suffered her to expatriate: so long as she could have recourse to her horse, she made a struggle for fresh air and exercise, but when she had the misfortune to lose her favourite Spaniard, so invaluable and so wonderfully attached to her, she despaired of replacing him,

and I can well believe there was not in all England an animal that could. He had belonged to the King of Spain, and came, by what means I have forgot, into the possession of Count Joseph Kaunitz, who gave him to Mrs. Cumberland: he was a most perfect war-horse, though upon the scale of a galloway, and whilst his eyes menaced every thing that was fiery and rebellious, nothing living was more sweet and gentle in his nature: he could not speak, for he had not the organs of speech, but he had dog-like sagacity, and understood the words, that were addressed to him, and the caresses, that were bestowed upon him. Being *entire*, and of course prohibited from passing out of Spain, I am persuaded some villainous measures were practised on the Frontiers towards him in his journey, for he died in agonies under so inveterate a strangury, that though I applied all the remedies, that an excellent surgeon could suggest for his relief, nothing could save him, and he expired, whilst resting his head on my shoulder, his eyes being fixed upon me with that intelligent and piteous expression, which seemed to say—Can you do nothing to assuage my pain? I thank God I

never angrily and unjustifiably chastised but one horse to my remembrance, and that creature, (a barb given to me by Lord Halifax) never whilst it had life forgave me, or would be reconciled to let me ride it in any peace, though it carried my wife with all imaginable gentleness. I disdain to make any apology for this prattle, nor am willing to suppose it can be uninteresting to a benevolent reader; for those who are not such, I have no concern.— The man, who is cruel to his beast is odious, and I am inclined to think there may be cruelty expressed even in the treatment of things inanimate; in short I believe that I am destined to die, as I have lived, with all that family weakness about me, which will hardly suffer me to chastise offence, or tell a fellow creature he is a rascal, for fear the intimation should give him pain. I have been wrongfully and hardly dealt with; I have had my feelings wounded without mercy; I declare to God I never knowingly wronged a fellow creature, or designedly offended: if, whilst I am giving my own history, I am to give my own character, this in few words is the truth; I am too old, too conscientious, too well persuaded

and too fearful of a judgment to come, to dare to go to death with a lie in my mouth: let the censors of my actions and the scrutinizers of my thoughts, confute me, if they can.

The children, who were inmate with me, when I settled at Tunbridge Wells, were my second daughter Sophia, and the infant Mariaune, born to me in Spain: my three surviving sons, Richard, Charles and William, were serving in the 1st regiment of guards, the 10th foot and the royal navy: my eldest daughter Elizabeth had married the Lord Edward Bentinck, brother to the Duke of Portland, and at that time member for the county of Nottingham; of him were I to attempt at saying what my experience of his character, and my affection for his person would suggest, I should only punish his sensibility, and fall far short of doing justice to my own: he is too well esteemed and beloved to need my praise, and how truly and entirely I love him is I trust too well known to require professions.

I was now within an hour's ride of Stone-lands, where Lord Sackville resided for part of the year, and as this was amongst the mo-

tives that led me to locate myself at Tunbridge Wells, so it was always one of my chief gratifications to avail myself of my vicinity to so true and dear a friend.

Being now dismissed from office I was at leisure to devote myself to that passion, which from my earliest youth had never wholly left me, and I resorted to my books and my pen, as to friends, who had animated me in the morning of my day, and were now to occupy and uphold me in the evening of it. I had happily a collection of books, excellent in their kind, and perfectly adapted to my various and discursive course of reading. In almost every margin I recognized the hand-writing of my grandfather Bentley, and wherever I traced his remains, they were sure guides to direct and gratify me in my fondness for philological researches. My mind had been harassed in a variety of ways, but the spirit, that from resources within itself can find a never-failing fund of occupation, will not easily be broken by events, that do not touch the conscience. That portion of mental energy, which nature had endowed me with, was not impaired; on the contrary I took a larger and more

various range of study than I had ever done before, and collaterally with other compositions began to collect materials for those essays, which I afterwards compleated and made public under the title of *The Observer*. I sought no other dissipation than the indulgence of my literary faculties could afford me, and in the mean time I kept silence from complaint, sensible how ill such topics recommend a man to society in general, and how very nearly most men's show of pity is connected with contempt.

I had already published in two volumes my *Anecdotes of eminent Painters in Spain*. I am flattered to believe it was an interesting and curious work to readers of a certain sort, for there had been no such regular history of the Spanish school in our language, and when I added to it the authentic catalogue of the paintings in the royal palace at Madrid, I gave the world what it had not seen before, as that catalogue was the first that had been made, and was by permission of the King of Spain undertaken at my request, and transmitted to me after my return to England.

When these *Anecdotes* had been for some

short time before the public, I was surprised to find myself arraigned for having introduced a passage in my second volume, grossly injurious to the reputation of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and I am sorry to add that I had reason to believe, that the misconception of my motives for the insertion of that passage was adopted by Sir Joshua himself. The charge consists in my having quoted a passage from a publication of Azara's, which, but for my noticing it, might have never met the observation of the English reader. I own I thought this charge too ridiculous to merit any answer, for I had not gone out of my way to seek Azara's publication; it was in the shops at London, and there I chanced upon it and purchased it. Azara was the friend of Mengs, and treats professedly of his character and compositions. A work of this sort was in no degree likely to preserve its incognito, neither had it so done before it came into my hands.

The following extract from my 2d vol. p. 206, comprises every word, that has any reference to Sir Joshua Reynolds, and I am persuaded it cannot fail to acquit me in the judgment of every one, who reads it, most clearly

and completely—this it is—“Whether Mengs
“ really thought with contempt of art, which
“ was inferior to his own, I will not pretend to
“ decide; but that he was apt to speak con-
“ temptuously of artists *superior* to himself, I
“ am inclined to believe. Azara tells us that
“ he pronounced of the academical lectures of
“ *our Reynolds*, that they were calculated to
“ mislead young students into error, teaching
“ nothing but those superficial principles,
“ which he plainly avers are all that the author
“ himself knows of the art he professes—*Del*
“ *libro moderno del Sr Reynolds, Ingles, de-*
“ *cia que es una obra, que puede conducir los*
“ *Juvenes al error; posque se queda en los*
“ *principios superficiales, que conoce solamente*
“ *a quel autor*—Azara immediately proceeds
“ to say that Mengs was of a temperament *co-*
“ *lerico y adusto*, and that his bitter and sa-
“ *tirical turn created him infinitos agraviados*
“ *y quejosos*. When his historian and friend
“ says this, there is no occasion for me to re-
“ peat the remark. If the genius of Mengs
“ had been capable of producing a composi-
“ *tion equal to that of the tragic and pathetic*
“ *Ugolino*, I am persuaded such a sentence as

“ the above would never have passed his lips ;
“ but flattery made him vain, and sickness
“ rendered him peevish ; he found himself at
“ Madrid in a country without rivals, and, be-
“ cause the arts had travelled out of his sight,
“ he was disposed to think they existed no
“ where but on his own pallet.”

If this be not sufficient for my justification I could wish any of my readers, who has my book within his reach, would refer himself to the page in question, and read onwards till I dismiss the subject of Mengs with the following strictures on his talents, dictated no doubt in that spirit of resentment, which Azara's anecdote above recorded had most evidently inspired ; for what more highly tinctured with asperity could be said of Mengs, than—“ that
“ he was an artist, who had seen much, and in-
“ vented little ; that he dispenses neither life
“ nor death to his figures, excites no terror,
“ rouses no passions and risques no flights ; that
“ by studying to avoid particular defects, he
“ incurs general ones, and paints with tame-
“ ness and servility ; that the contracted scale
“ and idea of a painter of miniatures. (as which
“ he was brought up) is to be traced in all or

“ most of his compositions, in which a finished
“ delicacy of pencil exhibits the *hand* of the
“ artist, but gives no emanations of the *soul*
“ of the master? If it is beauty, it does not
“ warm; if it is sorrow, it excites no pity:
“ that when the *angel announces the saluta-*
“ *tion to Mary*, it is a messenger, that has
“ neither used dispatch in his errand, nor
“ grace in his delivery of it; that although
“ *Rubens* was by one of his oracular sayings
“ condemned to the ignominious dullness of a
“ Dutch translator, *Mengs* was as capable of
“ painting *Rubens's Adoration*, as he was of
“ creating the star in the east, that ushered
“ the Magi. But these are questions above
“ my capacity; I resign *Mengs* to abler cri-
“ tics and *Reynolds* to better defenders; well
“ contented that posterity should admire them
“ both, and well assured that the fame of our
“ countryman is established beyond the reach
“ of envy or detraction.”

If I had been aiming to employ the autho-
rity of *Mengs* against the reputation of *Rey-
nolds*, I think it would not have been my part
to take such pains for lessening the impor-

tance of it, and disappointing my own purpose. I cannot doubt but I am fairly open to reproach for these invectives against the fame of Mengs, but if there is any edge in the weapon I have wielded, I may say to his shade—

—*Pallas te hoc vulnere, Pallas
Immolat*—

In the second volume, p. 8, where I am speaking of the great luminary of the Spanish school Velazquez, I observe that, amongst other studies more immediately attached to his art, he perfected himself in the propositions of Euclid—“Elements, that prepare the mind in “every art and every science, to which the “human faculties can be applied; which give “a rule and measure for every thing in life, “dignify things familiar and familiarise things “abstruse; invigorate the reason, restrain the “licentiousness of fancy, open all the avenues “of truth, and give a charm even to contro- “versy and dispute—.” I insert this extract, because it is in proof to shew that my opinion with respect to the importance of an academi- cal education was at this period of life altoge-

ther as strong in favour of the mathematical studies, as I have expressed it to be in the former part of these Memoirs.

If it were not a ridiculous thing for an author to give his own works a good word, I should be tempted to risque it in the instance of these two volumes of anecdotes; forasmuch as I bear them in grateful remembrance, as having cheered some of my heaviest hours, and as being the first productions sent by me into the world after my return out of Spain; from which period to the present hour, when I review the mass of those many and various works, which my literary labours have struck out, I will venture to say, that if I have merited any chance of living in the remembrance of posterity, it is in these my latter years I am to look for it.

Before I settled myself at Tunbridge Wells I had written my comedy of *The Walloons*, brought out at Covent Garden theatre, where my friend Henderson exhibited a most inimitable specimen of his powers in the character of Father Sullivan. If some people were ingenious enough to discover any likeness of the Abbe Hussey in that sketch, they imputed to

me a design, that was never in my thoughts. It was Henderson, with whom I was living in the greatest intimacy, who put me upon the project of writing a character for him in the cast of Congreve's Double Dealer.—“ Make “ me a fine bold-faced villain,” he said, “ the “ direst and the deepest in nature I care not, “ so you do but give me motives, strong “ enough to bear me out, and such a promi-“ nency of natural character, as shall secure “ me from the contempt of my audience ; “ whatever other passions I can inspire them “ with will never sink me in their esteem.” Upon the same principle I conceived the character of Lord Davenant for him in *The Mysterious Husband*, and in that he was not less conspicuously excellent.

He was an actor of uncommon powers, and a man of the brightest intellect, formed to be the delight of society, and few indeed are those men of distinguished talents, who have been more prematurely lost to the world, or more lastingly regretted. What he was on the stage those, who recollect his Falstaff, Shylock, Sir Giles Overreach, and many other parts of the strong cast, can fully testify ; what he was at

his own fire-side and in his social hours, all, who were within the circle of his intimates, will not easily forget. He had an unceasing flow of spirits, and a boundless fund of humour, irresistibly amusing; he also had wit, properly so distinguished, and from the specimens, which I have seen of his sallies in verse, levelled at a certain editor of a public print, who had annoyed him with his paragraphs, I am satisfied he had talents at his command to have established a very high reputation as a poet. I was with him one morning, when he was indisposed, and his physician Sir John Eliot paid him a visit. The doctor, as is well known, was a merry little being, who talked pretty much at random, and oftentimes with no great reverence for the subjects, which he talked upon; upon the present occasion however he came professionally to enquire how his medicines had succeeded, and in his northern accent demanded of his patient—"Had he taken the *palls* that he 'sent him'—"He had"—"Well! and how 'did they agree? What had they done?'—"Wonders, replied Henderson; I survived 'them'—"To be sure you did, said the

“ doctor, and you must take more of ‘em, and
“ live for ever : I make all my patients immor-
“ tal”—“ That is exactly what I am afraid of,
“ doctor, rejoined the patient. I met a lady
“ of my acquaintance yesterday : you know her
“ very well : she was in bitter affliction, crying
“ and bewailing herself in a most piteous fa-
“ shion : I asked what had happened ; a melan-
“ lancholy event ; her dearest friend was at
“ death’s door”—“ What is her disease, cried
“ the doctor ?”—“ That is the very question I
“ asked, replied Henderson ; but she was in
“ no danger from her disease ; ‘twas very
“ slight ; a mere excuse for calling in a physi-
“ cian”—“ Why, what the devil are you talk-
“ ing about, rejoined the doctor, if she had
“ called in a physician, and there was no dan-
“ ger in the disease, how could she be said to be
“ at death’s door ?”—“ Because, said Hender-
“ son, she had called in you : every body
“ calls you in ; you dispatch a world of busi-
“ ness, and, if you come but once to each,
“ your practice must have made you very
“ rich”—“ Nay, nay, quoth Sir John, I am not
“ rich in this world ; I lay up my treasure in
“ heaven”—“ Then you may take leave of

“ it for ever, rejoined the other, for you have
“ laid it up where you will never find it.”

Henderson's memory was so prodigious, that I dare not risque the instance which I could give of it, not thinking myself entitled to demand more credit than I should probably be disposed to give. In his private character many good and amiable qualities might be traced, particularly in his conduct towards an aged mother, to whom he bore a truly filial attachment; and in laying up a provision for his wife and daughter he was at least sufficiently careful and œconomical. He was concerned with the elder Sheridan in a course of public readings: there could not be a higher treat than to hear his recitations from parts and passages in *Tristram Shandy*: let him broil his dish of sprats, seasoned with the sauce of his pleasantry, and succeeded by a desert of Trim and my uncle Toby, it was an entertainment worthy to be enrolled amongst the *noctes cœnasque Divum*. I once heard him read part of a tragedy, and but once; it was in his own parlour, and he ranted most outrageously: he was conscious how ill he did it, and laid it aside before he had finished it. It was clear

he had not studied that most excellent property of pitching his voice to the size of the room he was in ; an art, which so few readers have, but which Lord Mansfield was allowed to possess in perfection. He was an admirable mimic, and in his sallies of this sort he invented speeches and dialogues, so perfectly appropriate to the characters he was displaying, that I don't doubt but many good sayings have been given to the persons he made free with, which being fastened on them by him in a frolic, have stuck to them ever since, and perhaps gone down to posterity amongst their memorabilia. If there was any body now qualified to draw a parallel between the characters of Foote and Henderson, I don't pretend to say how the men of wit and humour might divide the laurel between them, but in this all men would agree that poor Foote attached to himself very few true friends, and Henderson very many, and those highly respectable, men virtuous in their lives, and enlightened in their understandings. Foote, vain, extravagant, embarrassed, led a wild and thoughtless course of life, yet when death approached him, he shrunk back into himself,

saw and confessed his errors, and I have reason to believe was truly penitent. Henderson's conduct through life was uniformly decorous, and in the concluding stage of it exemplarily devout.

I have said he played the part of Lord Davenant in my drama of *The Mysterious Husband*: I believe it was upon the last night of its representation, the King and Queen being present, when Henderson's exertions in the concluding scene, where he dies upon the stage, occasioned certain agitations, which have thenceforward rendered spectacles of that sort very properly ineligible. The late Mrs. Pope was very successful and impressive in the character of Lady Davenant, which I am inclined to consider as the best female part I have ever tendered to the stage, but as the play is printed and before the public, the public judgment will decide upon it.

Though I continued to amuse my fancy with dramatic composition, my chief attention was bestowed upon that body of original essays, which compose the volumes of *The Observer*. I first printed two octavos experi-

mentally at our press in Tunbridge Wells ; the execution was so incorrect, that I stopped the impression as soon as I had engaged my friend Mr. Charles Dilly to undertake the reprinting of it. He gave it a form and shape fit to meet the public eye, and the sale was encouraging. I added to the collection very largely, and it appeared in a new edition of five volumes ; when these were out of print, I made a fresh arrangement of the essays, and incorporating my entire translation of *The Clouds*, we edited the work thus modelled in six volumes, and these being now attached to the great edition of the British Essayists, I consider the Observer as fairly enrolled amongst the standard classics of our native language. This work therefore has obtained for itself an inheritance ; it is fairly off my hands, and what I have to say about it will be confined to a few simple facts ; I had no acknowledgments to make in my concluding essay, for I had received no aid or assistance from any man living. Every page and paragraph, except what is avowed quotation, I am singly responsible for. My much esteemed friend Richard Sharp Esquire, now of Mark-Lane, had the

kindness, during my absence from town to correct the sheets as they came from the press ; had that judicious friend corrected them before they went to the press, they would have been profited by the reform of many more than typographical errors ; but the approbation he was pleased to bestow upon that portion of the work, which passed under his inspection, was a very sensible support to me in the prosecution of it ; for though I was aware what allowances I had to make for his candid disposition to commend, I had too much confidence in his sincerity to suppose him capable of complimenting me against his judgment or his conscience.

I have been suspected of taking stories out of Spanish authors, and weaving them into some of these essays as my own without acknowledging the plagiarism. One of my reviewers instances the story of *Nicolas Pedrosa*, and roundly asserts that from internal evidence it must be of Spanish construction, and from these assumed premises leaves me to abide the odium of the inference. To this I answer with the most solemn appeal to truth and honour, that I am indebted to no author whatever,

Spanish or other, for a single hint, idea or suggestion of an incident in the story of Pedrosa, nor in that of the Misanthrope, nor in any other, which the work contains. In the narrative of the Portuguese, who was brought before the Inquisition, what I say of it as being matter of tradition, which I collected on the spot, is a mere fiction to give an air of credibility and horror to the tale : the whole, without exception of a syllable, is absolute and entire invention.

I take credit to myself for the character of Abraham Abrahams ; I wrote it upon principle, thinking it high time that something should be done for a persecuted race : I seconded my appeal to the charity of mankind by the character of Sheva, which I copied from this of Abrahams. The public prints gave the Jews credit for their sensibility in acknowledging my well-intended services : my friends gave me joy of honorary presents, and some even accused me of ingratitude for not making public my thanks for their munificence. I will speak plainly on this point ; I do most heartily wish they had flattered me with some token, however small, of which I might have said

this is a tribute to my philanthropy, and delivered it down to my children, as my beloved father did to me his badge of favour from the citizens of Dublin ; but not a word from the lips, not a line did I ever receive from the pen of any Jew, though I have found myself in company with many of their nation ; and in this perhaps the gentlemen are quite right, whilst I had formed expectations, that were quite wrong ; for if I have said for them only what they deserve, why should I be thanked for it ? But if I have said more, much more, than they deserve, can they do a wiser thing than hold their tongues ?

It is reported of me, and very generally believed, that I compose with great rapidity. I must own the mass of my writings, (of which the world has not seen more than half) might seem to warrant that report ; but it is only true in some particular instances, not in the general ; if it were, I should not be disinclined to avail myself of so good an apology for my many errors and inaccuracies, or of so good a proof of the fertility and vivacity of my fancy. The fact is, that every hour in the day is my hour for study, and that a minute

rarely passes, in which I am absolutely idle; in short, I never do nothing. Nature has given me the hereditary blessing of a constitutional and habitual temperance, that revolts against excess of any sort, and never suffers appetite to load the frame: I am accordingly as fit to resume my book or my pen the instant after my meal as I was in the freshest hours of the morning. I never have been accustomed to retire to my study for silence and meditation; in fact my book-room at Tunbridge Wells was occupied as a bed room, and what books I had occasion to consult I brought down to the common sitting-room, where in company with my wife and family, (neither interrupting them, nor interrupted by them) I wrote *The Observer* or whatever else I had in hand.

I think it cannot be supposed but that the composition of those essays must have been a work of time and labour; I trust there is internal evidence of that, particularly in that portion of it, which professes to review the literary age of Greece, and gives a history of the Athenian stage. That series of papers will I hope remain as a monument of my in-

dustry in collecting materials, and of my correctness in disposing them; and when I lay to my heart the consolation I derive from the honours now bestowed upon me at the close of my career by one, who is only in the first outset of his, what have I not to augur for myself, when he who starts with such auspicious promise has been pleased to take my fame in hand, and link it to his own? If any of my readers are yet to seek for the author, to whom I allude, the *Comicorum Graecorum fragmenta quaedam* will lead *them* to his name, and *him* to their respect.

If I cannot resist the gratification of inserting the paragraph, (page 7) which places my dim lamp between those brilliant stars of classic lustre, Richard Bentley and Richard Porson, am I to be set down as a conceited vain old man? Let it be so! I can't help it, and in truth I don't much care about it. Though the following extract may be the weakest thing, that Mr. Robert Walpole, of Trinity College, Cambridge, ever has written, or ever shall write, it will outlive the strongest thing, that can be said against it, and I will therefore arrest and incorporate it, as follows—*Aliunde*

quoque haud exiguum ornamentum huic volumi accessit, siquidem Cumberlandius nostras amicè benevolèque permisit, ut versiones suas quorundam fragmentorum, exquisitas sane illas, mirâque elegentiâ conditas et commendatas huc transferrem.

If there is any man, who has reached my age, and written as much as I have with as little recompence for it, who can seriously condemn me, to his sentence I submit ; as for the sneerers and sub-critics, who can neither write themselves, nor feel for those who do, they are welcome to make the most of it.

My publisher informs me that enquiries are made of him, if I have it in design to translate more comedies of Aristophanes, and that these enquiries are accompanied by wishes for my undertaking it. I am flattered by the honour, which these gentlemen confer upon me, but the version of *The Clouds* cost me much time and trouble ; I have no right to reckon upon much more time for any thing, and it is very greatly my wish to collect and revise the whole of my unpublished, and above all of my unacted dramas, which are very numerous ; I have also a work far advanced, though put

aside during the writing of these Memoirs, which, if life is granted to me, I shall be anxious to complete. I must further observe that there is but one more comedy in our volume of Aristophanes, viz. *The Plutus*, which I could be tempted to translate.

As I hope I have already given a sufficient answer to those, who were offended with my treatment of Socrates, I have nothing more to say of The Observer, or its author.

Henderson acted in one other play of my writing for his benefit, and took the part of *The Arab*, which gave its title to the tragedy. I have now in my mind's eye the look he gave me, so comically conscious of taking what his judgment told him he ought to refuse, when I put into his hand my tributary guineas for the few places I had taken in his theatre—"If I "were not the most covetous dog in creation, "he cried, I should not take your money; but "I cannot help it." I gave up my tragedy to his use for one night only, and have never put it to any use since. His death soon followed, and he was hurried to the grave in the vigour of his talents, and the meridian of his fame.

The late Mrs. Pope, then Miss Young, per-

formed a part in *The Arab*, and I find an epilogue, which I presume she spoke, though of this I am not certain. I discovered it amongst my papers, and as I flatter myself there are some points in it not amiss, I take the liberty of inserting it.

“ *Epilogue to the Arab.*

“ Miss Young.

“ Yes, 'tis as I predicted—There you sit
“ Expecting some smart relisher of wit.
“ Why, 'tis a delicacy out of season——
“ Sirs, have some conscience ! ladies, hear some reason !
“ With your accustom'd grace you come to share
“ Your humble actor's annual bill of fare ;
“ But for wit, take it how he will, I tell you,
“ All have not Falstaff's brains, that have his belly.
“ Wit is not all men's money ; when you've bought it,
“ Look at your lot. You're trick'd. Who could have
“ thought it ?
“ Read it, 'tis folly ; court it, a coquette ;
“ Wed it, a libertine—you're fairly met.
“ No sex, age, country, character, nor clime,
“ No rank commands it ; it obeys no time ;
“ Fear'd, lov'd, and hated ; prais'd, ador'd and curs'd,
“ The very best of all things and the worst ;
“ From this extreme to that for ever hurl'd,
“ The idol and the outlaw of the world,
“ In France, Spain, England, Italy and Greece,
“ The joy, plague, pride and foot-ball of caprice.

" Is it in that man's face, who looks so wise
 " With lips half-opened and with half-shut eyes ?
 " Silent grimace !—Flows it from this man's tongue,
 " With quaint conceits and punning quibbles hung ?
 " A nauseous counterfeit !—Hark ! now I hear it—
 " Rank infidelity !—I cannot bear it.
 " See where her tea-table Vanessa spreads !
 " A motley groupe of heterogeneous heads
 " Gathers around ; the goddess in a cloud
 " Of incense sits amidst the adoring crowd,
 " So many smiles, nods, simpers she dispenses
 " Instead of five you'd think she'd fifteen senses ;
 " Alike impatient all at once to shine,
 " Eager they plunge in wit's unfathom'd mine :
 " Deep underneath the stubborn ore remains,
 " The paltry tin breaks up, and mocks their pains.
 " Ask wit of me ! Oh monstrous, I declare
 " You might as well ask it of my Lord Mayor :
 " Require it in an epilogue ! a road
 " As track'd and trodden as a birth-day ode ;
 " Oh, rather turn to those malicious elves,
 " Who see it in no mortal but themselves ;
 " Our gratitude is all we have to give,
 " And that we trust your candour will receive."

Garrick died also, and was followed to the
 Abbey by a long extended train of friends,
 illustrious for their rank and genius, who truly
 mourned a man, so perfect in his art, that na-
 ture hath not yet produced an actor, worthy

to be called his second. I saw old Samuel Johnson standing beside his grave, at the foot of Shakespeare's monument, and bathed in tears: a few succeeding years laid him in earth, and though the marble shall preserve for ages the exact resemblance of his form and features, his own strong pen has pictured out a transcript of his mind, that shall outlive that and the very language, which he laboured to perpetuate. Johnson's best days were dark, and only, when his life was far in the decline, he enjoyed a gleam of fortune long withheld.— Compare him with his countryman and contemporary last-mentioned, and it will be one instance amongst many, that the man, who only brings the Muse's bantlings into the world has a better lot in it, than he, who has the credit of begetting them.

Reynolds the friend of both these worthies, had a measure of prosperity amply dealt out to him; he sunned himself in an unclouded sky, and his Muse, that gave him a pallet dressed by all the Graces, brought him also a cornūcopiae rich and full as Flora, Ceres and Bacchus could conspire to make it. His hearse was also followed by a noble cavalcade of

mourners; many of whom, I dare believe, left better faces hanging by the wall, than those they carried with them to his funeral. When he was lost to the world, his death was the dispersion of a bright and luminous circle of ingenious friends, whom the elegance of his manners, the equability of his temper and the attraction of his talents had caused to assemble round him as the centre of their society. In all the most engaging graces of his heart; in disposition, attitude, employment, character of his figures, and above all in giving mind and meaning to his portraits, if I were to say Sir Joshua never was excelled, I am inclined to believe so many better opinions would be with me, that I should not be found to have said too much.

Romney in the mean time shy, private, studious and contemplative; conscious of all the disadvantages and privations of a very stinted education; of a habit naturally hypochondriac, with aspen nerves, that every breath could ruffle, was at once in art the rival, and in nature the very contrast of Sir Joshua. A man of few wants, strict œconomy and with no dislike to money, he had opportunities enough to

ench him even to satiety, but he was at once so eager to begin, and so slow in finishing his portraits, that he was for ever disappointed of receiving payment for them by the casualties and revolutions in the families they were designed for, so many of his sitters were *killed off*, so many favourite ladies were dismissed, so many fond wives divorced, before he would bestow half an hour's pains upon their petticoats, that his unsaleable stock was immense, whilst with a little more regularity and decision he would have more than doubled his fortune, and escaped an infinitude of petty troubles, that disturbed his temper. At length exhausted rather by the languor than by the labour of his mind, this admirable artist retired to his native county in the north of England, and there, after hovering between life and death, neither wholly deprived of the one, nor completely rescued by the other, he continued to decline, till at last he sunk into a distant and inglorious grave, fortunate alone in this, that his fame is consigned to the protection of Mr. Hayley, from whom the world expects his history: there if he says no more of him, than that he was at least as good a pain-

ter as Mr. Cowper was a poet, he will say enough; and if his readers see the parallel in the light that I do, they will not think that he shall have said too much.

When I first knew Romney, he was poorly lodged in Newport-Street, and painted at the small price of eight guineas for a three-quarters portrait: I sate to him, and was the first, who encouraged him to advance his terms, by paying him ten guineas for his performance. I brought Garrick to see his pictures, hoping to interest him in his favour; a large family piece unluckily arrested his attention; a gentleman in a close-buckled bob wig and a scarlet waist-coat laced with gold, with his wife and children, (some sitting, some standing) had taken possession of some yards of canvass very much, as it appeared, to their own satisfaction, for they were perfectly amused in a contented abstinence from all thought or action. Upon this unfortunate groupe when Garrick had fixed his lynx's eyes, he began to put himself into the attitude of the gentleman, and turning to Mr. Romney—"Upon my word, Sir, said he, "this is a very regular well-ordered family, "and that is a very bright well-rubbed maho-

“gany table, at which that motherly good lady is sitting, and this worthy gentleman in the scarlet waistcoat is doubtless a very excellent subject to the state I mean, (if all these are his children) but not for your art, Mr. Romney, if you mean to pursue it with that success, which I hope will attend you—.” The modest artist took the hint, as it was meant, in good part, and turned his family with their faces to the wall. When Romney produced my portrait, not yet finished—It was very well, Garrick observed; “That is very like my friend, and that blue coat with a red cape is very like the coat he has on, but you must give him something to do; put a pen in his hand, a paper on his table, and make him a poet; if you can once set him down well to his writing, who knows but in time he may write something in your praise.” These words were not absolutely unprophetic; I maintained a friendship for Romney to his death; he was uniformly kind and affectionate to me, and certainly I was zealous in my services to him. After his death I wrote a short account of him, which was published in a magazine; I did my best,

but must confess I should not have undertaken it but at the desire of my excellent friend Mr. Green of Bedford-Square, and being further urged to it by the wishes of two other valuable friends Mr. Long of Lincoln's Inn Fields, and Mr. Daniel Braythwaite, whom I sincerely esteem, it was not for me to hesitate, especially as I was not then informed of Mr. Hayley's purpose to take that work upon himself.

Here I am tempted to insert a few lines, which about this time I put together, more perhaps for the purpose of speaking civilly of Mr. Romney than for any other use, that I could put them to; but as I find there is honorable mention made of Sir Joshua Reynolds also, I give the whole copy as a further proof, that neither in verse or prose did I ever fail to speak of that celebrated painter but with the respect so justly due.

“ When Gothic rage had put the arts to flight
“ And wrapt the world in universal night,
“ When the dire northern swarm with seas of blood
“ Had drown'd creation in a second flood,
“ When all was void, disconsolate and dark,
“ Rome in her ashes found one latent spark,

“ She, not unmindful of her ancient name,
“ Nurs’d her last hope and fed the sacred flame ;
“ Still as it grew, new streams of orient light
“ Beam’d on the world and cheer’d the fainting sight ;
“ Rous’d from the tombs of the illustrious dead
“ Immortal science rear’d her mournful head ;
“ And mourn she shall to time’s extremest hour
“ The dire effects of Omar’s savage power,
“ When rigid Amrou’s too obedient hand
“ Made Alexandria blaze at his command ;
“ Six months he fed the sacrilegious flame
“ With the stor’d volumes of recorded fame :
“ There died all memory of the great and good,
“ Then Greece and Rome were finally subdu’d.
“ Yet monkish ignorance had not quite effac’d
“ All that the chissel wrought, the pencil trac’d ;
“ Some precious reliques of the ancient hoard
“ Or happy chance, or curious search restor’d ;
“ The wond’ring artist kindled as he gaz’d,
“ And caught perfection from the work he prais’d.
“ Of painters then the celebrated race
“ Rose into fame with each attendant grace ;
“ Still, as it spread, the wonder-dealing art
“ Improv’d the manners and reform’d the heart ;
“ Darkness dispers’d and Italy became
“ Once more the seat of elegance and fame.
“ Late, very late, on this sequester’d isle
“ The heav’n-descended art was seen to smile ;
“ Seldom she came to this storm-beaten coast,
“ And short her stay, just seen, admir’d and lost :

“ Reynolds at length, her favourite suitor, bore
“ The blushing stranger to his native shore ;
“ He by no mean, no selfish motives sway’d
“ To public view held forth the liberal maid,
“ Call’d his admiring countrymen around,
“ Freely declar’d what raptures he had found ;
“ Told them that merit would alike impart
“ To him or them a passage to her heart.
“ Rous’d at the call, all came to view her charms,
“ All press’d, all strove to clasp her in their arms ;
“ See *Coats* and *Dance* and *Gainsborough* seize the spoil,
“ And ready *Mortimer* that laughs at toil ;
“ Crown’d with fresh roses graceful *Humphry* stands,
“ While beauty grows immortal from his hands ;
“ *Stubbs* like a lion springs upon his prey,
“ With bold eccentric *Wright* that hates the day :
“ Familiar *Zoffany* with comic art,
“ And *West* great painter of the human heart.
“ These and yet more unnam’d that to our eyes
“ Bid lawns and groves and tow’ring mountains rise,
“ Point the bold rock or stretch the bursting sail,
“ Smooth the calm sea, or drive th’ impetuous gale :
“ Some hunt midst fruit and flowery wreaths for fame,
“ And *Elmer* springs it in the feather’d game.
“ Apart and bending o’er the azure tide,
“ With heavenly Contemplation by his side,
“ A pensive artist stands—in thoughtful mood,
“ With downcast looks he eyes the ebbing flood ;
“ No wild ambition swells his temperate heart,
“ Himself as pure, as patient as his art,

“ Nor sullen sorrow, nor intemperate joy
“ The even tenour of his thoughts destroy,
“ An undistinguish’d candidate for fame,
“ At once his country’s glory and its shame :
“ Rouse then at length, with honest pride inspir’d,
“ *Romney, advance ! be known and be admir’d.*”

I perceive I must resume the immediate subject of these Memoirs; it is truly a relief to me, when I am called off from it, for unvaried egotism would be a toil too heavy for my mind. When I attempt to look into the mass of my productions, I can keep no order in the enumeration of them; I have not patience to arrange them according to their dates: I believe I have written at least fifty dramas published and unpublished. Amongst the latter of these there are some, which in my sincere opinion are better than most, which have yet seen the light: they certainly have had the advantages of a more mature correction. When I went to Spain I left in Mr. Harris’s hands a tragedy on the subject of *The Elder Brutus*; the temper of the times was by no means suited to the character of the play; I have never written any drama so much to my own satisfaction, and my partiality to it has been

flattered by the judgment of several, who have read it. I have written dramas on the stories of the *False Demetrius*, of *Tiberius in Caprea*, and a tragedy on a plot purely inventive, which I entitled *Torrendal*; these with several others may in time to come, if life shall be continued to me, be formed into a collection and submitted to the public.

About the time, at which my story points, my tragedy of *The Carmelite* was acted at Drury-Lane, and most ably supported by Mrs. Siddons, who took the part of the Lady of Saint Valori, and also spoke the Epilogue. She played inimitably, and in those days, when only men and women trod the stage, the public were contented with what was perfect in nature, and of course admired and applauded Mrs. Siddons: they could then also see merit in Mr. Kemble, who was in the commencement of his career, and appeared in the character of the youthful Montgomeri: the audiences of that time did not think the worse of him because he had reached the age of manhood, and appeared before them in the full stature and complete maturity of one of the finest forms, that probably was ever exhibited

upon a public stage. A revolution since then has taken place, a caprice, as ridiculous as it is extraordinary, and a general act of superannuation has gone forth against every male performer, that has a beard. How I am to style this young child of fortune, this adopted favourite of the public, I don't rightly know; the bills of Covent-Garden announce him as Master Betty, those of Drury-Lane as the Young Roscius. Roscius, as I believe upon the authority of Shakespear, *was an actor in Rome*, and Cicero, who admired him, made a speech in his praise: all this of course is very right on both sides, and exactly as it should be. Mr. Harris announces him to the old women in the galleries in a phrase, that is familiar to them; whilst Mr. Sheridan, presenting him to the senators in the boxes by the style and title of Roscius, fails perhaps in his little representative of the great Roman actor, but perfectly succeeds in his own similitude to the eloquent Roman orator. In the mean time my friend Smith of Bury, with all that zeal for merit, which is natural to him, marries him to Melpomene with the ring of Garrick, and strewing roses of Parnassus on the nuptial

couch, crowns happy Master Betty, alias Young Roscius, with a never-fading chaplet of immortal verse—

*And now when death dissolves his mortal frame,
His soul shall mount to heav'n from whence it came,
Earth keep his ashes, verse preserve his fame.*

How delicious to be praised and panegyrised in such a style; to be caressed by dukes, and (which is better) by the daughters of dukes, flattered by wits, feasted by aldermen, stuck up in the windows of the print shops, and set astride (as these eyes have seen him) upon the cut-water of a privateer, like the tutelary genius of the British flag.

What encouragements doth this great enlightened nation hold forth to merit? What a consolatory reflection must it be to the superannuated yellow admirals of the stage, that when they shall arrive at second *childhood*, they may still have a chance to arrive at honours second only to these! I declare I saw with surprise a man, who led about a bear to dance for the edification of the public, lose all his popularity in the street, where this exquisite young gentleman has his lodging; the people ran to see him at the window, and left

this bear and the bear-leader in a solitude. I saw this exquisite young gentleman, whilst I paced the streets on foot, wafted to his morning's rehearsal in a vehicle, that to my vulgar optics seemed to wear upon its polished doors the ensign of a ducal crown ; I looked to see if haply John Kemble were on the braces, or Cooke perchance behind the coach ; I saw the lacquies at their post, but Glenalvon was not there : I found John Kemble sick at home—I said within myself——

*Oh ! what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief ? Would you were not sick !*

We shall have a **second** influx of the pygmies ; they will pour upon us in multitudes innumerable as a shoal of sprats, and when at last we have nothing else but such small fry to feed on, an epidemic nausea will take place.

There are intervals in fevers ; there are lucid moments in madness ; even folly cannot keep possession of the mind for ever. It is very natural to encourage rising genius, it is highly commendable to foster its first shoots ; we admire and caress a clever school boy, but we should do very ill to turn his master out of

his office and put him into it. If the theatres persist in their puerilities, they will find themselves very shortly in the predicament of an ingenious mechanic, whom I remember in my younger days, and whose story I will briefly relate, in hopes it may be a warning to them.

This very ingenious artist, when Mr. Rich the Harlequin was the great dramatic author of his time, and wrote successfully for the stage, contrived and executed a most delicious serpent for one of those inimitable productions, in which Mr. Rich, justly disdaining the weak aid of language, had selected the classical fable (if I rightly recollect it) of Orpheus and Eurydice, and having conceived a very capital part for the serpent, was justly anxious to provide himself with a performer, who could support a character of that consequence with credit to himself and to his author. The event answered his most ardent hopes; nothing could be more perfect in his entrances and exits, nothing ever crawled across the stage with more accomplished sinuosity than this enchanting serpent; every soul was charmed with its performance; it twirled and twisted

and wriggled itself about in so divine a manner, the whole world was ravished with the lovely snake : nobles, and non-nobles, rich and poor, old and young, reps and demi-reps flocked to see it, and admire it. The artist, who had been the master of the movement, was intoxicated with his success ; he turned his hands and head to nothing else but serpents ; he made them of all sizes, they crawled about his shop as if he had been chief snake-catcher to the furies : the public curiosity was satisfied with one serpent, and he had nests of them yet unsold ; his stock laid dead upon his hands, his trade was lost, and the man was ruined, bankrupt and undone.

Here it occurs to me that in one of my preceding pages I have promised to address a parting word to my brethren and contemporaries in the dramatic line. If what I have now been saying coincides with their opinions, I have said enough ; if it does not, what I might add to it would be all too much, and the experience of grey hairs would be in vain opposed to the prejudices of green heads. May success attend them in their efforts, whenever they shall seriously address them to the study

of the legitimate drama, and the restoration of good taste ! There is no lack of genius in the nation ; I therefore will not totally despair, old as I am, of living still to witness the commencement of a brighter æra.

About this time I undertook the hardy task of differing in opinion from one of the ablest scholars and finest writers in the kingdom, and controverted the proposal of the Bishop of Llandaff for equalizing the revenues of the hierarchy and dignitaries of the church established. I still think I had the best of the argument, and that his lordship did a wiser thing in declining the controversy, than in throwing out the proposal. I have read a charge of the bishop's to the clergy of his diocese for enforcing many points of discipline, and enjoining residence. As his lordship neither resides in his diocese, nor executes the important duty of Regius Professor of Divinity in person, I am not informed whether his clergy took their rule of conduct from his precept, or from his example ; but I take for granted that those, whose poverty confined them to their parsonages, did not stray from home, and that those, whose means enabled them to visit

other places, did not want a precedent to refer to for their apology.

As I have dealt extremely little in anonymous publications, I may as well confess myself in this place the author of a pamphlet entitled *Curtius rescued from the Gulph*. I conceived that Doctor Parr had hit an unoffending gentleman too hard, by launching a huge fragment of Greek at his defenceless head. The subject was started, and the exterminating weapon produced at one of my friend Dilly's literary dinners; there were several gentlemen present better armed for the encounter than myself, but the lot fell upon me to turn out against Ajax. I made as good a fight as I could, and rummaged my indexes for quotations, which I crammed into my artillery as thick as grape shot, and in mere sport fired them off against a rock invulnerable as the armour of Achilles. It was very well observed by my friend Mr. Dilly upon the profusion of quotations, which some writers affectedly make use of, that he knew a presbyterian parson, who for eighteen-pence would furnish any pamphleteer with as many scraps of Greek and Latin, as would pass him off for

an accomplished classic. I simply discharge a debt of gratitude, justly due, when I acknowledge the great and frequent gratifications I have received at the hospitable board of the worthy friend last-mentioned, who whilst he conducted upon principles of the strictest integrity the extensive business carried on at his house in the Poultry, kept a table ever open to the patrons and pursuers of literature, which was so administered as to draw the best circles together, and to put them most completely at their ease. No man ever understood this better, and few ever practised it with such success, or on so large a scale: it was done without parade, and in that consisted the peculiar air of comfort and repose, which characterised those meetings: hence it came to pass that men of genius and learning resorted to them with delight, and here it was that they were to be found divested of reserve, and in their happiest moments. Under this roof the biographer of Johnson, and the pleasant tourist to Corsica and the Hebrides, passed many jovial joyous hours; here he has located some of the liveliest scenes and most brilliant passages in his entertaining anecdotes of his

friend Samuel Johnson, who yet lives and speaks in him. The book of Boswell, is, ever as the year comes round, my winter-evening's entertainment: I loved the man; he had great convivial powers and an inexhaustible fund of good humour in society; no body could detail the spirit of a conversation in the true style and character of the parties more happily than my friend James Boswell, especially when his vivacity was excited, and his heart exhilarated by the circulation of the glass, and the grateful odour of a well-broiled lobster.

To these parties I can trace my first impressions of esteem for certain characters, whose merits are above my praise, and of whose friendship I have still to boast. From Mr. Dilly's hospitality I derive not only the recollection of pleasure past, but the enjoyment of happiness yet in my possession. Death has not struck so deep into that circle, but that some are left, whose names are dear to society, whom I have still to number amongst my living friends, to whom I can resort and find myself not lost to their remembrance. Our hospitable host, retired from business, still greets

me with a friendly welcome ; in the company of the worthy Braythwaite I can enjoy the contemplation of a man universally beloved, full indeed of years, but warm in feeling, unimpaired in faculties and glowing with benevolence.

I can visit the justly-admired author of *The Pleasures of Memory*, and find myself with a friend, who together with the brightest genius possesses elegance of manners and excellence of heart. He tells me he remembers the day of our first meeting at Mr. Dilly's ; I also remember it, and though his modest unassuming nature held back and shrunk from all appearances of ostentation and display of talents, yet even then I take credit for discovering a promise of good things to come, and suspected him of holding secret commerce with the Muse, before the proof appeared in shape of one of the most beautiful and harmonious poems in our language. I do not say that he has not ornamented the age he lives in, though he were to stop where he is, but I hope he will not so totally deliver himself over to the Arts as to neglect the Muses ; and I now publicly call upon Samuel Rogers to answer to his

name, and stand forth in the title page of some future work that shall be in substance greater, in dignity of subject more sublime, and in purity of versification not less charming than his poem above-mentioned.

My good and worthy friend Mr. Sharpe has made himself in some degree responsible to the public, for having been the first to suggest to me the idea of writing this huge volume of my Memoirs; he knows I was not easily encouraged to believe my history could be made interesting to the readers of it, and in truth opinion less authoritative than his would not have prevailed with me to commit myself to the undertaking. Neither he nor I however at that time had any thought of publishing before my death; in proof of which I have luckily laid my hand upon the following lines amongst the chaos of my manuscripts, which will shew that I made suit to him to protect this and other reliques of my pen, when I had paid the debt of nature——

“ To Richard Sharpe Esquire of Mark-Lane.”

“ If rhyme e'er spoke the language of the heart,
“ Or truth employ'd the measur'd phrase of art,

“ Believe me, Sharpe, this verse, which smoothly flows,
“ Hath all the rough sincerity of prose.
“ False flattering words from eager lips may fly,
“ But who can pause to harmonize a lie?
“ Or e'er he made the jingling couplet chime,
“ Conscience would start and reprobate the rhyme.
“ If then 'twere merely to entrap your ear
“ I call'd you friend, and pledg'd myself sincere,
“ Genius would shudder at the base design,
“ And my hand tremble as I shap'd the line.
“ Poets oft times are tickled with a word,
“ That gaily glitters at the festive board,
“ And many a man, my judgment can't approve,
“ Hath trick'd my foolish fancy of its love;
“ For every foible natural to my race
“ Finds for a time with me some fleeting place;
“ But occupants so weak have no controul,
“ No fix'd and legal tenure in my soul,
“ Nor will my reason quit the faithful clue,
“ That points to truth, to virtue and to you.
“ In the vicissitudes of life we find
“ Strange turns and twinings in the human mind,
“ And he, who seeks consistency of plan,
“ Is little vers'd in the great map of man;
“ The wider still the sphere in which we live,
“ The more our calls to suffer and forgive:
“ But from the hour (and many years are past)
“ From the first hour I knew you to the last,
“ Through every scene, self-center'd and at rest,
“ Your steady character hath stood the test,

“ No rash conceits divert your solid thought,
“ By patience foster’d and with candour fraught ;
“ Mild in opinion, but of soul sincere,
“ And only to the foes of truth severe,
“ So unobtrusive is your wisdom’s tone,
“ Your converts hear and fancy it their own,
“ With hand so fine you probe the festering mind,
“ You heal our wounds, and leave no sore behind.
“ Now say, my friend—but e’er you touch the task
“ Weigh well the burden of the boon I ask—
“ Say, when the pulses of this heart shall cease,
“ And my soul quits her cares to seek her peace,
“ Will your zeal prompt you to protect the name
“ Of one not totally unknown to fame ?
“ Will you, who only can the place supply
“ Of a lost son, befriend my progeny ?
“ For when the wreck goes down there will be found
“ Some remnants of the freight to float around,
“ Some that long time hath almost snatch’d from sight,
“ And more unseen, that struggle for the light ;
“ And sure I am the stage will not refuse,
“ To lift her curtain for my widow’d Muse,
“ Nor will her hearers less indulgent be,
“ When that last curtain shall be dropt on me.”

I have fairly given the reasons, that prevailed with me for publishing these Memoirs in my life time, and I believe every man, that knows them, will acknowledge they are reasons sufficiently cogent. My friend Sharpe

very kindly acceded to the suit above-made ; Mr. Rogers has since joined him in the task, and Sir James Bland Burges, of whose friendship I have had many and most convincing proofs, has with the candour, that is natural to an enlightened mind, generously engaged to take his share in selecting and arranging the miscellaneous farrago, that will be found in my drawers, after my body has been committed to the earth. To these three friends I devote this task, and upon their judgment I rely for the publication or suppression of what they may find amongst my literary relics ; they are all much younger men than I am, and I pray God, that death, who cannot long spare me, will not draw those arrows from his quiver, which fate has destined to extinguish them, till they have completed a career equal at least in length to mine, crowned with more fame, and graced with much more fortune and prosperity. I know that they will do what they have said, and faithfully protect my posthumous reputation, as I have been a faithful friend to them and to their living works.

The heroic poem of *Richard the First* is truly a very extraordinary work. I am a wit-

ness to the extreme rapidity, with which my friend the author wrote it. It far exceeded the supposed rate, at which Pope translated Homer, which being at fifty lines per day, Samuel Johnson hesitates to give credit to.— If to this we take into account the peculiar construction of the stanza, every one of which involves four, three and two terminations in rhyme, and which must naturally have enhanced the labour of the poet in a very considerable degree, I am astonished at the facility, with which Sir James has triumphed over the difficulties, that he chose to impose upon himself, and must confess his Muse moves gracefully in her fetters. I was greatly pleased to see that the learned and judicious Mr. Todd in his late edition of Spenser has spoken of this poem in such handsome terms, as I can never meet a stronger confirmation of my own opinion, than when I find it coinciding with that of so excellent a critic. The æra, in which my friend has placed his poem, the hero he has chosen, and the chivalric character, with which he has very properly marked it, are circumstances that might naturally prevail with him for modelling it upon the stanza of the Fairy

Queen, which, though it has not so proud a march as the heroic verse, has certainly more of the knightly prance in it, and of course more to the writer's purpose than the rhyming couplet. Perhaps the public at large have not yet formed a proper estimate of the real merit of this heroic poem. Its adoption of a stanza, obsolete and repetitionary on the ear, is a circumstance, that stamps upon it the revolting air of an imitation, which in fact it is not, and deters many from reading it, who would else find much to admire, and instead of discovering any traces of the Fairy Queen, would meet enough to remind them of a nobler model in the *Iliad* of Homer. In the mean time it gives me great satisfaction to know that the author of *Richard* has since paid loyal service to the dramatic Muse, and when a mind so prompt in execution, and so fully stored with the knowledge both of men and books, shall address its labours to the stage, I should be loath to doubt but that the time will come when classic writing shall expel grimace.

I hope I shall in no wise hurt the feelings of a lady, who now most worthily fills a very elevated station, if, in speaking of my humble

productions in the course of my subject, I cannot avoid to speak of one of the most elegant actresses that ever graced the stage. When I brought out my comedy of *The Natural Son*, I flattered myself that in the sketch of Lady Paragon I had conceived a character not quite unworthy of the talents of Miss Farren: it is saying little in the way of praise, when I acknowledge the partiality I still retain for that particular part, and indeed for that play in general. It was acted and published in the same season with the *Carmelite*, and though I did not either in that instance, or in any other to my knowledge, obtrude myself upon the public to the exclusion of a competitor, still it was so that the town was pleased to interpret my second appeal to their candour, and the newspapers of the day vented their malignancy against me in the most opprobrious terms. So exquisite was the style, in which Miss Farren gave her character its best display, and so respectable were her auxiliaries in the scene, particularly Mr. John Palmer, that they could never deprive the comedy of favourable audiences, though their efforts too frequently succeeded in preventing them from being full

ones. It was a persecution most disgraceful to the freedom of the press, and the performers resented it with a sensibility, that did them honour; they traced some of the paragraphs to their dirty origin, but upon minds entirely debased shame has no effect.

I now foresaw the coming-on of an event, that must inevitably deprive me of one of the greatest comforts, which still adhered to me in my decline of fortune. It was too evident that the constitution of Lord Sackville, long harassed by the painful visitation of that dreadful malady the stone, was decidedly giving way. There was in him so generous a repugnance against troubling his friends with any complaints, that it was from external evidence only, never from confession, that his sufferings could be guessed at. Attacks, that would have confined most people to their beds, never moved him from his habitual punctuality. It was curious, and probably in some men's eyes would from its extreme precision have appeared ridiculously minute and formal, yet in the movements of a domestic establishment so large as his, it had its uses and comforts, which his guests and family could not fail to partake

of. As sure as the hand of the clock pointed to the half-hour after nine, neither a minute before nor a minute after, so sure did the good lord of the castle step into his breakfast room, accoutred at all points according to his own invariable costuma, with a complacent countenance, that prefaced his good-morning to each person there assembled ; and now, whilst I recall these scenes to my remembrance, I feel gratified by the reflection, that I never passed a night beneath his roof, but that his morning's salutation met me at my post. He allowed an hour and a half for breakfast, and regularly at eleven took his morning's circuit on horseback at a foot's-pace, for his infirmity would not admit of any strong gestation ; he had an old groom, who had grown grey in his service, that was his constant pilot upon these excursions, and his general custom was to make the tour of his cottages to reconnoitre the condition they were in, whether their roofs were in repair, their windows whole, and the gardens well cropped and neatly kept ; all this it was their interest to be attentive to, for he bought the produce of their fruit trees, and I have heard him say with great satisfaction that he

has paid thirty shillings in a season for strawberries only to a poor cottager, who paid him one shilling annual rent for his tenement and garden; this was the constant rate, at which he let them to his labourers, and he made them pay it to his steward at his yearly audit, that they might feel themselves in the class of regular tenants, and sit down at table to the good cheer provided for them on the audit-day. He never rode out without preparing himself with a store of six-pences in his waist-coat pocket for the children of the poor, who opened gates and drew out sliding bars for him in his passage through the enclosures: these barriers were well watched, and there was rarely any employment for a servant; but these six-pences were not indiscriminately bestowed, for as he kept a charity school upon his own endowment, he knew to whom he gave them, and generally held a short parley with the gate-opener as he paid his toll for passing.—Upon the very first report of illness or accident relief was instantly sent, and they were put upon the sick list, regularly visited, and constantly supplied with the best medicines administered upon the best advice: if the poor

man lost his cow or his pig or his poultry, the loss was never made up in money, but in stock. It was his custom to buy the cast-off liveries of his own servants as constantly as the day of cloathing came about, and these he distributed to the old and worn-out labourers, who turned out daily on the lawn and paddoc in the Sackville livery to pick up boughs and sweep up leaves, and in short do just as much work as served to keep them wholesome and alive.

To his religious duties this good man was not only regularly but respectfully attentive: on the Sunday morning he appeared in gala, as if he was dressed for a drawing-room; he marched out his whole family in grand cavalcade to his parish church, leaving only a sentinel to watch the fires at home, and mount guard upon the spits. His deportment in the house of prayer was exemplary, and more in character of times past than of time present: he had a way of standing up in sermon-time for the purpose of reviewing the congregation, and awing the idlers into decorum, that never failed to remind me of Sir Roger de Coverly at church; sometimes, when he has been struck

with passages in the discourse, which he wished to point out to the audience as rules for moral practice worthy to be noticed, he would mark his approbation of them with such cheering nods and signals of assent to the preacher, as were often more than my muscles could withstand ; but when to the total overthrow of all gravity, in his zeal to encourage the efforts of a very young disclaimer in the pulpit, I heard him cry out to the Reverend Mr. Henry Eatoff in the middle of his sermon—“ Well done, “ Harry !” It was irresistible ; suppression was out of my power : what made it more intolerably comic was, the unmoved sincerity of his manner, and his surprise to find that any thing had passed, that could provoke a laugh so out of time and place. He had nursed up with no small care and cost in each of his parish churches a corps of rustic psalm-singers, to whose performances he paid the greatest attention, rising up, and with his eyes directed to the singing gallery, marking time, which was not always rigidly adhered to, and once, when his ear, which was very correct, had been tortured by a tone most glaringly discordant, he set his mark upon the culprit by

calling out to him by name, and loudly saying, “Out of tune, Tom Baker—!” Now this faulty musician Tom Baker happened to be his lordship’s butcher, but then in order to set names and trades upon a par, Tom Butcher was his lordship’s baker; which I observed to him was much such a reconciliation of cross partners as my illustrious friend George Faulkner hit upon, when in his Dublin Journal he printed—“Erratum in our last—For His Grace “the Duchess of Dorset read Her Grace the “Duke of Dorset—”

I relate these little anecdotes of a man, whose character had nothing little in it, that I may show him to my readers in his private scenes, and be as far as I am able the intimate and true transcriber of his heart. While the marriage-settlement of his eldest daughter was in preparation, he said to the noble person then in treaty for her—“I am perfectly assured, my “lord, that you have correctly given in a “statement of your affairs, as you in honour “and in conscience religiously believe them to “be; but I am much afraid they have been “estimated to you for better than they really “are, and you must allow me therefore to ap-

“prise you, that I shall propose an alteration
“in my daughter’s fortune, more proportioned
“to what I now conceive to be the real valua-
“tion of your lordship’s property—” To this,
when the generous and disinterested suitor ex-
pressed his ready acquiescence my friend re-
plied (I had the anecdote from his own mouth)
“I perceive your lordship understands me, as
“proposing a reduction from my daughter’s
“portion; not so, my lord; my purpose is to
“double it, that I may have the gratification
“of supplying those deficiencies in the state-
“ment, which I took the liberty of noticing,
“and which, as you were not aware of them,
“might else have disappointed and perhaps
“misled you—” When he imparted this cir-
cumstance to me in the words, as nearly as I
can remember, but correctly in the spirit of
those words, he said to me—“I hope you don’t
“suppose I would have done this for my eldest
“daughter, if I had not assured myself of my
“ability to do the same for the other two—.”

It was in the year 1785, whilst he was at Stoneland, that those symptoms first appeared, which gradually disclosed such evidences of debility, as could not be concealed, and shewed

to demonstration, that the hand of death was even then upon him. He had prepared himself with an opinion deliberately formed upon the matter of the Irish Propositions, and when that great question was appointed to come on for discussion in the House of Lords, he thought himself bound in honour and duty to attend in his place. He then for the first time confessed himself to be unfit for the attempt, and plainly declared he believed it would be his death. He paused for a few moments, as if in hesitation how to decide, and the air of his countenance was impressed with melancholy : we were standing under the great spreading tree, that shelters the back-entrance to the house ; the day was hot ; he had dismounted heavily from his horse ; we were alone, and it was plain that exercise, though gentle, had increased his languor ; he was oppressed both in body and spirit ; he did not attempt to disguise it, for he could no longer counterfeit : he sate down upon the bench at the tree-foot, and composing his countenance, as if he wished to have forced a smile upon it, had his suffering given him leave—“ I know, said he, as “ well as you can tell me, what you think of

“ me just now, and that you are convinced if
“ I go to town upon this Irish business, I go
“ to my death; but I also know you are at
“ heart not against my undertaking it, for I
“ have one convincing proof for ever present
“ to me, how much more you consult my ho-
“ nour than my safety: And after all what do
“ I sacrifice, if with the sentence of inevitable
“ death in my hand, I only lop off a few rest-
“ less hours, and in the execution of my duty
“ meet the stroke? In one word I tell you I
“ shall go: we will not have another syllable
“ upon the subject; don’t advise it, lest you
“ should repent of it, when it has killed me;
“ and do not oppose it, because it would not
“ be your true opinion, and if it were, I would
“ not follow it—”

It was in that same day after dinner, as I well remember, the evening being most serene and lovely, we seated ourselves in the chairs, that were placed out upon the garden grass-plat, which looks towards Crowbery and the forest. Our conversation led us to the affair of Minden; my friend most evidently courted the discussion: I told him I had diligently attended the whole process of the trial, and that

I had detailed it to Mr. Dodington; I had consequently a pretty correct remembrance of the leading circumstances as they came out upon the evidence. But I observed to him that it was not upon the questions and proceeding agitated at that court, that I could perfect my opinion of the case; there must be probably a chain of leading causes, which, though they could not make a part of his defence in public court, might, if developed, throw such lights on the respective conduct of the parties, as would have led to conclusions different from those, which stood upon the record.

To this he answered that my remark was just: there were certain circumstances antecedent to the action, that should be taken into consideration, and there were certain forbearances, posterior to the trial, that should be accounted for. The time was come, when he could have no temptation to disguise and violate the truth, and a much more awful trial was now close at hand, where he must suffer for it if he did. He would talk plainly, temperately and briefly to me, as his manner was, provided I would promise him to deal sincerely,

and not spare to press him on such points, as stuck with me for want of explanation. This being premised, he entered upon a detail, which unless I could give, as taken down from his lips, without the variation of a word, so sacred do I hold the reputation of the dead entrusted to me, and the feelings of the living, whom any error of mine might wound, that I shall forbear to speak of it except in general terms. He appeared to me throughout his whole discourse like a man, who had perfectly dismissed his passions ; his colour never changed, his features never indicated embarrassment, his voice was never elevated, and being relieved at times by my questions and remarks, he appeared to speak without pain, and in the event his mind seemed lightened by the discharge. When I compare what he said to me in his last moments, (not two hours before he expired) with what he stated at this conference, if I did not from my heart, and upon the most entire conviction of my reason and understanding, solemnly acquit that injured man, (now gone to his account) of the opprobrious and false imputations, deposed against

him at his trial, I must be either brutally ignorant, or wilfully obstinate against the truth.

At the battle of Fontenoy, at the head of his brave regiment, in the very front of danger and the heat of action, he received a bullet in his breast, and being taken off the field by his grenadiers, was carried into a tent belonging to the equipage of the French King, and there laid upon a table, whilst the surgeon dressed his wound; so far had that glorious column penetrated in their advance towards victory, unfortunately snatched from them. Let us contemplate the same man, commanding the British cavalry in the battle of Minden, no longer in the front of danger and the heat of action, no longer in the pursuit of victory, for that was gained, and can we think with his unjust defamer, that such a man would tremble at a flying foe? It is a supposition against nature, a charge that cannot stand, an imputation that confutes itself.

Perhaps I am repeating things that I have said in my account of him, published after his death, but I have no means of referring to that pamphlet, and have been for some time writing

at Ramsgate, where I have not a single book to turn to, and very few papers and minutes of transactions to refresh my memory.

Lord Sackville attended parliament, as he said he would, and returned, as he predicted, a dying man. He allowed me to call in Sir Francis Millman, then practising at Tunbridge Wells: all medical assistance was in vain; the saponaceous medicines, that had given him intervals of ease, and probably many years of existence, had now lost their efficacy, or by their efficacy worn their conductors out. He wished to take his last leave of the Earl of Mansfield, then at Tunbridge Wells; I signified this to the earl, and accompanied him in his chaise to Stoneland; I was present at their interview. Lord Sackville, just dismounted from his horse, came into the room, where we had waited a very few minutes, and staggered as he advanced to reach his hand to his respectable visitor; he drew his breath with palpitating quickness, and if I remember rightly never rode again: there was a death-like character in his countenance, that visibly affected and disturbed Lord Mansfield in a manner, that I

did not quite expect, for it had more of horror in it, than a firm man ought to have shewn, and less perhaps of other feelings than a friend, invited to a meeting of that nature, must have discovered, had he not been *frightened from his property*.

As soon as Lord Sackville had recovered his breath, his visitor remaining silent, he began by apologising for the trouble he had given him, and for the unpleasant spectacle he was conscious of exhibiting to him in the condition he was now reduced to; “ but my good lord, “ he said, though I ought not to have imposed “ upon you the painful ceremony of paying a “ last visit to a dying man, yet so great was “ my anxiety to return you my unfeigned “ thanks for all your goodness to me, all “ the kind protection you have shewn me “ through the course of my unprosperous life, “ that I could not know you was so near me, “ and not wish to assure you of the invariable “ respect I have entertained for your character, “ and now in the most serious manner to so- “ licit your forgiveness, if ever in the fluctua- “ tions of politics or the heats of party, I have

“ appeared in your eyes at any moment of my
“ life unjust to your great merits, or forgetful
“ of your many favours.”

When I record this speech, I give it to the reader as correct; I do not trust to memory at this distance; I transcribe it: I scorn the paltry trick of writing speeches for any man, whose name is in these Memoirs, or for myself, in whose name these Memoirs shall go forth respectable at least for their veracity; for I certainly cannot wish to present myself to the world in two such opposite and incoherent characters as the writer of my own history, and the hero of a fiction.

Lord Mansfield made a reply perfectly becoming and highly satisfactory: he was far on in years, and not in sanguine health or a strong state of nerves; there was no immediate reason to continue the discourse; Lord Sackville did not press for it; his visitor departed, and I staid with him. He made no other observation upon what had passed than that it was extremely obliging in Lord Mansfield, and then turned to other subjects.

In him the vital principle was strong, and nature, which resisted dissolution, maintained

at every out-post, that defended life, a lingering agonizing struggle. Through every stage of varied misery—*extremes by change more fierce*—his fortitude remained unshaken, his senses perfect, and his mind never died, till the last pulse was spent, and his heart stopped for ever.

In this period intelligence arrived of the Propositions being withdrawn in the Irish House of Commons: he had letters on this subject from several correspondents, and one from Lord Sydney, none of which we thought fit then to give him. I told him in as few words and as clearly as I could how the business passed, but requested he would simply hear it, and not argue upon it—“I am not “sorry, he said, that it has so happened. “You can witness that my predictions are ve-“rified: something might now be set on foot “for the benefit of both countries. I wish I “could live long enough to give my opinion in “my place; I have formed my thoughts upon “it; but it is too late for me to do any good; “I hope it will fall into abler hands, and you “forbid me to argue. I see you are angry with “me for talking, and indeed it gives me pain,

“ I have nothing to do in this life, but to obey
“ and be silent—” From that moment he never spoke a word upon the subject.

As I knew he had been some time meditating on his preparations to receive the sacrament, and death seemed near at hand, I reminded him of it ; he declared himself ready and at peace with all mankind ; in one instance only he confessed it cost him a hard struggle. What that instance was he needed not to explain to me, nor am I careful to explain to any. I trust according to the infirmity of man’s nature he is rather to be honoured for having finally extinguished his resentment, than condemned for having fostered it too long. A Christian Saint would have done it sooner : how many men would not have done it ever !

The Reverend Mr. Sackville Bayle, his worthy parish priest and ever faithful friend, administered the solemn office of the sacrament to him, reading at his request the prayers for a communicant at the point of death. He had ordered all his bed-curtains to be opened and the sashes thrown up, that he might have air and space to assist him in his

efforts: what they were, with what devotion he joined in those solemn prayers, that warn the parting spirit to dismiss all hopes, that centre in this world, that reverend friend can witness; I also was a witness and a partaker; none else was present at that holy ceremony.

A short time before he expired I came by his desire to his bed side, when taking my hand, and pressing it between his, he addressed me for the last time in the following words—
“ You see me now in those moments, when
“ no disguise will serve, and when the spirit of
“ a man must be proved. I have a mind per-
“ fectly resigned, and at peace within itself.
“ I have done with this world, and what I have
“ done in it, I have done for the best; I hope
“ and trust I am prepared for the next. Tell
“ not me of all that passes in health and pride
“ of heart; these are the moments, in which a
“ man must be searched, and remember that I
“ die, as you see me, with a tranquil con-
“ science and content—” I have reason to
know I am correct in these expressions, be-
cause I transcribe them word for word from
a copy of my letter to the Honourable George



Lord Viscount Stockville.

Damer, now Earl of Dorchester, written a few days after his uncle Lord Sackville's death, and dated September 13th 1785.

To that excellent and truly noble person I recommend and devote this short but faithful sketch of his relation's character, conscious how highly he deserved, and how entirely he possessed, the love and the esteem of the deceased.

It may to some appear strange that I do not rather address myself to the present lord, the eldest son of his father and the inheritor of his title. He, who knows he has no plea for slighting the friend, who has loved him, knows that he has put it out of my power, and that I must be of all men most insensible, if I did not poignantly feel and feelingly lament his unmerited neglect of me. If the foregoing pages ever meet his eyes, I hope the record of his father's virtues will inspire him to imitate his father's example.

I put in my plea for pardon in the very first page of my book with respect to errors in the

dates of my disorderly productions. I should have mentioned my comedy of *The Impostor*, and the publication of my novel of *Arundel* in two volumes, which I hastily put together whilst I was passing a few idle weeks at Brighthelmstone, where I had no books but such as a circulating novel-shop afforded. I dispatched that work so rapidly, sending it to the press by parcels, of which my first copy was the only one, that I really do not remember what moved me to the undertaking, nor how it came to pass that the *cacoëthes scribendi nugas* first got hold of me. Be this as it may, I am not about to affect a modesty, which I do not feel, or to seek a shelter from the sin of writing ill, by acknowledging the folly of writing rapidly, for I believe that *Arundel* has entertained as many readers, and gained as good a character in the world as most heroes of his description, not excepting the immaculate Sir Charles Grandison, in whose company I have never found myself without being puzzled to decide, whether I am most edified by his morality, or disgusted by his pedantry. *Arundel* perhaps, of all the children, which my brain has given birth to, had the least care

and pains bestowed upon his education, yet he is a gentleman, and has been received as such in the first circles, for though he takes the strong side of the question in his argument with Mortlake upon duelling, yet there is hardly one to be found, who thinks with Mortlake, but would be shamed out of society, if he did not act with Arundel. In the character of the Countess of G. I confess I have set virtue upon ice ; she slips, but does not fall ; and if I have endowed the young ladies with a degree of sensibility, that might have exposed them to danger, I flatter myself I have taken the proper means of rescuing them from it by marrying them respectively to the men of their hearts.

The success however, which by this novel I obtained without labour, determined me to write a second, on which I was resolved to bestow my utmost care and diligence. In this temper of mind I began to form to myself in idea what I conceived should be the model of a perfect novel ; having after much deliberation settled and adjusted this to the best of my judgment, I decided for the novel in detail ; rejecting the epistolary process, which I had

pursued in Arundel, and also that, in which the hero speaks throughout, and is his own biographer; though in putting both these processes aside I felt much more hesitation in the last-mentioned case than in the first.

Having taken Fielding's admirable novel of Tom Jones as my pattern in point of detail, I resolved to copy it also in its distribution into chapters and books, and to prefix prefatory numbers to the latter, to the composition of which I addressed my best attention. In some of these I have taken occasion to submit those rules for the construction of a novel, which I flattered myself might be of use to future writers in that line, less experienced than myself. How far I have succeeded is not for me to say, but if I have failed, I am without excuse, for I had this work in hand two full years, and gave more polish and correction to the style, than ever I bestowed upon any of my published works before. The following few rules, which I laid down for my own guidance, and strictly observed, I still persuade myself are such as ought to be observed by others.

I would have the story carried on in a regu-

lar uninterrupted progression of events, without those dull recitals, that call the attention off from what is going on, and compel it to look back, perhaps in the very crisis of curiosity, to circumstances antecedent to, and not always materially connected with, the history in hand. I am decidedly adverse to episodes and stories within stories, like that of the *Man of the Hill* in *Tom Jones*, and in general all expedients of procrastination, which come under the description of mere tricks to torture curiosity, are in my opinion to be very sparingly resorted to, if not totally avoided. Casualties and broken-bones, and faintings and high fevers with ramblings of delirium and rhapsodies of nonsense are perfectly contemptible. I think descriptive writing, properly so distinguished, is very apt to describe nothing, and that landscapes upon paper leave no picture in the mind, and only load the page with daubings, that in the author's fancy may be sketches after nature, but to the reader's eye offer nothing but confusion. A novel, professing itself to be the delineation of men and women as they are in nature, should in general confine itself to the relation of things probable, and

though in skilful hands it may be made to touch upon things barely possible, the seldomer it risques those experiments, the better opinion I should form of the contriver's conduct: I do not think quotations ornament it, and poetry must be extremely good before I can allow it is of any use to it. In short there should be authorities in nature for every thing that is introduced, and the only case I can recollect in which the creator of the fictitious man may and ought to differ from the biographer of the real man, is, that the former is bound to deal out his rewards to the virtuous and punishments to the vicious, whilst the latter has no choice but to adhere to the truth of facts, and leave his hero neither worse nor better than he found him.

Monsters of cruelty and crime, monks and Zelucos, horrors and thunderings and ghosts are creatures of another region, tools appropriated to another trade, and are only to be handled by dealers in old castles and manufacturers of romances.

As the tragic drama may be not improperly described as *an epic poem of compressed action*, so I think we may call the novel *a di-*

lated comedy; though Henry Fielding, who was pre-eminently happy in the one, was not equally so in the other: *non omnia possumus omnes*. If the readers of *Henry* have agreed with me in the principles laid down in those prefatory chapters, and here again briefly touched upon, I flatter myself they found a novel conducted throughout upon those very principles, and which in no one instance does a violence to nature, or resorts to forced and improbable expedients to excite surprise; I flatter myself they found a story regularly progressive without any of those retrogradations or counter-marches, which break the line, and discompose the arrangement of the fable: I hope they found me duly careful to keep the principal characters in sight, and above all if I devoted myself *con amore* to the delineation of *Zachary Cawdle*, and in a more particular manner to the best services I could perform for the good *Ezekiel Daw*, I warmly hope they did not think my partiality quite misapplied, or my *labour of love* entirely thrown away.

If in my zeal to exhibit virtue triumphant over the most tempting allurements, I have painted those allurements in too vivid colours,

I am sorry, and ask pardon of all those, who thought the moral did not heal the mischief.

If my critics have not been too candid I am encouraged to believe, that in these volumes of *Henry*, and in those of *The Observer*, I have succeeded in what I laboured to effect with all my care—a simple, clear, harmonious style; which, taken as a model, may be followed without leading the noviciate either into turgidity or obscurity, holding a middle tone of period, neither swelling into high-flown metaphor, nor sinking into inelegant and unclassical rusticity. Whether or not I have succeeded, I certainly have attempted, to reform and purify my native language from certain false pedantic prevalencies, which were much in fashion, when I first became a writer; I dare not say with those, whose flattery might mislead me, that I have accomplished what I aimed at, but if I have done something towards it, I may say with Pliny—*Posteris an aliqua cura nostri, nescio. Nos certe meremur ut sit aliqua; non dicam ingenio; id enim superbum; sed studio, sed labore, sed reverentia posteriorum.*

The mental gratification, which the exercise

of the fancy in the act of composition gives me, has, (with the exception only of the task I am at present engaged in) led me to that inordinate consumption of paper, of which much has been profitless, much unseen, and very much of that which has been seen, would have been more worthy of the world, had I bestowed more blotting upon it before I committed it to the press: yet I am now about to mention a poem not the most imperfect of my various productions, of which the first manuscript copy was the only one, and that perhaps the fairest I had ever put out of my hands.— Heroic verse has been always more familiar to me, and more easy in point of composition, than prose: my thoughts flow more freely in metre, and I can oftentimes fill a page with less labour and less time in verse of that description, than it costs me to adjust and harmonise a single period in prose to my entire satisfaction.

The work I now allude to is my poem of *Calvary*, and the gratification, of which I have been speaking, mixed as I trust with worthier and more serious motives, led me to that undertaking. It had never been my hard lot to

write, as many of my superiors have been forced to do, task-work for a bookseller, it was therefore my custom, as it is with voluptuaries of another description, to fly from one pursuit to another for the greater zest which change and contrast gave to my intellectual pleasures. I had as yet done nothing in the epic way, except my juvenile attempt, of which I have given an extract, and I applied myself to the composition of *Calvary* with uncommon ardour; I began it in the winter, and, rising every morning some hours before day-light, soon dispatched the whole poem of eight books at the average of full fifty lines in a day, of which I kept a regular account, marking each day's work upon my manuscript. I mention this, because it is a fact; but I am not so mistaken as to suppose that any author can be entitled to take credit to himself for the little care he has bestowed upon his compositions.

It was not till I had taken up Milton's immortal poem of *Paradise Lost*, and read it studiously and completely through, that I brought the plan of *Calvary* to a consistency, and resolved to venture on the attempt. I saw such aids in point of character, inci

diction, such facilities held out by the sacred historians, as encouraged me to hope I might aspire to introduce my humble Muse upon that hallowed ground without profaning it.

As for the difficulties, which by the nature of his subject Milton had to encounter, I perceived them to be such as nothing but the genius of Milton could surmount: that he has failed in some instances cannot be denied; but it is matter of wonder and admiration, that he has miscarried in so few. The noble structure he has contrived to raise with the co-operation of two human beings only, and those the first created of the human race, strikes us with astonishment; but at the same time it forces him upon such frequent flights beyond the bounds of nature, and obliges him in so great a degree to depend upon the agency of supernatural beings, of whose persons we have no prototype, and of whose operations, offices and intellectual powers we are incompetent to form any adequate conception, that it is not to be wondered at, if there are parts and passages in that divine poem, that we either pass over by choice, or cannot read without regret.

Upon a single text in scripture he has described a *Battle in Heaven*, in most respects tremendously sublime, in others painfully reminding us how impossible it is for man's limited imagination to find weapons for immortal spirits, or conceive an army of rebellious angels employing instruments of human invention upon the vain impossible idea, that their material artillery could shake the immaterial throne of the One Supreme Being, the Almighty Creator and Disposer of them and the universe. Accordingly when we are presented with the description of Christ, the meek Redeemer of mankind, going forth in a chariot to the battle, brilliant although the picture is, it dazzles and we start from it revolted by the blaze. But when the poet, deeming himself competent to find words for the Almighty, contrives a conference between the First and Second Persons in the Trinity, we are compelled to say with Pope—

That God the Father turns a school-divine.

I must entreat my readers not so to misconceive my meaning as to suppose me vain enough to think, that by noticing these spots

in Milton's glorious sun, I am advancing my dim lamp to any the most distant competition with it. I have no other motive for mentioning them but to convince the patrons of these Memoirs, that I did not attempt the composition of a sacred epic, where he must for ever stand so decidedly pre-eminent, till by comparing the facilities of my subject with the amazing difficulties of his, I had found a bow proportioned to my strength, and did not presume to bend it till I was certified of its flexibility.

It could not possibly be overlooked by me, that in taking the Death of Christ for my subject, I had the advantage of dating my poem at a point of time, the most awful in the whole history of the world, the most pregnant with sublime events, and the most fully fraught with grand and interesting characters; that I had those characters, and those events, so pointedly delineated and so impressively described by the inspired historians, as to leave little else for me to do, but to restrain invention, and religiously to follow in the path, that was chalked out to me. Accordingly I trust there will be found very little of the audacity

of fancy in the composition of *Calvary*, and few sentiments or expressions ascribed to the Saviour, which have not the sanction and authority of the sacred records. When he descends into *Hades*, I have endeavoured to avail myself of what has been revealed to us for those conjectural descriptions, and I hope I have not far outstepped discretion, or heedlessly indulged a wild imagination ; for though I venture upon untouched ground, presuming to unfold a scene, which mystery has involved in darkness, yet I have the visions of the Saint at Patmos to hold up a light to me, and assist me in my efforts to pervade futurity.

My first publication of *Calvary* in quarto had so languid a sale, that it left me with the inconvenient loss of at least one hundred pounds, and the discouraging conviction, that the public did not concern itself about the poem, or the poem-maker ; I felt at the same time a proud indignant consciousness, that it claimed a better treatment, and whilst I called to mind the true and brotherly devotion I had ever borne to the fame of my contemporaries, I was stung by their neglect ; and having laid my poem on the death of my Redeemer at the

feet of my Sovereign, which, for aught that ever reached my knowledge, he might, or might not, have received by the hand of his librarian, I had nothing to console me but the reflection that there would perhaps be a tribunal, that would deal out justice to me, when I could not be a gainer by it, and speak favourably of my performance, when I could not hear their praises.

I shall now take leave of Calvary after acknowledging my obligations to my publishers for their speculation of a new edition, and also to the purchasers of that edition for their reconciliation to a book, which, till it was reduced to a more portable size, they were little disposed to take away with them.

I consider Tristram Shandy as the most eccentric work of my time, and Junius the most acrimonious; we have heard much of his style; I have just been reading him over with attention, and I confess I can see but little to admire. The thing to wonder at is, that a secret, to which several must have been privy, has been so strictly kept; if Sir William Draper, who baffled him in some of his assertions, had kept his name out of sight, I am inclined

to think he might have held up the cause of candour with success. The publisher of *Junius* I am told was deeply guaranteed ; of course, although he might not know his author, he must have known where abouts to look for him. I never heard that my friend Lord George Germain was amongst the suspected authors, till by way of jest he told me so not many days before his death : I did not want him to disavow it, for there could be no occasion to disprove an absolute impossibility. The man, who wrote it, had a savage heart, for some of his attacks are execrable ; he was a hypocrite, for he disavows private motives, and makes pretensions to a patriotic spirit. I can perfectly call to mind the general effect of his letters, and am of opinion that his malice overshot its mark. Let the anonymous defamer be as successful as he may, it is but an unenviable triumph, a mean and cowardly gratification, which his dread of a discovery forbids him to avow.

As for *Tristram Shandy*, whose many plagiarisms are now detected, his want of delicacy is unpardonable, and his tricks have too much of frivolity and buffoonery in them to

pass upon the reader; but his real merit lies not only in his general conception of characters, but in the address, with which he marks them out by those minute, yet striking, touches of his pencil, that make his descriptions pictures, and his pictures life: in the pathetic he excels, as his story of Lefevre witnesses, but he seems to have mistaken his powers, and capriciously to have misapplied his genius.

I conceive there is not to be found in all the writings of my day, perhaps I may say not in the English language, so brilliant a cluster of fine and beautiful passages in the declamatory style, as we are presented with in Edmund Burke's inimitable tract upon the French Revolution. It is most highly coloured and most richly ornamented, but there is elegance in its splendour, and dignity in its magnificence. The orator demands attention in a loud and lofty tone, but his voice never loses its melody, nor his periods their sweetness.— When he has roused us with the thunder of his eloquence, he can at once, Timotheus-like, chuse a melancholy theme, and melt us into pity: there is grace in his anger; for he can inveigh without vulgarity; he can modulate

the strongest bursts of passion, for even in his madness there is music.

I was so charmed with the style and matter of this pamphlet, that I could not withstand the pleasure of intruding upon him with a letter of thanks, of which I took no copy, but fortunately have preserved his answer to it, which is as follows—

“Beaconsfield November 13th 1790.

“Dear Sir,

“I was yesterday honoured with
“your most obliging letter. You may be as-
“sured, that nothing could be more flattering
“to me than the approbation of a gentleman
“so distinguished in literature as you are, and
“in so great a variety of its branches. It is
“an earnest to me of that degree of toleration
“in the public judgment, which may give my
“reasonings some chance of being useful. I
“know however that I am indebted to your
“politeness and your good nature as much as
“to your opinion, for the indulgent manner,
“in which you have been pleased to receive
“my endeavour. Whether I have described
“our countrymen properly, time is to shew:

“ I hope I have, but at any rate it is perhaps
“ the best way to persuade them to be right by
“ supposing that they are so. Great bodies,
“ like great men, must be instructed in the
“ way, in which they will be best pleased to
“ receive instruction; flattery itself may be
“ converted into a mode of counsel: *laudando*
“ *admonere* has not always been the most un-
“ successful method of advice. In this case
“ moral policy requires it, for when you must
“ expose the practices of some kinds of men,
“ you do nothing if you do not distinguish
“ them from others.

“ Accept once more my best acknowledg-
“ ments for the very handsome manner, in
“ which you have been pleased to consider my
“ pamphlet, and do me the justice to believe
“ me with the most perfect respect,

“ Dear Sir,

“ Your most faithful

“ And obliged humble servant,
“ Edm. Burke.”

Am I, or am I not, to regret that this fine writer devoted himself so professedly to politics? I conceive there must be two opinions

upon this question amongst his contemporaries, and only one, that will be entertained by posterity. Those, who heard his parliamentary speeches with delight, will not easily be induced to wish that he had spoken less; whilst those, who can only read him, will naturally regret that he had not written more. The orator, like the actor, lives only in the memory of his hearers, and his fame must rest upon tradition: Mr. Burke in parliament enjoyed the triumph of a day, but Mr. Burke on paper would have been the founder of his own immortality.

Amongst the variety of branches, to which Mr. Burke is pleased so flatteringly to allude, and which certainly are more in number than the literary annals of any author in my recollection can exhibit, I reflect with satisfaction that I have devoted much time and thought to serious subjects, and been far from idle or luke-warm in the service of religion. I have written at different times as many sermons as would make a large volume, some of which have been delivered from the pulpits: I have rendered into English metre fifty of the psalms of David, which are printed by Mr. Strange

of Tunbridge Wells, and upon which I flatter myself I have not in vain bestowed my best attention. I have for some years been in the habit of composing an appropriate prayer of thanksgiving for the last day in the year, and of supplication for the first day in the succeeding year. I published by Messrs. Lackington and Co. a religious and argumentative tract, entitled *A few plain Reasons* for believing in the Evidences of the Christian Revelation; and this tract, which I conceive to be orthodox in all its points, and unanswerably demonstrative as a confutation of all the false reasoners according to the new philosophy, I presented with all due deference to the Bishop of London, who was pleased to honour me with a very gracious acknowledgment by letter, and likewise to the late Arch-bishop of Canterbury, who was not pleased to acknowledge it in any way whatever. But I had no particular right to expect it: all regulars are not equally candid to the volunteer, as I have good reason to know.

I have selected several passages from the Old Testament, and turned them into verse: they are either totally lost, or buried out of

sight in the chaos of my manuscripts ; I find one only amongst the few loose papers I have with me, and I take the liberty of inserting it—

“ Judges, Chapter the 5th.

“ Hear, all earth’s crowned monarchs, hear !

“ Princes and judges, to my song give ear :

“ To Israel’s God my voice I’ll raise,

“ And joyful chaunt Jehovah’s praise.

“ Lord, when in Edom’s glorious day

“ Thou wentest forth in bright array,

“ Earth to her inmost centre shook,

“ The mountains melted at thy look,

“ The clouds dropp’d down their watry store,

“ Rent with the thunder’s loud tremendous roar.

“ Must I remember Shamgar’s gloomy days,

“ And that sad time when Jael rul’d our coast ?

“ No print of foot then mark’d our public ways,

“ Waste horror reign’d, the human face was lost.

“ Then I, I Deborah, assum’d command,

“ The nursing mother of the drooping land ;

“ Then was our nation alien from the Lord,

“ Then o’er our heads high wav’d the hostile sword,

“ Nor shield, nor spear was found to arm for fight,

“ And naked thousands turn’d their backs in flight.

“ But now awake, my soul, and thou arise,

“ Barak ; to thee the victory is giv’n ;

“ Let our joint song ascend the skies,
“ And celebrate the majesty of heav’n.
“ On me, the priestess of the living Lord,
“ The care of Israel was bestow’d :
“ Ephraim and Benjamin obey’d my word,
“ The Scribes of Zebulun allegiance shew’d,
“ And Issachar, a princely train,
“ With glittering ensigns dazzled all the plain.
“ But Oh ! what sad divisions keep
“ Reuben inglorious ’midst his bleating sheep ?
“ Gilead in Jordan his asylum seeks,
“ Dan in his ships, and Asher in his creeks,
“ Whilst Naphthali’s more warlike sons expose
“ Their gallant lives, and dare their country’s foes.
“ Then was the battle fought by Canaan’s kings
“ In Taänach beside Megiddo’s springs :
“ The stars themselves ’gainst Sisera declare ;
“ Israel is heaven’s peculiar care.
“ Old Kishon stain’d with hostile blood,
“ Roll’d to the main a purple flood ;
“ The neighing steed, the thund’ring car
“ Proclaim’d the terrors of the war ;
“ But high in honour ’bove the rest
“ Be Jael our avenger blest,
“ Blest above women ! to her tent she drew
“ With seeming friendship Jabel’s mighty chief ;
“ Fainting with heat and toil he sought relief,
“ He slept, and in his sleep her weary guest she slew.
“ The workman’s hammer in this hand she took,
“ In that the fatal nail, then boldly struck ;

“ Through both his temples drove the deadly wound,
“ Transfix’d his brain and pinn’d him to the ground.
“ Why stays my son, his absent mother cries ;
“ When shall I welcome his returning car,
“ Loaded with spoils of conqu’ring war ?
“ Ah wretched mother, hide thine eyes ;
“ At Jael’s feet a headless trunk he lies—
“ So Sisera fell, and God made wars to cease,
“ So rested Israel, and the land had peace.”

Of my dramatic pieces I must say in the gross, that if I did not always succeed in entertaining the audience, I continued to amuse myself. I brought out a comic opera in three acts, founded on the story of *Wat Tyler*, which being objected to by the Lord Chamberlain, I was obliged to new model, and produce under the title of *The Armourer*. When I had taken all the comedy out of it, I was not surprised to find that the public were not very greatly edified by what was left.

I also brought out a comedy called *The Country Attorney* at the summer theatre, when it was under the direction of the elder Mr. Colman. At the same theatre, under the auspices of the present candid and ingenious superintendant, I produced my comedy of

The Box-Lobby Challenge, and my drama of *Don Pedro*.

When the new and splendid theatre of Drury-Lane was opened, my comedy of *The Jew* was represented, and if I am not mistaken, (I speak upon conjecture) it was the first new piece exhibited on that stage. I am ashamed to say with what rapidity I dispatched that hasty composition, but my friend Bannister, who saw it act by act, was a witness to the progress of it; in what degree he was a promoter of the success of it I need not say: poor Suett also, now no more, was an admirable second.

The benevolence of the audience assisted me in rescuing a forlorn and persecuted character, which till then had only been brought upon the stage for the unmanly purpose of being made a spectacle of contempt, and a butt for ridicule: In the success of this comedy I felt of course a greater gratification, than I had ever felt before upon a like occasion.

The part of Sheva presented Mr. Bannister to the public in that light, in which he will always be seen, when nature fairly drawn and strongly charactered is committed

to his care. Let the poet give him the model, and his animation will give it the action and the life.

It has also served as a stepping-stone to the stage for an actor, who in my judgment, (and I am not afraid of being singular in that opinion) stands amongst the highest of his profession; for if quick conception, true discrimination, and the happy faculty of incarnating the idea of his poet, are properties essential in the almost undefinable composition of a great and perfect actor, these and many more will be found in Mr. Dowton. Let those, who have a claim upon his services, call him to situations not unworthy of his best exertions, and the stage will feel the value of his talents.

The Wheel of Fortune came out in the succeeding season, and *First Love* followed close upon its steps. They were successful comedies, and very powerfully supported by the performers of them in every part throughout. I was fortunate in the plot of the first; for there is dignity of mind in the forgiveness of injuries, which elevates the character of Penruddock, and Mr. Kemble's just personification of

it added to a lucky fiction all the force and interest of a reality. When so much belongs to the actor, the author must be careful how he arrogates too much to himself.

Of *First Love* I shall only say, that when two such exquisite actresses conspired to support me, I will not be so vain as to presume I could have stood without their help.

I think, as I am now so near the conclusion of these Memoirs, I may as well wind up my dealings with the theatres before I proceed any further. I am beholden to Covent-Garden for accepting my dramas of *The Days of Yore* and *False Impressions*—To Drury-Lane for *The Last of the Family*, *The Word for Nature*, *The Dependant*, *The Eccentric Lover* and for *The Sailor's Daughter*. My life has been a long one, and my health of late years uninterrupted; I am very rarely called off by avocations of an undomestic kind, and the man, who gives so very small a portion of his time to absolute idleness as I have done, will do a vast deal in the course of time, especially if his body does not stand in need of exercise, and his mind, which never knows

remission of activity, incessantly demands to be employed.

I was in the practice of interchanging an annual visit with Mrs. Bludworth of Holt near Winchester, the dearest friend of my wife. When I was upon those visits I used to amuse myself with trifles, that required no application to my books. A few from amongst many of these fugitive compositions appear to me not totally unworthy of being arrested and brought to the bar as petti-larcenary pilferers of the sonnet-writing style, of which some elegant sisters of the Muses have published such ingenious originals, as ought to have secured them against interlopers, who have nothing better to produce than some such awkward imitations as the following—

WIT.

No. 1.

- “ How shall I paint thee, many-colour'd Wit?
- “ Where are the pallet's brilliant tints to vie
- “ With the bright flash of thine electric eye?
- “ Nor can I catch the glance ; nor wilt thou sit
- “ Till my slow-copying art can trace
- “ One feature of thy varying face.

- “ Soul of the social board, thy quick retort
- “ Can cut the disputatious quibbler short,

“ Stop the dull pedant’s circumstantial saw,
 “ And silence ev’n the loud-tongu’d man of law.

“ The solemn ass, who dully great
 “ Mistakes stupidity for state,
 “ Unbends his marble jaws, and brays
 “ Involuntary, painful praise.

“ Thou, Wit, in philosophic eyes
 “ Can’t make the laughing waters rise ;
 “ Proud Science vails with bended knee
 “ His academic cap to thee,
 “ And though thy sallies fly the test
 “ Of truth, she titters at the jest.

“ Thrice happy talent, could’st thou understand
 “ Virtue to spare and buffet vice alone,
 “ Would’st thou but take discretion by the hand,
 “ The world, O Wit, the world would be thine own.”

AFFECTATION.

No. 2.

“ Why, Affectation, why this mock grimace ?
 “ Go, silly thing, and hide that simpering face !
 “ Thy lisping prattle and thy mincing gait,
 “ All thy false mimic fooleries I hate ;
 “ For thou art Folly’s counterfeit, and she,
 “ Who is right-foolish, hath the better plea ;
 “ Nature’s true ideot I prefer to thee,

“ Why that soft languish ? Why that drawling tone ?
 “ Art sick, art sleepy ?—Get thee hence ; begone !
 “ I laugh at all those pretty baby tears,
 “ Those flutterings, faintings and unreal fears.

“ Can they deceive us ? Can such mumm’ries move,
 “ Touch us with pity, or inspire with love ?
 “ No, Affectation, vain is all thine art,
 “ Those eyes may wander over every part ;
 “ They’ll never find their passage to the heart.”

VANITY.

No. 3.

“ Go, Vanity, spread forth the painted wing ;
 “ I’ll harm thee not, gay flutterer, not I ;
 “ Poor innocent, thou hast no sting,
 “ Pass on unhurt ! I war not with a fly.
 “ But if the Muse in sportive style,
 “ Banters thy silly freaks awhile,
 “ Fear not—she’ll lash thee only with a smile.

“ If thou art heard too loud of tongue,
 “ And thy small tap of wit runs out
 “ Too fast, and bubbles all about,
 “ ’Twere charity methinks to stop the bung.
 “ If when thou should’t be staid and sage,
 “ Thou’lt take no warning from old age,
 “ But still run riot, and spread sail
 “ In all the colours of the peacock’s tail ;
 “ If, with two hollow cheeks bedaub’d with red,
 “ The Ostrich plume nods on thy palsied head,

“ And with soft glances from lack-lustre eyes
“ Thou aim’st to make our hearts thy beauty’s prize,
“ Then, then, Dame Vanity, beware ;
“ Look to thyself—beshrew me, if I spare.”

AVARICE.

No. 4.

“ A little more, and yet a little more—
“ Oh, for the multiplying art
“ To heap the still increasing store,
“ Till it make *Ossa like a wart* !

“ Oh Avarice, thou rage accurst,
“ Insatiate dropsy of the soul,
“ Will nothing quench thy sordid thirst ?
“ Were the sea gold, would’st drink the whole ?

“ Lo ! pity pleads—What then ? There’s none—
“ The widow kneels for bread—Begone—
“ Hark, in thine ears the orphans cry ;
“ They die of famine —Let them die.—

“ Oh scene of woe ; heart-rending sight !
“ Can’st thou turn from them ? Yes, behold— !
“ From all those heaps of hoarded gold
“ Not one, one piece to save them ?—Not a mite.—

“ Pitiless Wretch, such shall thy sentence be
“ At the last day, when Mercy turns from thee.”

PRUDERY.

No. 5.

“ What is that stiff and stately thing I see ?

“ Of flesh and blood like you and me,

“ Or is it chissel’d out of stone,

“ Some statue from its pedestal stept down ?

“ ’Tis one and both—a very prude

“ Of marble flesh and icy blood ;

“ Dead and alive at once—behold,

“ It breathes and lives ; touch it, ’tis dead and cold.

“ Look how it throws the scowling eye

“ On Pleasure as she dances by ;

“ Quick flies the sylph, for long she cannot bear

“ The damping rigour of its atmosphere,

“ Chill as the eastern fog that blights

“ Each blossom upon which it lights.

“ Say, ye that know what virtue is, declare,

“ Is this the form her votaries must wear ?

“ Tell me in time ; if such it needs must be,

“ Virtue and I shall never more agree.”

ENVY.

No. 6.

(See *The Observer.* Vol. 4. No. 94.)

PRIDE.

No. 7.

“ Curst in thyself, O Pride, thou canst not be

“ More competently curst by me.

" Hence, sullen, self-tormenting stupid sot !
 " Thy dullness damps our joys ; we want thee not.
 " Round the gay table side by side
 " Social we sit ; there is no room for Pride :
 " We cannot bear thy melancholy face ;
 " The company is full ; thou hast no place.

" Man, man, thou little groveling elf,
 " Turn thine eyes inwards, view thyself ;
 " Draw out thy balance, hang it forth,
 " Weigh every atom thou art worth,
 " Thy peerage, pedigree, estate,
 " (The pains that Fortune took to make thee great)
 " Toss them all in—stars, garters, strings,
 " Heap up the mass of tawdry things,
 " The whole regalia of kings—
 " Now watch the beam, and fairly say
 " How much does all this trumpery weigh ?
 " Give in the total ; let the scale be just,
 " And own, proud mortal, own thou art but dust."

HUMILITY.

No. 8.

" Oh sweet Humility, can words impart
 " How much I love thee, how divine thou art ?
 " Nurse us not only in our infant age,
 " Conduct us still through each successive stage
 " Of varying life, lead us from youth's gay prime
 " To the last step of man's appointed time.

“ Wit, Genius, Learning—What are these ?

“ The painter’s colours or the poet’s lays,

“ If without thee they cannot please,

“ If without thee we cannot praise ?

“ Why do I call my lov’d Eliza fair ?

“ Why do I doat upon her faded face ?

“ Nor rosy health nor blooming youth is there ;

“ Humility bestows the angel grace.

“ Where should a frail and trembling sinner lie,

“ How should a Christian live, how should he die,

“ But in thine arms, conscious Humility ?

“ ’Twas in thy form the world’s Redeemer came,

“ And condescended to his human birth,

“ With thee he met revilings, death and shame,

“ Though angels hail’d him Lord of heav’n and earth.”

When the consequences resulting from the French revolution had involved us in a war, our country called upon its patriotic volunteers to turn out and assemble in its defence. I was still resident at Tunbridge Wells, and, though not proprietor of a single foot of land in the county of Kent, yet I found myself in the hearts of my affectionate friends and fellow subjects; they immediately volunteered to mount and form themselves under my com-

mand as a troop of yeomen cavalry : I was dif- fident of my fitness to head them in that capa- city, and, declining their kind offer, recom- mended to them a neighbouring gentleman, who had served in the line, and held the rank of a field officer upon half pay. Men of their principles and spirit could not fail to be re- spectable, and they are now serving with cre- dit to their captain and themselves under the command of the Lord Viscount Boyne, who resides at Tunbridge Wells, and together with the duties attendant on his commission, as commander of this respectable corps, exe- cutes the office of a magistrate for the county, not less amiable and honourable in his private character, than useful and patriotic in his pub- lic one.

Some time after this, when certain leading gentlemen of the county began to make their tenders to government for raising corps of vo- lunteer infantry, I no longer hesitated to obey the wishes of the loyal and spirited young men, who offered to enroll themselves under my command, and finding them amount upon the muster to two full companies, properly offi- cered, I reported them to our excellent Lord

Lieutenant of the county the Earl of Romney, and received His Majesty's commission to command them with the rank of Major Commandant. I had instant proof that the zeal they had shewn in turning out in their king and country's cause did not evaporate in mere professions, for to their assiduity and aptitude, to their exemplary and correct observance of discipline, and strict obedience to their officers, the warmest testimony, that I could give, would only do them justice. It was winter when we first enrolled, and every evening after striking work till ten o'clock at night we were incessantly at the drill, and after we had been practised in the manual, sometimes turning out for the march by moonlight, sometimes by torch-light. I had not a private that was not in the vigour of his youth, their natural carriage was erect and soldier-like, they fell readily into the attitude and step of a soldier on the march, for they were all artisans, mechanics or manufacturers of Tunbridge-ware, and I had not one, who did the work of a mere labouring peasant amongst them, whilst every officer submitted to the rule I laid down, and did the duty and learnt

the exercise of a private in the line before he stood out and took command in his proper post.

Our service being limited to the district of the counties of Kent, Sussex and Surry, no sooner were my companies fit for duty, than at their unanimous desire I reported them to the Secretary of State as ready and willing to serve in any part of England, and this their loyal tender being laid before the King, His Majesty was graciously pleased to signify to us his royal approbation of our zeal through his Secretary of State.

When the volunteer infantry were dismissed at the peace of Amiens, my men requested leave to hold their arms and serve without pay. At the same time they were pleased to honour me with the present of a sword by the hands of their Serjeant Major, to the purchase of which every private had contributed, and which they rendered infinitely dear and valuable to me by engraving on the hilt of it—“That it was a tribute of their esteem for “their beloved commander.”

The renewal of hostilities has again put them under my command, and I trust the

warmth and sincerity of my unalterable attachment to them has now no need of appealing to professions. We know each other too well, and I am persuaded that there is not one amongst them, but will give me credit for the truth when I declare, that as a father loves his children, so do I love them. We have now augmented our strength to four companies, and from the experience I have repeatedly had of their conduct, when upon permanent duty, I am convinced, that if ever the necessity shall occur for calling them out upon actual service, they will be found steady in the hour of trial, and perfectly resolved never to disgrace the character of Men of Kent, or tarnish that proud trophy, which they inscribe upon their colours.

I humbly conceive, that if we take into our consideration the prodigious magnitude and extent of the volunteer system, we shall find it has been productive of more real use, and less incidental embarrassment to government, than could have been expected. We must make allowances for those, who have been accustomed to look for the strength and resources of the nation only in its disposable

force, if they are apt to undervalue the importance of its domestic army. But after the proofs, which the capital and country have given of the spirit, discipline and good order of their volunteers, both cavalry and infantry, it is not wise or politic, or liberal to disparage them as some have attempted to do; there are indeed but few, who have so done; the wonder is that there are any; but that a man should be so fond of his own dull jest as to risque it upon one, who has too much wit of his own not to spy out the want of it in others, is perfectly ridiculous; and I am persuaded, that a man of Colonel Birch's acknowledged merit as an officer, and established character for every good quality, that denotes and marks the gentleman, would infinitely rather be the object of such a pointless sarcasm, than the author of it.

The man, who lives to see many days, must look to encounter many sorrows. My eldest son, who had married the eldest daughter of the late Earl of Buckinghamshire, and sister of the present, died in Tobago, where he went to qualify for a civil employment in that island; and, some time after, death bereft me of my

wife. Their virtues cannot need the ornament of description, and it has ever been my study to resign myself to the dispensations of Providence with all the fortitude I can summon, convinced that patience is no mark of insensibility, nor the parade of lamentation any evidence of the sincerity or permanency of grief.

My two surviving sons are happily and respectably married, and have families; I have the care, under chancery, of five children, relicts of the late William Badcock Esquire, who married my second daughter, and died in my house at Tunbridge Wells, and I have the happiness to number nineteen grandchildren, some of whom have already lived to crown my warmest wishes, and I see a promise in the rest, that flatters my most sanguine hopes.—These are comforts, that still adhere to me, and whilst I have the kindness of my children, the attachment of my friends and the candour of the public to look up to, I have ample cause to be thankful and contented.

Charles, the elder of my surviving sons, married the daughter of General Mathew, a truly noble and benevolent gentleman, loved

and honoured by all who know him, and who will be ever gratefully remembered by the island he has governed, and the army he has commanded.

William, the youngest, married Eliza, daughter of Mrs. Burt, and, when commanding His Majesty's ship the *La Pique* in the West Indies, being seized with the fever of the country at Saint Domingo, was sent home, as the only chance of saving him, and constrained to forfeit the command of that very capital frigate. When the young and amiable Princess Amelia was residing at Worthing for the benefit of the sea and air, my son, then commander of the *Fly* sloop of war, kept guard upon that station, prepared to accommodate her Royal Highness with his boats or vessels in any excursions on the water, which she might be advised to take. I came to Worthing, whilst he was there upon duty, and was permitted to pay my homage to the Princess. It was impossible to contemplate youth and beauty suffering tortures with such exemplary patience, and not experience those sensations of respect and pity, which such a contemplation naturally must inspire. When my daugh-

ter-in-law, Lady Albinia Cumberland took her turn of duty as lady of the bed-chamber, I took the liberty through her hands to offer the few stanzas which are here inserted—

“ How long, just heav’n, shall Britain’s royal maid

“ With meek submission these sad hours sustain ?

“ How long shall innocence invoke thine aid,

“ And youth and beauty press the couch of pain ?

“ Enough, dread pow’r, unless it be decreed,

“ To reconcile thee in these evil times,

“ That one pure victim for the whole should bleed,

“ And by her sufferings expiate our crimes.

“ And sure I am, in thine offended sight

“ If nothing but perfection can atone,

“ No wonder thy chastising rod should light

“ On one, who hath no errors of her own.

“ But spare, Ah spare this object of our love,

“ For whose dear sake we’re punish’d in our fears ;

“ Send down thy saving angel from above,

“ And quench her pangs in our repentant tears.

“ Yes, they shall win compassion from the skies,

“ Man cannot be more merciful than heav’n :

“ Thy pangs, sweet saint, thy patience shall suffice,

“ And at thy suit our faults shall be forgiv’n.

“ And if, whilst every subject’s heart is rack’d,

“ Our pious King presents a father’s plea,

“ What heav’n with justice might from us exact

“ Heaven’s mercy will remit to him and thee.

“ Nor will I doubt if thy dear mother’s prayer,

“ Breath’d from her sorrowing bosom, shall prevail ;

“ The sighs of angels are not lost in air,

“ Can then Amelia’s sister-suitors fail ?

“ Come then, heart-healing cherub, from on high,

“ Fresh dipt in dew of Paradise descend,

“ Bring tender sympathy with tearful eye,

“ Bring hope, bring health, and let the Muse attend.

“ Stretch’d on her couch, beside the silent strand,

“ Whose skirts old Ocean’s briny billows lave,

“ From the extremest verge of British land

“ The languid fair-one eyes the refluent wave.

“ Was ever suffering purity more meek,

“ Was ever virgin martyr more resign’d ?

“ Mark how the smile, yet gleaming on her cheek,

“ Bespeaks her gentlest, best of human kind.

“ Around her stand the sympathising friends,

“ Whose charge it is her weary hours to cheer,

“ Each female breast the struggling sigh distends,

“ Whilst the brave veteran drops the secret tear.

“ And he, whose sacred trust it is to guard
“ The fairest freight, that ocean ever bore,
“ He shall receive his loyalty’s reward
“ In laurels won from Gallia’s hostile shore.

“ Now let thy wings their healing balm distill
“ Celestial cherub, messenger of peace !
“ ’Tis done ; the tortur’d nerve obeys thy will,
“ And with thy touch its angry throbbings cease.

“ Light as a sylph, I see the blooming maid
“ Spring from her couch—Oh may my votive strain
“ Confirm’d evince, that neither I have pray’d,
“ Nor thou, my Muse, hast prophesied in vain.”

I have now completed what occurred to me to say of an old man, whose writings have been very various, whose intentions have been always honest and whose labours have experienced little intermission. I put the first pen to these Memoirs at the very close of the last year, and I conclude them in the middle of September. I had promised myself to the undertaking, and I was to proportion my dispatch to the measure of the time, upon which without presumption I might venture to reckon. As many of my readers, as may have staggered under the weight of such a bulky load, will

have a fellow feeling for me, even though I shall have sunk under it: but if I have borne it through with tolerable success, and given an interest to some of the many pages, which this volume numbers, I hope they will not mark with too severe a censure errors and inaccuracies—

*Quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura*—.

I have through life sincerely done my best according to my abilities for the edification of my fellow creatures and the honour of my God. I pretend to nothing, whereby to be commended or distinguished above others of my rate, save only for that good will and human kindness, which descended to me from my ancestors, and cannot properly deserve the name of virtue, as they cost no struggle for the exertion of them. I am not exempt from anger, but I never let it fasten on me till it harden into malice or revenge. I cannot pass myself off for better than I have been where I am about to go, and if before my departure I were now to take credit for merits which I have not, the few, which I have, would be all too

few to atone for the deceit ; but I am thoroughly weary of the task of talking of myself, and it is with unfeigned joy I welcome the conclusion of my task and my talk.

I have now only to devote this last page of my book (as it is probable I shall the last hour of my life) to the acknowledgments, which are due to that beloved daughter, who ever since the death of her mother has been my inseparable companion, and the solace of my age—

Extremum hunc, Arethusa, mihi concede laborem

Frances Marianne, the youngest of my children, was born to me in Spain. After many long and dangerous returns of illness, it has pleased Providence to preserve to me the blessing of her life and health. In her filial affection I find all the comforts, that the best of friends can give me ; from her talents and understanding I derive all the enjoyments, that the most pleasing of companions can communicate. As she has witnessed every step in the progress of this laborious work, and cheered every hour of relaxation whilst I have rested from it, if these pages, which contain the Me-

moirs of her father's life, may happily obtain some notice from the world, by whomsoever they are read, by the same this testimony of my devotion to the best of daughters shall be also read ; and, if it be the will of God, that here my literary labours are to cease for ever, I can say to the world for the last time, that this is a *dedication*, in which no flattery is mixed, a tribute to virtue, in which fiction has no part, and an effusion of gratitude, esteem and love, which flows sincerely from a father's heart.

RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

SUPPLEMENT.

February the 19th 1806.

I AM this day seventy four years old, and having given to the world an account of what I have been employed upon since I have belonged to it, I thought I had said quite enough of an humble individual, and that I might have been acquitted of my task, and dismissed to my obscurity ; but certain friends, upon whose judgment and sincerity I have all possible reliance, tell me that I have disappointed their expectations in the narrative of what I have been concerned in since I came from Spain ; a period, which, being more within their own time, might, as they conceive, have been made more interesting to them, and to the rest of my readers.

It may be so ; nay, I have reason to believe it is so, for I am conscious that I was impatient to conclude my work, and was intimidated by the apprehension of offending against that modesty of discourse, which becomes me

to hold, when I have no better subject to talk upon than myself.

In deference to their judgment I shall now attempt to fill up that chasm, which they have pointed out in my imperfect work ; but the volume, which is in the hands of the first purchasers, and which I have disposed of to them with all its errors, I consider myself in honour bound to abide by ; as I hold it not correctly fair to recommend a second edition by any means, that may contribute to degrade the first : I therefore leave untouched all which the liberal patrons of my book are already possessed of, and now tender to them a few additional pages, which they may, or may not, attach to their volume, as they shall see fit.

There are considerations, that will weigh with every writer, when his subject leads him to discourse of living characters : there is at once temptation to indulge his friendly prejudices, and motives to deter him from exposing all his free opinions. Hence it comes to pass, that, being checked by truth on one side, and by delicacy on the other, he finds his only safe resource in silence or an inoffensive tame neutrality.

If therefore I have written indolently of this latter period of my life, it was not because I had been more indolent in it, for I might have said without offence to modesty, that I have been much more active as a literary man since I have ceased to be busied as an official one; but it was because I had fallen into heavy roads, and like the traveller, who, wearied by the tediousness of the way, puts four horses to his chaise for the concluding stage, so did I hasten to terminate my task, shutting my eyes against those objects, that would have operated to prolong it.

I will only say in general, that there is a multiplicity of my unpublished productions, written since I came from Spain, which to those, who shall search for them and find them, will evince my industry. The world has such an amiable partiality to dead men's doings, that perhaps, when these embryos shall see the light, and my eyes shall be for ever closed against it, I may look to receive a vast deal of mercy and some praise, when I can no longer be the better for either. If our resurrection-critics shall persist to rummage amongst the graves, and carry their eyes like the hare, who

sees distinctly only what is behind her, they may probably spy out my shade in the background, and bring it into notice. It is naturally to be presumed that, if they would come manfully forward for a living author, the living author would be better pleased; but this he must not expect; the temple of their praise is reared with dry bones and skulls, and till he is a skeleton he cannot be their hero: in this however they are more generous than the legislature, who have given so short a date to the tenure of his copy-right, that, till that is out, the circulation of his works can scarce commence. Now although this mode of dealing may not exactly suit the living man's occasions, yet there is a kind of posthumous justice in it, as it leads him to expect a consideration for what he does some time or other, notwithstanding he shall have done it so much the worse for the discouragement, which he met with whilst he was about it. It also warns him what he is to expect from the company he lives with, and apprises him of the luxury he is to enjoy, when he is out of their society.

My youngest son, now a Post-Captain in
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the Royal Navy, had a lazy, pilfering rascal in his ship, though all the while a prime seaman: when he had seized him up to the gun for some enormity, he liberated him without a stroke, and reminding him of his capacity to perform his duty with credit to himself and good service to his country, appointed him at a word to be Captain of the fore-castle. Reformation instantly took place in the man's mind; promotion roused his pride; pride inspired honesty, and he thenceforth acquitted himself as an excellent and trust-worthy seaman, and was pointed out to me from his quarter-deck as such. Now according to the moral of my story we may imagine a young beginner to set out lazily on his first start into authorship: he may, like the seaman, have good stores in his own capacity, but through indolence or something else prefer the shorter process of plagiarism to the laborious efforts of invention. I humbly apprehend that his reviewing officer, instead of flogging him round the fleet of critics, may come sooner to his point, if the object of correction be amendment, by copying the humane experiment of the gallant officer, whom I have taken the liberty to

instance, and have the honour of being allied to.

I flatter myself I have through life been not unmindful of the rule, which I have been so frequently importunate to recommend ; and I must own in some instances I have had no better reason for my praise and commendation of a brother author than because he was alive ; for I was perfectly convinced he would not mend upon discouragement, and I conceived perhaps it was as easy for him to be better, as it was for me to persuade myself that he was not bad.

In these endeavours I have sometimes been defeated, and an instance has occurred since the publication of my Memoirs, which proves how little certainty there is that fair intentions shall be fairly understood. I have unfortunately for myself given offence to Mr. Hayley, and put him to the trouble of *stopping the press*, whilst advancing peaceably towards the completion of its labour, merely to make room for me in his *supplementary pages to the life of Cowper*, and with no other cause in view, that I can comprehend, but to show the world that he can be angry without cause.

The passages he alludes to in my Memoirs are in the hands, if not in the recollection, of my readers. As they gave umbrage to him, I wish I could extinguish them ; but that is not in my power, and he has made them necessary for my exculpation ; to them of course I must appeal ; to his pages there is no need that I should make any reference, for all the world will read what Mr. Hayley writes. Still I must think that in the judgment of all men, who have read us both, I shall stand acquitted of any purpose to affront Mr. Hayley ; for surely I may hope there cannot be a chance that any man besides himself can so misconstrue and pervert the compliment I meant to pay him.

He doubts if I deserve the praise he gave me : I doubt so too, and my doubts were prior to his. I believe he also doubts if I am justified in publishing his verses. I confess I am at his mercy upon that account ; yet he gives me reason to hope he cannot be very angry with me, when I can quote his own authority in extenuation of my fault, for he says — that *the praise of Cowper is so singularly valuable from the reserve and purity of his*

disposition, that it would almost seem a cruel injury to suppress a particle of it, when deliberately or even cursorily bestowed—(page 4 Add. Pages). Now why it should be “almost a cruel injury” to suppress Mr. Cowper’s praise, and any thing like an offence to publish Mr. Hayley’s, I do not comprehend: I have ever paid my testimony both publicly and in private to Mr. Hayley’s genius, and how then can I be supposed insensible to his praise? Though I should profess myself even as vain of his applause as I could have been of Mr. Cowper’s, there is one man at least in the world, who methinks might in his heart be moved to pardon and excuse my error. I must confess however that if Mr. Hayley had treated me no better than his hero has treated his *three kittens* in the *Colubriad*, I should not have esteemed myself justified in exposing his *lusus poeticus* to the ridicule of the reader.

I had not the happiness to know the hero of Mr. Hayley, and I am not quite sure that I have a clear conception of his character from his biographer’s description of it; for when I am told in one page of the *reserve and purity of his disposition*, and in another, close-ensu-

ing, of his *unsuspecting innocence and sportive gaiety*, I am rather puzzled how to reconcile these seeming contrarieties; especially when I am again informed of a *peculiarity in his character, a gay and tender gallantry, perfectly distinct from amorous attachment*—a *reserve* of this nature was indeed a peculiarity in the character of this gentleman; and whilst the ladies had nothing to apprehend from his *gay and tender gallantry*, his male acquaintance, who enjoyed the *unsuspecting innocence and sportive gaiety* of his disposition, very possibly overlooked the *reserve* of it, and found him a very pleasant companion with the property most decisively characteristic of a very dull one.

Now I want all that respect for the *gay reserve* of the departed poet, which should cause me to appreciate his praise above that of the living one; and with all the reverence, that I can summon, for a *gallantry so perfectly distinct from amorous attachment*, I cannot bring myself to honour Cowper, as a poet, one whit the more for his non-amorous gallantry, or Mr. Hayley, in the same light, one atom the less, though any one should officiously suggest

that his *gallantry* may be of a different complexion. I have nothing more to offer in my own defence.

On the part of Doctor Bentley I shall hope that Mr. Hayley describes his character with no better precision than he does the reserve of Mr. Cowper, when he stigmatizes him as *an arrogant critic, subject to fits of dogmatical petulance, an imperious Patagonian Polemic*—These would be hard words in some men's mouths, but I would fain convince the author of *The Triumphs of Temper*, that I have not been less edified than delighted by his poem; and as the natural suavity of his disposition has induced him to promise that my Grandfather *shall rest in peace for the present*, I can assure Mr. Hayley that I should credit him for his mercy, if I could feel any horror of his vengeance; but when I know he cannot disturb that rest, over which he presumes to arrogate a dispensing power, I must put the best interpretation on his language that it will bear, and calmly tell him—if it was not nonsense, it would be something worse.

But when Mr. Hayley, after venting these invectives against Doctor Bentley, is pleased

to announce to the world that he meditates *to pay his respects to him again, if Heaven allows him life and leisure to write such a preface as he wishes to prefix to the Milton of Cowper*—it seems to me that if this ingenious gentleman had not stopped the press at all, or only stopped his pen before he wrote this vaunting and inveterate paragraph, it would have been a rescue to his reputation. Let the public now decide betwixt the station, which Mr. Hayley fills in literature and that which my ancestor once held, and say if I have cause to tremble at the flourish of this proud challenger's trumpet; No; I am well aware that although a gnat can sound a loud horn, it is but a little insect; and I am confident that *arrogance and petulance*, when charged upon my ancestor by one so open to the rebound, will neither penetrate nor fix, but return back to the place from whence they came.

In the mean time I hope that Mr. Hayley, who piously refers his purpose to the will of Heaven, may have *life and leisure* allowed to him for all worthy undertakings, and wisdom to abstain from all ridiculous ones; and as for this meditated preface, which he brandishes

over the ashes of dead Bentley, I hope he will wish to write nothing but what will do himself credit, and then I hope it will be just such an one as he *wishes to prefix*; but if it shall be his pleasure to attack him with a repetition of hard names and foul language, and calls that *paying his respects*, I trust there will be found some friend to truth and good manners, some temperate defender of the real character of that good and benevolent man, who will bring his rash assailant to a better sense by convincing him how very little oil will serve to suffocate a wasp.

Mr. Hayley calls Doctor Bentley *the god of my infantine idolatry*. I have simply related what I knew of him as a boy: I hope there was nothing fulsome or extravagant in my puerile anecdotes, and trust I have neither made him a god, nor myself an idolater. I do not charge that upon the biographer of Mr. Cowper, though in me as an infant such weakness would be more excusable than in him as a man. Still I own myself impressed with a warm and heartfelt respect for the memory of my grandfather, but it is a respect “on this ‘side of idolatry,’ ” and when I said of Mr.

Hayley, that he was one of the last men living, who should disparage Bentley, it was because I regarded him as one of the best classical scholars of his day.

In conclusion I declare that I never meant to give offence to Mr. Hayley, and as I think he had no shadow of a right to take offence, I cannot consider myself bound to apologize.

I seldom hear the present æra spoken of as I think it ought to be, for sure I am that it has been brilliantly distinguished for a variety of characters great in science, arts and arms. Should I venture to pronounce upon it as the most luminous in the annals of our country, I am not sure that any man would be able to confute the assertion, but I will throw down no such gauntlet to the champions of past times; yet although instances may not occur of individual pre-eminence so striking as some, which record could supply, still the general diffusion of talents is so very much increased, that it operates as a leveller, which nothing less than first-rate genius can surmount.

I have lived to see Pitt, Nelson and Cornwallis struck out of the number of the living;

yet neither eloquence, valour or integrity are buried in their ashes.

Cicero published studied orations; Pitt uttered unpremeditated speeches; yet who is prepared to say that the eloquence of the English senator was inferior to the eloquence of the Roman pleader? Cicero wrote innumerable epistles, crammed with praises of himself; I believe there is no Atticus in existence, who can produce such specimens of the vanity of the modern. Cicero humbled himself to Lucceius, and made abject suit even to his partiality, imploring him to write a panegyric on his consulship; Pitt has never been accused of paying court to any man as the historian of his administration, but on the contrary carried himself too loftily towards men of talents, for any such to be in much good humour with him. Cicero had many objects, that attracted his ambition, his mind was stored with various kinds of knowledge, and ardently attached to various studies and pursuits; one passion only, untainted by self-interest, unseduced by pleasure, took early possession of Pitt's whole heart, and only left it in the moment when it ceased to beat

If I were now living in times as tumultuous as those, when the partizans of Antony stuck up the head of Cicero in the forum, I might be afraid to venture an opinion as to what I take that ruling passion to have been; but under correction of those, who from their knowledge of Mr. Pitt are better able to judge of his motives and impressions, I conceive that a true and zealous love for his country accompanied him through life to death, and was paramount to every other object in his thoughts.

I am giving my conception of his feelings as a man; of his character as a statesman, I do not presume to speak. Those respectable persons, who regularly opposed his public measures as Minister, could not well give countenance to the honours, that were decreed to him at his public funeral; but when some, who had efficiently coincided with them in the policy of those measures, coincided also in the condemnation of them, it must have been a strong case either of conscience, or of party spirit, which compelled them, by arraigning him, to criminate themselves. This is rather an awkward alternative for them,

as I am afraid the world is not always disposed to put the best interpretation on a doubtful case. At the same time it is a little difficult to understand the principle of a resolution, in which both old and new opponents united, to discharge his debts out of the public purse, which to my vulgar apprehension seems like complimenting the extravagance of a man, in whom they would not acknowledge a single merit, that could tend to atone for his bad œconomy. If he was not in their opinion an useful servant to the public, why should they consent to make him an expensive one? All this perhaps can be readily unravelled, but how he should be entitled to be set clear in what he had outrun, when he did not earn what he had received, is a mystery to me of which no doubt there is a very competent solution, though I cannot guess what it is.

I never was in a private room with Mr. Pitt but once, and that was for a few minutes only at Burlington House. I recollect having troubled him with three several letters at distant periods; but he did not trouble himself to answer any one of them. In the first of these I tendered myself as a candidate for a

literary office with a salary so very small, as could of itself be no gentleman's object, in the solicitation : I dare say I did not deserve the office, but I must think that I deserved an answer.

The second letter was very thoroughly considered, for I wrote it at the suggestion of a common friend to us both, who examined and approved of it. It contained a short and modest recital of my services and sufferings, and in general terms humbly prayed to be recommended for some small bounty from the crown in alleviation of my case. I trust it is not too much to say, that justice, humanity and the manners of a gentleman dictated some reply to this unassuming petition : none was given ; not a single word was ever vouchsafed.

The last letter, which I addressed to Mr. Pitt, was upon the question of some proposed arrangements with respect to volunteers, when he was out of office and commanding in person the Cinque-Ports volunteer battalions. I had the honour to command a corps of some years longer standing than his own, and it was a communication, which for the matter it contained, and the terms, in which it was couched

ought not to have been overlooked by a gentleman engaged in the same service, and serving in the same county. It imposed no trouble; it solicited no favour, nay I may venture to say, (as it was written with the concurrence and assistance of my brother officers) that it conferred a favour. I took care, in my respect for them, that it should reach his hands; it received no answer.

I have thought it not improper to detail these circumstances, because I would not pass myself upon the reader as a man, who had been in the favour of Mr. Pitt, or as if I were making a display of my gratitude; when in fact I have no such feeling in my heart, and only remember him as a man, who spurned my humble applications from him with a degree of contempt, which could not fail to divest me of every motive to admire him, save what his great endowments and the compulsive power of his superior genius absolutely extorted from me.

As for the brief delineation of his character, so far as it might be traced by one, who viewed him at a distance, I conceive I have not greatly mistaken features, which were so

continually in the eyes of the public, that he may be said to have sate for his portrait every day of his life. He had so few off-sets and ramifications from the one great rooted passion of his mind, that we need not search deeply into his private history or habits for the discovery of those fine and finishing touches, which in some instances constitute the whole spirit of the likeness.

A statue in brass was the highest honour the Athenians could decree to a mortal, and many of their minor deities were not accounted worthy to receive it. Upon the presumption that it may be in contemplation to devote a public monument to the memory of this great orator, I take the liberty to insert a few lines, not with the most distant idea of recommending them to the sculptor, but simply to assign to them a short and transient habitation on this perishable page—

“ To thee great orator, whose early mind
“ Broke forth with splendor, that amaz'd mankind,
“ To thee, whose lips with eloquence were fraught,
“ By which the aged and the learn'd were taught,
“ To thee, the wonder of Britannia's Isle,
“ A grateful senate rears this marble pile,

“ Convinc’d that after-ages must approve
 “ This pious token of a nation’s love.

“ Here, though the sculptor simply graves thy name,
 “ He gives thy titles and records thy fame ;
 “ Thy great endowments had he aim’d to trace,
 “ The swelling catalogue had wanted space.

“ Though vast the range of thine expansive soul,
 “ Thy God and country occupied the whole :
 “ In that dread hour, when ev’ry heart is tried,
 “ The christian triumph’d whilst the mortal died ;
 “ In the last gasp of thine expiring breath
 “ The pray’r yet quiver’d on the lip of death :
 “ Hear this, ye Britons, and to God be true,
 “ For know that dying pray’r was breath’d for you.”

As for the illustrious naval hero, who fell in the glorious action of Trafalgar, his fame is exalted on a pedestal, which envy cannot scale, and his funeral triumph carried with it to his grave the hearts of the whole nation. I walked about the streets of the capital on the night of the intelligence, which reached us of his victory and of his death ; I remarked with peculiar satisfaction the divided feelings of the common people ; they knew not how to rejoice, yet they wanted a triumph ; the occa-

sion demanded it, but they were unfitted for enforcing and disqualifid from enjoying it: I was charmed with their dilemma.

Great things have been done for the family of this departed hero, and the nation has a right to something more from the present inheritor of his titles and rewards than the mere fortuitous merit of being the vehicle to transmit his name and honours to posterity: I hope he will not tarnish them in their passage by any thing, that is not congenial with the spirit of his predecessor. In the mean time it appears to me, who am only a looker-on, that the meritorious services of Lord Collingwood in the action itself, and during those disastrous duties that resulted from it, constitute a claim and establish a reputation, hardly secondary to those of his commanding admiral; but this is a subject not properly under my contemplation in these memoirs; a scene not within the short horizon of my humbler prospect: I did however say a little through the organs of the stage, and was prepared to say more, if I had not been silenced: Still I bore my part in the dirges, which my brother-poets sung upon that memorable occa-

sion, and wrote the following impromptu, which Mr. Wroughton addressed to the audience at Drury-Lane on the evening of the day, in which the news arrived—

“ Is there a man who this great triumph hears,
“ And with his transport does not mingle tears ?
“ For though Britannia’s flag victorious flies,
“ Who can refrain from grief when Nelson dies ?
“ Stretcht on his deck amidst surrounding fires,
“ There phoenix-like the gallant chief expires.
“ Cover’d with trophies let his ashes rest,
“ His memory lives in every British breast :
“ His dirge our groans his monument our praise,
“ And whilst each tongue this grateful tribute pays,
“ His soul ascends to heav’n in glory’s brightest blaze.”

I also composed the melo-dramatic piece, which was represented on the third night following, and repeated several times after with that effect, which the subject naturally inspired.

For this small service I was favoured with the present of a gold snuff-box, and hold myself much honoured by the gift.

I had not yet ceased from my attempts to commemorate the victory and death of Nel-

son, but with more deliberation wrote a piece of two short acts, which was to have been performed at Covent Garden theatre on the evening after his public funeral. The music was composed, the scenes were preparing and the drama was in rehearsal, when I was informed that the representation was interdicted by authority. The objections, which so palpably bore against the exhibition of that affecting event at the Opera-House, were in no respect whatever applicable to my composition, and I am to this hour uninformed of the reasons, which actuated the Lord Chamberlain for the suppression of it.

I have noticed with great sensibility the very candid and encouraging reception, which my volume of memoirs has been favoured with by the public, and I am possessed of letters from some men of eminent talents, which have amply overpaid me for the labour of the task.

That, which I am honoured with from Mr. Sharon Turner, I shall treasure up for my posterity, as a proud memorial of my having gained the approbation of one of the

best writers, of the most learned antiquarians and most enlightened scholars of his time.

I beg leave to offer my most grateful acknowledgments to the writers of the *Reviews*, who have universally treated me with the greatest liberality, and in several instances bestowed upon my labours those encomiums, which (without affecting a consciousness that I do not feel) I am duly sensible are above my deservings; but it is charitable in them to praise the efforts of a worn-out veteran, and fan the sparks of an expiring flame.

From the amiable Earl of Dorchester I have been flattered with a letter, which amongst the kind expressions it abounds in towards me, pays a tribute to the memory of the deceased Lord Sackville, truly gratifying to my feelings, and highly honorable to those of his near relation the writer of it.

I can well believe I have dwelt too long upon the narration of what occurred to me in Spain; yet I must think that every man naturally wishes to exculpate his conduct in a transaction, where his efforts are known to have failed of success; and although I was

suspicious that the importance of the subject was not sufficient to compensate for the prolixity of it, still I felt a kind of melancholy gratification in the detail, which none need envy and the humane will pardon : let me be acquitted of all trespasses but such as they may forgive, and I will not repine.

Though I have not been at ease in my circumstances since I came from Spain, and probably never shall, I do not regret my going thither, being proudly conscious of having done my duty, and that I can look back upon no period of my past life with a clearer self-acquittal than I can on that. I am past all hope of receiving any recompence for my sacrifices, and I have accommodated myself to all those privations, which the circumscription of my means prescribes. Though in my seventy-fifth year I am even now in the act of levying contributions on my brains, and thanks be to Providence, age has not quite exhausted the resource, which nature and acquirement have endowed me with.

I remember the time, when the malevolent personality of the public prints was truly diabolical ; I have lived to see more just and

manly principles prevail upon the face of them: this is a revolution to rejoice in; their only fault seems now to be that of tantalizing us with too many good dinners, that we do not partake of; and I must think, if they would make one grand and sweeping *remove* of the whole, their publications would be profited by it. But if it better suits them to record the splendor, in which our great men live, let us not be fastidious readers, but let us recollect that every one of us without exception is to a certain degree warmed and enlightened by that effulgence, which a luminous and exalted character, like a beacon on an eminence, scatters and disperses all around. If their information does not serve them to report how wittily these great men talk over their tables, let us hear at least how learnedly they eat; for I can give no better reason for the slight respect, in which I hold the science of cookery, except that I am too much of an Englishman to instance any one acquirement, in which the genius of our countrymen must truckle to the talents of the French.

When the historians talk to us of the dark ages, they certainly do not mean to insinuate

that the sun was less bright, and the sky not so clear in those days as in certain others, but by a figure call that dark, which science and the human genius do not illuminate: surely then, if we wish to live in the light, it is every man's interest to cherish his neighbour's taper, convinced that should he blow it out, his own will burn no brighter. I know I have said something to this purpose nearly a hundred times over, but as I am nearly a hundred years old, I will say it once more, and perhaps not for the last time. Let me go to my grave with the consciousness of having succeeded in disposing my contemporaries to foster and encourage one another in the spirit of brotherly love and benevolence, and I have not lived in vain.

When I review that period of my time, which I have passed since my return from Spain, I cannot but be sensible, that if I shall leave behind me any thing worthy the attention of posterity, it must have been chiefly written within that period, when I composed the poem of Calvary, the essays in the Observer and the novel of Henry. In my retreat at Tunbridge Wells, as soon as I had dis-

charged myself from my house in Portland-Place, I sate down with my family, and never had an abiding place in town after that. From that hour to the present moment what cause have I not had to bless my God for having endowed me with that untired attachment to my books and to my pen, (those never-failing comforters and friends) which has enabled me to meet and patiently to endure many crosses and some misfortunes of no common magnitude. How fortunate am I now in the winter of my age, that never in the sunshine of my younger days, when the world comparatively smiled upon me, did I sink into idleness, or surrender myself to any pleasures, that could rival those more temperate and permanent resources, which education and early habits of study had supplied me with !

There is no sure way of providing against the natural ills, *that flesh is heir to*, but by the cultivation of the mind. The senses can do little for us, and nothing lasting. When they have for a time enjoyed every thing they can wish for, they will ultimately be led to wish for what they can no longer enjoy. A man, who wants mental powers, wants every

thing; for though Fortune were to heap superfluities of every species upon him, the very overflowings of prosperity would destroy his peace, as an abundance of things without can never compensate for a vacuity within.

More than twenty years I lived at Tunbridge Wells inhabiting the same house, and cultivating a plot of garden ground, embowered with trees, and amply sufficient for a profusion of flowers, which my old servant Thomas Camis nursed and took delight in: it was then, if only common justice had been rendered to me by government, I should have enjoyed as much tranquillity and content, as can fall to the lot of imperfect man; for my mind was emancipated from the shackles of office, and I seemed to have a property in the day, for which I paid no tax to business. Whilst I lived in town I had hardly ever passed a year without a long and dangerous fever, but in this salubrious climate I never once experienced so much indisposition as to confine me to my bed even for a single hour. In possession of a most excellent wife I had all the happiness that as a husband I could enjoy, and I had seen my eldest daughter Elizabeth married to

one of the best and most amiable of men : his choice was conspicuously disinterested ; for if any thing like worldly wisdom could have found admittance to his generous heart, he might, and must, have sought—*fortunam ex aliis*—neither could the lure of affluence and establishment be the motive, that induced my child to share the fortunes of Lord Edward Bentinck. No circumstances in life could more clearly evince the purity of affection in both parties. They have been happy in their lives, and I trust, with God's favour, as the promise is so fair, they will be blest in their posterity. To this beloved daughter I dedicated the volumes of the *Observer*, and in the unabating duty and affection of her benevolent and grateful heart, I never saw, or fancied that I saw, a moment's variation.

Fortunate as I accounted myself in my location at Tunbridge Wells, and gratified by the kindness and good will of the people, I was not contented to reside in idleness amongst them, but in every thing, that concerned their interests, to the best of my power took an active part, and I flatter myself that some oppor-

tunities occurred, when my zeal was not without effect.

A service to the souls of men is above all others, and whilst I am entitled to consider myself as the happy instrument of introducing their present exemplary minister, the Reverend Martin Benson, I don't claim to be remembered by them on account of less important services. Unblemished in his morals, correct in the discharge of every duty that his sacred function can involve, this excellent servant of Christ approves himself the faithful shepherd of his flock. I have had the experience of years in contemplating his merits as the friend of the industrious poor, the reformer of the idle and unwary, and the ever-ready intercessor for the truly penitent at the approach of death.

Mr. Benson cannot need this testimony, and perhaps from me he has not looked to receive it; but I am incapable of withholding this tribute to his virtues, which is so justly due, and, without attempting to establish any better interest in his thoughts than I already have experienced, bid him everlastingly farewell.

I call to mind a conversation I held with my ever-kind and respected friend Primate Robinson upon one of his visits to Tunbridge Wells, soon after Mr. Benson's induction, respecting the numbers of seceders, who in times of past laxity had fallen off from the established mode of worship, and gone astray after strange and whimsical teachers. Whilst I was describing to him some of these motley congregations, and the unwearied efforts of Mr. Benson for reclaiming them, he said to me in his plain and pointed way—“ If you wish to get these people back again, you must sing them in : they won't come to your preaching ; argument will do nothing with them, but they have itching ears, and will listen to a hymn or an anthem, and as you have an organ, such as it is, you must set to work and assemble the best singers, which your place affords—” I need not say this good advice was followed, for it was the very measure we had projected, and our rural choir soon became conspicuous and in credit. In the mean time Mr. Benson's admonitions, backed by our melodies, thinned the ranks of the seceders, and a certain female apostle was deserted by her closet

congregation, and thenceforth devoted her attention to a favourite monkey, who profited more by her caresses, and about as much by her instructions, as the silly souls, who had been lectured by her.

The men of Kent, properly so called, have a point of honour, of which they are extremely jealous, and, as they in general merit to be trusted, they are not very patient to endure suspicion. They will hold tenaciously and litigiously to their point, so long as you dispute it; but refer it to their honour, and they shall award that demand upon them as too little, which, so long as you enforced it, they contended was too much: of this I could adduce a case most strikingly in point.

Of the characters of the people in and about the spot, where I have so long been resident, I ought to be a judge, for I have mixed with them as fellow subjects, and commanded them as fellow soldiers; and if I were not forward to acknowledge the just cause I have ever had to love them, to contribute to their comforts, to listen to their sorrows and to bestir myself for their interests, I should be a most ungrateful man.

It is no small credit to the loyalty of Tunbridge Wells, that it is the head-quarters of one troop of Yeomen Cavalry, and four companies of Volunteer Infantry. What is likely to be the fate of us, who come under the last-mentioned description, it would be highly unbecoming in me even to conjecture, forasmuch as the measures, which are to decide upon us, are, at the moment of my writing this, only in their progress, but not complete. This however I will take the liberty to say in vindication of the good order, aptitude and discipline of the volunteers (not partially applying those properties to the corps, which I have the honour to command, but generally to others, which I have had opportunities to observe) that no other possible method could be taken for rendering them that *dry stick, which cannot vegetate*, but by depriving them of their permanent duty. When that is done, I most devoutly hope, that the evil day, that was heretofore so imminent, will be henceforth so entirely out of sight, as to leave no responsibility on the score of prudence, no charge but that of ingratitude, with the projector, or projectors, of those measures, which are so infal-

libly contrived to divest them of their usefulness, and deprive them of their energy.

The first time I was ordered out upon permanent duty, I had men employed upon the king's works at Hythe, who were absent upon leave: every one of these brave lads came in on the evening before I marched, and took their shilling a day with me and their straw at night, in lieu of the high pay, which they earned as carpenters and masons. Sorry I am to add, that when I had marched them home, and they went down to their work again, the director sent them back, and treated my most earnest appeal for their re-employment, backed by certificates of their good behaviour, with contempt.

Can I suppose that men like these would disgrace their colours, or desert their officers? Their officers I am sure will exchange that confidence with them, and I believe there is no commandant, who was not satisfied of the alertness of his men in that crisis, when expectation watched the beacon, that was to give the signal for their turning out upon a moment's notice. It was not then the season to enquire from what shops they issued, and the

buffoon, who had risked a silly sneer at any man's vocation, would have met about as much applause for his gabble as a goose would for her hissing.

I readily admit that it must be every loyal man's wish to keep alive the martial spirit of the country; but how it can be any rational man's expectation to accomplish that wish by discouraging and revolting the volunteers, is a riddle that defies solution.

I was a Captain of Infantry in the year 1747, and am perhaps at this time the most aged field officer of volunteers in the kingdom; but if ever it shall be my lot to find myself under the command of the youngest Major in the line, I shall not be the less obedient to my superior, though he should issue out his orders to me in the person of my grandson.

Let him, who is now master of the fate of hundreds of thousands of His Majesty's brave and loyal subjects, yet carrying arms in their king's and country's cause, lower them to what level he sees fit, he cannot take from them the conscious recollection, that they have done their duty, and will hold a *rank* in history, of which it is in no man's power to strip them.

It was no common recommendation to a place of residence, where our summer society could boast of visitors so respectable as the Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, the Ex-Premier Lord North, the Duke of Leeds, the Lord Primate Robinson, the Lord Chancellor Rosslyn, Archbishop Moore, Bishop Moss, and others, who, like them, have paid the debt of nature, and are now no more.

I must confess, when these, and some less illustrious, but more near and dearer to my heart, were struck down, it seemed to me as if the place had lost its sunshine, and our walks, so often paced by their steps, had been strewed with their tombs. Within the period of my residence at Tunbridge Wells I have felt the loss of many friends: I have followed Lord Sackville to his vault at Withyham, my lamented wife to her grave in the church of Frant, and there also I caused to be deposited the remains of William Badcock Esq. the husband of my second daughter Sophia, and father of five children, awarded to my care by chancery, and looking up to me for the education, that is to decide upon their future destinies—My God! can I presume to hope that thou wilt

give me life to execute this sacred trust, and train them in the way, poor innocents, wherein they ought to go—?

This young man, Mr. Badcock, died a victim to excess in the prime of life, before he had attained the age of thirty. He had received his education at the Charter House and at the University of Oxford. He had good natural parts, an uncommon strength of memory, read much and recited well and copiously from our English poets: he was no contemptible amateur-actor upon the model of Kemble, and exhibited himself repeatedly upon the stages of Bath and Tunbridge Wells in the parts of Hamlet, Richard, Jaffier, and perhaps some others. He had a great share of a peculiar kind of humour, was an admirable mimic, and at times would be extremely pleasant and entertaining in society; but the general turn of his temper and habits was reserved and gloomy, proudly independent, too quick in conceiving himself affronted, and much too slow in regaining his good humour when he had discovered his mistake. I have often found him under the visitation of these sullen fits of discontent, for which I could assign no

cause; in this disposition, as it should seem, he had estranged himself from me for a considerable length of time, residing at Bath, till I was informed by a common friend of his being in town, unattended by any servant and dangerously ill. I found him in the public room of a coffee house, where he had taken his lodging, and most evidently in the last stage of an incurable and confirmed decay. He received me with extreme affection and seemed greatly penetrated by the attentions, which I paid him in his solitary and alarming situation. I called in the assistance of an eminent physician, who upon a consultation confirmed my apprehensions that his case was irrecoverable: the country air was however recommended, and I received him in my own house at Tunbridge Wells, where he languished for some few days, and with pious resignation, whilst invoking blessings on his children, whom he recommended to my care, closed his short term of life.

Three of these five fatherless relicts are boys, and as I distributed my four sons between the fleet and army, even so, if my life is spared, I meditate to deal with these grandsons, who

seem by nature endowed with vigour both of body and of spirit for their destination. The eldest, a boy of brilliant parts, has now completed more than half his training-time, and is serving in His Majesty's frigate *La Loire* under the command of Captain Maitland; that gallant and distinguished officer reports in terms of my young charge, that inspire me with the warmest hopes of his well-doing, and as I think I can foresee that we shall have to fight for our altars and our hearths before the present generation shall pass off, I should be sorry at my soul to suppose that any one of my posterity, over whom I have controul, were not in train to take his part in that decisive day, whenever it shall come.

In the arrangement of this business, which gives me the superintendance of my grandchildren's education under the authority of the court of chancery, it was my good fortune to find myself in the hands of a most sincere and honorable friend, who conducted the whole with great legal ability, and delivered the children into my care, bringing them from Bath to Tunbridge Wells. To Mr. Henry Fry I am beholden for every comfort, that has ac-

crued to me respecting that ill-fated portion of my family ; and so many have been the instances, which I have experienced of his inviolable affection, his correct integrity and disinterested services ever since, that if I could neglect to render him this public mark of my esteem and love, I should be guilty of the worst ingratitude.

When I first enrolled my companies of Volunteer Infantry, this young and ardent enthusiast in his king's and country's cause, then living at Tunbridge Wells, resorted to me with several recruits, which his popularity had attached to him, and from that hour to the present, at which he is now serving as Captain of one of the companies under my command, I have had the gratification of witnessing his true and steady services to the corps, and his cordial attachment to me and to his brother officers.

As my friend is happy in a most amiable and excellent wife, and is already the father of four young children, I have induced him to place his son under my eye at the training school, to which I have sent my grandsons at Ramsgate, till they are all fit to be removed to

Westminster; in the mean time I have the gratification to see him entering on a more extensive field of business with his worthy and respectable partner Mr. Crutchley of Clifford's-Inn. In this, and every thing else, which concerns his honour, interest or happiness I must heartily participate; and I hope my Lord Chancellor Erskine is not angry with me for the letter, which in the zeal of friendship for this excellent young man I took the liberty to address to him, and which in fact being little more than an humble offering of my respectful congratulations, was naturally considered as the tribute of a person too obscure to be entitled to an answer.

I have known a man as nobly born, as highly endowed and as fully occupied as the illustrious personage I allude to, who never suffered a letter to be thrown by unacknowledged. If I were called upon to name that grace, which is most endearing, that maxim, which is most worldly-wise for men in elevated stations, it would be punctuality in answers and appointments. It sweetens favours, and it softens refusals; it is the most sovereign charm against envy, malice and those numerous discontents,

that indispose the minds of men against the great and fortunate. I think I may venture to say upon my long experience, that I have never known the person, who left a great man's presence in an angry and revengeful humour, when he had been patiently heard and politely treated, although his suit had miscarried.

I have named the Lord Chief Justice Mansfield amongst the distinguished persons, who were in the habit of resorting to Tunbridge Wells; I was led to state some few particulars in the former part of these Memoirs respecting that great man, whose name will stand so prominent in the annals of his time. I was, frequently in his company, but have no right to think that I was ever so far in his confidence, as to render me a competent delineator of his character. Some few features, as they caught my observation, I may venture to trace out, and can say of him what every body, who knew him in his social hours, must say, without the risque of a mistake. I cannot recollect the time, when, sitting at the table with Lord Mansfield, I ever failed to remark that happy and engaging art, which he possessed, of put-

ting the company present in good humour with themselves; I am convinced they naturally liked him the more for his seeming to like them so well: this has not been the general property of all the witty, great and learned men, whom I have looked up to in my course of life.

Some imaginations are so vivid, that they, who are under their influence, are all tongue and no ears.—“What a sensible and agreeable companion is that gentleman, who has just left us,” said the famous Charles Townshend to the worthy and sensible Fitzherbert: “I never passed an evening with a more entertaining acquaintance in my life—” “What could entertain you? The gentleman never opened his lips—” “I grant you, my dear Fitz; but he listened faithfully to what I said, and always laughed in the right place—” “I am answered,” said Fitzherbert—“A great nation like ours,” said this last named friend to me, “should have a Charles Townshend in it for show, as a grand menagerie should have an ostrich.”

Johnson, though in another style of volatility, went rolling on, and never stopped to

take in the little rills and rivulets, that would have mingled with his cataract: it was at once too rapid to admit their slender offerings, and too sonorous to allow their feeble tinklings to be heard.

Doctor Bentley would readily have listened, but did not always recollect that he was discussing subjects and discoursing in a language, that his company did not understand and probably could not speak: he accordingly took their task on himself, and kindly posted his own answers to the account of those, who had no answers to give.

Lord Mansfield (from whom I have digressed) would lend his ear most condescendingly to his company, and cheer the least attempt at humour with the prompt payment of a species of laugh, which cost his muscles no exertion, but was merely a subscription, that he readily threw in towards the general hilarity of the table. He would take his share in the small talk of the ladies with all imaginable affability: he was in fact, like most men, not in the least degree displeased at being incensed by their flattery. He was no great starter of new topics, but easily led into anecdotes of

past times ; these he detailed with pleasure, but he told them correctly rather than amusingly. I am inclined to think he did not covet that kind of conversation, which gave him any pains to carry on : his professional labours were great, and it was natural that he should resort to society more for relaxation and rest of mind than for any thing, that could put him upon fresh exertions. Even dulness, so long as it was accompanied with placidity, was no absolute disrecommendation of the companion of his private hours ; it was a kind of cushion to his understanding.

I agree with the general remark, that he had the art of modelling his voice to the room or space in which he was ; but I am not one of those, who admired its tone ; it was of a pitch too sharp to please my ear, and seemed more tuned to argumentation than urbanity. His attentions, whenever he was pleased to bestow them, were not set off with any noble air, and I would rather call them civil than polite ; for the stamp of his profession was upon him, and his deportment wanted gracefulness and ease. Pope, above all the sons of song, was his Apollo ; but I suspect he had no real attachment

to the Muses, and was merely civil to them in return for the compliments they had paid to him. I remember when the attack was made upon him for his conduct and opinions in the Douglas cause: I was well acquainted with Mr. Andrew Stuart, he was an acute and able man, and I had the opportunity of knowing how glad he would have been to have drawn Lord Mansfield into the fair field of controversy; but I am persuaded there was more sound wisdom in his Lordship's silence, than there could have been sound reasoning in his answer, had his spirit led him to accept the challenge.

I have mentioned his last interview with Lord Sackville in the former part of these Memoirs. It was the only opportunity I had of knowing something of the movements of his heart: I caught a glimpse, as it were through a crevice, but it soon shut up, and the exterior remained, as before, *totus teres atque rotundus.*

When I call to mind the hours I passed with Lord North in the darkness of his latter days, there was such a charm in his genius, such a claim upon my pity in the contemplation of his

sufferings, that even then, lacerated as I was in my feelings, I could not help saying within myself—The minister indeed has wronged me, but the man atones—. His house at Tunbridge Wells was in The Grove: one day he took my arm, and asked me to conduct him to the parade upon the pantiles—“ I have a general recollection of the way, he said, and if you will make me understand the posts upon the foot-path, and the steps about the chapel, I shall remember them in future—” I could not lead blind Gloster to the cliff: I executed my affecting trust, and brought him safely to his family: the ministering and mild daughter of Tiresias received her father from my hands.

I have already touched upon the character of this interesting man, and what little more my pallet can supply, shall be still only touches. I would not raze the skin, nor mar the polish of his brilliant talents for any thing that fame can give; and as for that strong food, on which resentment feeds, I have long since perceived my stomach is too weak to relish it.

I do not know the person, to whose society a man of sensibility might have given himself

with more pleasure and security than to that of Lord North ; for his wit never wounded, and his humour never ridiculed : he was not disposed to make an unmerciful use of the power, which superiority of talents endowed him with, to oppress a weaker understanding : he had great charity for dulness of apprehension, and a pert fellow could not easily put him out of patience ; there was no irritability in his nature. To his acquaintance and friends he was all complacency ; to his family all affection : he was generous, hospitable, open-handed, and loved his ease infinitely too well to sacrifice any portion of it to a solicitude about money.

The vivacity of his natural parts was strikingly contrasted by the heaviness of his appearance ; in this particular, and in some others, he would occasionally remind me of Dodington ; they were both scholars and lovers of literature and the Muse : both were quick in repartee, but Dodington could be sarcastic, and I am afraid it was too truly said of him, that he kept a tame booby or two about him for the sake of making them his butt ; a kind of luxury very little above the

gratification of a hog, when he rubs himself against a post. Dodington was too fond of giving ironical turns to serious subjects, by which he possessed himself of other people's opinions, and kept his own in reserve. I do not say but that occasions may sometimes justify a man in point of policy for thus talking under a mask ; but I am very sure it cannot well be resorted to too seldom. He would also at times indulge a whim of aping the rusticity of the vulgar, and with a considerable share of humour mimic their dialect and assume their manners ; it was this whim that induced him to read Jonathan Wild and the clowns in Shakespear to the Ladies Hervey and Stafford, when they were visiting him at Eastbury : I remember his asking them if they had seen him in the print shops astride upon the ear of an elephant with a sun-flower in his mouth ; I believe no such caricature was in existence, but I have perfect recollection of the old political print, called *The Motion*, in which he was admirably pourtrayed as a mastiff between the legs of John Duke of Argyle upon the coach box, with his name Bubb, if I mistake not, upon a collar round his neck ; he

had a reverence, so truly aristocratical, for great men with great titles, that it was enough for him to be admitted into the groupe, though in his dog-like caricature, and he took his metamorphosis in perfect good part.

None of these caprices were to be found in Lord North ; he bore his part in conversation, and introduced his anecdotes to the full as appropriately as Dodington, but I confess he did not set them off with quite the same advantages of manner. They had both the like propensity of slumbering in company with their ears open, and their wits wide awake, which had a very curious effect, when the flash broke out on the sudden in the midst of somnolency, as if the mind had kept watch whilst the body took a nap.

When Lord North lost his sight he appeared to enjoy a vivid recollection of the pictures he had stored in his memory from men and books, and I have reason to think that, when he ceased to search for fresh supplies, he became the more liberal in dispensing the stock he had in hand, and that was in no danger of being exhausted. He repeatedly expressed a wish

to me, that some young man of education might be found, whose business it should be to read to him and live an inmate in his family : I observed to him that there were many to be found in either University, of whom he might make choice, but the man, who had for so many years been minister of this great country, confessed to me that his means were too scanty to provide for that establishment. Like the great Lord Chatham and Mr. Pitt, he kept his own hands clean and empty, and when he applied to his son, who could not afford to keep his favourite mare, that happy quotation—

*Equam memento rebus in arduis
Servare—*

The son might have filled up the sentence as it stands in the original, and applied it to the father, who, when deprived of sight, could not afford to maintain a reader, though he had administered the revenues of a nation.

The Lord Primate Robinson was my very kind and partial friend ; but, more than this, he was the friend of my father. Splendid, liberal, lofty, publicly ambitious of great deeds, and privately capable of good ones, there was

an exterior, that to the stranger did not always hold out an encouraging aspect, but to him that stept within that barrier all was mildness, suavity, benevolence. He supported the first station in the Irish hierarchy with all the magnificence of a Prince Palatine. He made no court to popularity by his manners, but he benefited a whole nation by his public works ; he gave plenty of employment to the industrious, and of food to the hungry, but he spread no table for the idle, and made no carousals for the voluptuous. He built a granite palace from the ground with all its offices, gardens, farm and demesne ; he repaired and beautified his cathedral, built houses for his vicars choral, erected and endowed a very noble public school, and built several parish churches in the neighbourhood of Armagh. He lived and died a bachelor, and administered his revenue with great regularity, else his fortune could never have sufficed for the accomplishment of such expensive projects, for he kept an establishment of servants, equipage and table highly suitable to his rank.

The cathedral church of Armagh, stands in full view from the windows of the palace

and at a short distance from it. Whilst I was passing some days with the Primate on my return to England from Kilmore, I accompanied him on the Sunday forenoon to the cathedral: we went in his chariot with six horses attended by three footmen behind, whilst my wife and daughters with Sir William Robinson followed in my father's coach, which he lent me for the journey. At our approach the great western door was thrown open, and my friend, (in person one of the finest men that could be seen) entered, like another Archbishop Laud, in high prelatical state, preceded by his officers and ministers of the church, conducting him in files to the robing chamber and back again to the throne. After divine service the officiating clergy presented themselves in the hall of his palace to pay their court. I asked him how many were to dine with us; he answered — “Not one”—He did them kindnesses, but he gave them no entertainments: they were in excellent discipline. I had accustomed myself so lately to admire the mild and condescending character of my benevolent and hospitable father at Kilmore, that I confess the contrast did not please me; but the Primate *knew*—

my father *loved*—mankind. I saw the princely demesne at Armagh covered with a small army of wretched creatures, making hay after the old Irish fashion in loose great coats, a lazy, ragged, dirty gang: how different was the scene I had contemplated in my father's fields ! But the Primate left many noble monuments of his munificence in brick and stone, my father left his bounteous tokens in the human heart.

As my wife and daughters were probably the first and only female visitors, who had been lodged within the walls of Armagh palace, the ladies of the neighbourhood, not knowing how to decide upon the question of coming to them, very properly took no notice of us, and we enjoyed our liberty without restraint.

Sir William Robinson, elder brother of the Primate, accompanied us on our return to England. He was a man of the mildest and most amiable quality ; though perfectly unlike his athletic brother in form and constitution, a feeble, infirm man and a real *valetudinarian*, yet he followed step by step the same regimen, observed the same diet, took the

same physic, swallowed the same number of rhubarb pills, and fought off the bile with raw eggs and mutton broth mixed up with Muscavado sugar, and although this system did not seem by any means suited to his constitution, yet, being adopted by his brother, he was convinced of its being the best and wisest of all possible systems, and faithfully adhered to it. This good man carried his devotion so far as to form many articles of his wearing apparel upon the same scale with those, which the Primate wore: this was inconvenient enough in all conscience, and in some cases the disproportion was not a little ridiculous, particularly in the article of shoes, which he piqued himself upon having made on the same last with the Primate's, who besides being a colossal man studied his ease by far too much to cramp his feet: my friend in the mean time, who, with the pleasing consciousness of putting on the same fraternal shoe, had not by many degrees the same foot to put into that enormous case, was fain to shove it on before him like a boat upon dry land; and indeed it was a boat of such size and burden, that the man, who wore it, ought by ana-

tomical proportion to have been a Hercules *en pede*.

The bile however so far got the mastery over this excellent man on his journey, and the shaking of our coach so disturbed the quiet of his raw eggs and sugared broth, that at Donaghadee in a wretched inn he suffered an alarming attack, and had not my good wife been at hand to have rescued him with James's powders, his old enemy would hardly have given way to any remedy less efficacious.

Archbishop Moore was highly to be esteemed for his mild and condescending manner; and Doctor Moss, the bishop of Bath and Wells, was an amiable and edifying instance how serenely to the latest period of extreme old age a good man can possess his spirit, when supported by religion. I recollect one day, after dining with Lord Mansfield, the good bishop, who was of the party, informed us that he was repairing an alms-house at Wells for the reception of five and twenty women, the widows of clergyman, and, turning to me, asked if I could suggest to him an appropriate inscription—"Why do you apply to

“ Cumberland,” said Lord Mansfield, “ for an inscription? I’ll furnish you with what you want directly—Here are five and twenty women, all *kept* by the Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells—That’s plain English; Cumberland would have puzzled the cause, and his brains into the bargain.”

In general the connections, which I formed at Tunbridge Wells, were of a sort to favour rather than obstruct my studies; of frivolous acquaintance I had no great stock, and amongst my intimates I had the happiness to number many valuable characters, many candid and ingenious men. Some of these have now withdrawn themselves to other destinations; some, alas! are no more, and a new order has succeeded, with whom I am not as with them.

What a multitude of past friends can I number amongst the dead! It is the melancholy consequence of old age; if we outlive our feelings we are nothing worth; if they remain in force, a thousand sad occurrences remind us that we live too long. For my part I must sojourn amongst strangers, or seek to make acquaintance with the children and

grandchildren of my departed friends.— Though I can hardly harmonize with their society, still I prefer the making suit to their favour, and am flattered if they endure me; for I have never yet discovered the delights of solitude. I consider it as a singular felicity in my life, and a circumstance to instance for their credit, with whom I have been connected, that when Fortune seemed to have deserted me I had not to lament the falling away of friends. Men of the world are drawn off from us by the world; this is too often interpreted as an abandonment, when in fact it is only the result of avocation: when they in course of time cease to tread the public road of life we meet them in the bye paths of retirement, and find our friendship interrupted only, not renounced.

Whilst Sir James Bland Burges inhabited the next house to mine at Tunbridge Wells, I had ever an intimate and kind friend to resort to. He has always been a studious man, and his knowledge is very various; few men have read to better purpose, and fewer still can boast a more retentive memory, or a happier faculty of narrating what they remember.

The early part of his education he received in Scotland, and completed it at Westminster school under Doctor Smith; at the University of Oxford he was the pupil of Sir William Scott; an opportunity that he has greatly profited by, and an honour, that he is justly proud of. Upon his leaving Oxford he resided in the Temple, and devoted himself to the study of the law: since then, he has served in Parliament, and filled an active and efficient post in public office: from both these duties he is now released, and, with a mind at leisure to pursue its natural bent, has commenced his literary career by devoting those talents, to which his country has no longer any counter-claim, to the more tranquil service of the Muse.

Reading has stored the mind of my friend with such a plenitude of matter, and nature has given him such a facility of expression, that his rapidity has hitherto been so great as hardly to allow fair leisure for his judgment to exert itself. The world therefore, that has only seen his *Richard Cœur de Lion*, (and in my humble opinion not yet sufficiently estimated the real merit of that extraordinary

poem) has better things to expect from him, when his genius shall begin to feel the rein, and practice shall make him sensible that there is a labour as well as a luxury in composition. He is now concerned in a long and arduous work, too weighty to be moved by slight exertions, and too excursive to be circumscribed by rhyme.—He must no longer now caparison his Muse, as a Spaniard does his mule, and make her frisk along the road to the eternal jingle of her own bells.

He has in the mean while written some dramas, and if in these he has not exactly struck out what the times are pleased with, it is more than probable he might have struck out something not so good, and pleased them better; for it is but justice to confess that they have all possible consideration for folly, and no great partiality for common sense. It is a *gaudy* thoughtless age, and they, who live up to the fashion of it, live in a continual display of scenery; their pleasures are all pantomimical; their dinners steam along the columns of every daily paper, and their suppers and assemblies, dazzle the guests with tawdry lights and suffocate them with lus-

cious odours—*natio comæda est*—It must be a surprise upon a plain gentleman, when, in consequence of an invitation from his friend, he drives to the door of what he conceives to be an ordinary street-house, and upon entering it finds himself in an illuminated temple, formed perhaps upon the model of the concluding scene in a Harlequin-entertainment. I ought to believe there is a great deal of good taste in all this, as so many fine people are concerned in it, but till I am better instructed I cannot help seeing it in a very ridiculous light. I am told the spectacle of *The Forty Thieves* was a delicious treat; I did not hear quite so good an account of the dialogue; in like manner I read of forty honest gentlemen at least, who set out exquisite entertainments, but nobody records a single syllable of their conversation. It is a lucky circumstance for men of low birth, mean talents and confined education, that if they can buy good wine, and hire a good cook with plenty of winter roses, green peas and strawberries out of season, they can refresh the bowels of the old nobility, who will walk into a man's house, form their own parties when they are in it, and

take no more notice of the master of it, than they would of the landlord of the inn they take post at, or the keeper of the turnpike-gate that they pass through; but there must be luxury in the glare of lustres to a man, who has drudged at his desk by the light of a tallow candle, and how much handsomer must a floor appear to him, when splendidly be-chalked by a capital designer than when be-sprinkled with a watering pot by a slip-shod apprentice!

The whim must have its run, and so long as our public prints have no better anecdotes to amuse us with than what are dated from the kitchen, we must be content to read what they relate, and let *Hannah Glass* still flourish in the lustre of her fame. We are apt to covet what we can't obtain, and poets, both ancient and modern, have written much in praise of luxuries, which have not fallen to their share; whilst the ladies of Helicon, who should best understand what is fittest for the constitutions of their votaries, never treat them with any thing stronger than a draught of pure water. For my part I cannot comprehend how the Genius can affect any thing worthy of itself

amidst the inroads of dissipation, and whoever the man may be, or may have been, who has written a good song in praise of drinking, I must believe he was sober when he wrote it. They charged Cratinus with writing comedies when he was tipsey, but Cratinus soberly denied it.

I could instance a very ingenious contemporary, who is both a poet and a scholar of no common rank, a man withal of modest conversation, and amongst my acquaintance one of the very last, to whom I should impute a natural depravity of mind; yet it must be confessed the Muse of Mr. Moore is by no means pure, and he is a writer of love-songs much too highly coloured. I am not amongst his intimates, yet I have seen enough of him to be persuaded it is not his character to do purposed mischief, but having, together with the gift of poetry, the grace of song, and his style of composition in music being professedly that of the tender and impassioned, he falls into the habit of suiting his words to his strains, and addresses soft love-ditties to imaginary mistresses. That he can write gravely, solidly and sublimely no critic, who has read

his volume, will deny. There are passages, particularly in his epistles, that are conceived in the true and genuine spirit of poetry. Had he been less tenacious of quantity, and thrown aside some loose disreputable trash, that takes from value what it adds to bulk, no critic could have wounded any feelings, that a gentleman should own. He gives a reason why he did not do this, which would have disarmed most men of their severity; but if he has really mixed too much of levity with his better matter, (which I am afraid is the fact) let him remember that he owes an atonement to candour; and as he has youth for his apology, and genius for his resource, let him urge his Muse upon some nobler undertaking, and when he has subjected his composition to the review of his correct and judicious friend Mr. Rogers, he may surrender himself without fear to the criticism of the world at large.

I might remind him of another friend, than whom I could not name a better in all points of honour; but Mr. William Spenceer has in himself such a superabundance of fancy, that he will hardly be on the restrictive side; he figures in so wide a circle, and is so prodigal of

his wit, that he disperses it amongst many, who can neither retail it nor retain it. His good sayings are like the blazing splinters that fly off from the hammered iron, and they that would lay hold of them would only burn their fingers: if he would reserve his Greek for those, that understand it, he must seek other company; if he would display his stores of classic knowledge to more public use and profit, he must cease for a time to be the ornament of society, and trim his solitary midnight lamp—This he knows, but this he will not do, and will laugh at me for suggesting it.

I suppose the fog of my Cambridge training will never clear up sufficiently for me to see and understand the world, either as it now is, or heretofore has been. Gray in his *long story* says the Lord Chancellor Hatton danced, and Mr. Bentley in his ornamented edition of that poet's works has drawn him in the act of cutting capers: Commissioner Whitelocke was as solemn and precise a personage as need be; he tells us in his memoirs of his *dauncing the braces* at the court of Sweden, when he was Oliver Cromwell's ambassador to Queen

Christina, and, if we may take his account for truth, he seems to have acquitted himself to the admiration of all beholders, unless indeed he mistook his own admiration for that of other people's, which is not quite impossible, for Goldsmith thought himself extremely graceful, Lord Melcombe studied attitudes in his looking glass, and Soame Jenyns, as I have before remarked, wrote to the full as seriously on the art of dancing as he did upon the origin of evil. Now though Aristophanes ridiculed a capering poet, modern times have endured a dancing Lord Chancellor, and may endure such antic tricks again.

The world will take its own course. The illustrious personages, who manage its concerns, will continue to manage them after their own way till they are thrown out of their seats, and when they are prostrate, helpless and at mercy, the critics, who watch them as magpies watch a flock of sheep, will pounce upon them and pick out their eyes.

We are just now, (as I before observed) by no means in our former character of philosophers, but rather living, as creatures should live, who are born for no other purpose, and

devoted to no other uses, but to consume the fruits of the earth, and leave their names to be carried down to posterity in the culinary records of our public prints. The frivolity of their tables seems in a great degree to have overturned the solidity of their understandings, and by the frequency of their dealings with confectioners and cooks they appear to have contracted certain new, but consentaneous habits of speech, a sort of huffish puff-paste eloquence, which consists in treating grave and serious matters of debate with a vapid kind of levity, affecting quaint conceits and doggerel quotations, which stand very well in Mother Goose's Tales, but are rather out of their latitude in Saint Stephen's Chapel. I am sorely afraid that our deluded senators, who by the flatulency of their mental diet have fallen into this laxity of talk, conceive it has some affinity to wit, and think themselves happy in a familiar style, which has all the point of ridicule and the grace of ease. Alas ! it has nor point, nor edge, nor grace, nor ease ; in fact, it is no style at all ; mere gabble, nothing else. One recommendation it may have, which is that of being unanswered.

able, for who can remember it; and, being quite as flimsey as Ixion's mistress, who can embrace it?

This is no proof to me that there is a real dearth of taste or genius in the age; it only confirms what we knew before, that false taste and false genius are more obtrusive than true. If ever there was a time for this distinguished nation in a more peculiar manner to maintain her dignity and display her virtue, it is now when the eyes of suffering and degraded Europe are directed towards her, and she has not yet been tempted to lay aside her arms.

There is a northern junto of periodical critics, who have rendered themselves extremely formidable to us poor authors, and to whom such of us, as have viands at command, offer them up, as Indians do their oblations to the devil; whilst they, who know we do not incense them out of love but fear, receive our knee-worship with indifference and despise us for our meanness. I have not the honour of being personally acquainted with any one of these gentlemen, but I perceive that my sheets amongst others have been taken into

their laundry, and have gone through the usual process of *mangling*. I am truly and sincerely obliged to them for the great consideration they have had for the feeble fabric of my manufacture, on which they have bestowed so very gentle a squeezing as not to break a thread, that was not rotten before they handled it, nor make one hole but what a housewife's hand may darn. In short, though it is so much my wish to be well with them, I cannot compliment them on their sagacity, forasmuch as they have not hit upon a single fault in my imperfect work, that was not much too obvious for any common marksman to have missed.

They say with a great deal of natural good manners, that they should have been better reconciled to me, if I had talked more of other people and less of myself. This marks a delicate attention to certain feelings, which I am proud to find they give me credit for, and I wish as much as they can do, that I could have discovered the happy means of being my own biographer without egotisms; but having been induced by reasons, which I have not scrupled to confess, to render an account of

my life and writings, whilst I am yet living and personally responsible for the truth of what I have written, I endeavoured to the best of my power to lighten a dull topic by digressions, wherever I could avail myself of an opportunity; and if these gentlemen found those digressions the more tolerable part of my performance, so did I also. They seem as if they had written for the very purpose of confirming me in my own opinions.

The friends, who know with what hesitation I yielded to their advice and undertook this task, can witness that I did not expect to make my own immediate Memoirs entertaining to the public; yet every reviewer, who has condescended to notice them, (these of Edinburgh excepted) have had the charity to make me think they had read me with complacency. But they were my countrymen; they could feel for my motives, they could allow for my difficulties; they had too much manliness of nature to endeavour at depressing me, and forebore for a time to be critics for the gratification of exhibiting themselves in the more amiable character of gentlemen.

I understand that these acrimonious North-

Britons are young men; I rejoice to hear it, not only for the honour of old age, but in the hope that they will live long enough to discover the error of their ambition, the misapplication of their talents, and that the combination they have formed to mortify their contemporaries is in fact a conspiracy to undo themselves.

I am afraid that, in spite of the plain hint they have given me, I shall not be able to keep myself totally out of sight through the remaining pages of this supplement, especially as they themselves have given me an opportunity of explaining a circumstance of some importance, which had not come to my knowledge when I was employed upon the former part of these *Memoirs*.

By the anecdote, which I relate of Admiral Sir George Rodney, whilst he was manœuvring the cherry-stones upon Lord Sackville's table after dinner at Stonelands, I certainly meant to convey to the reader my sincere belief that it was then he first conceived the project of cutting through the enemy's line. I was not at that time, nor till very lately, apprised that there was a man living, who could dispute the

originality of that manœuvre with him. I now learn that Mr. Clerk had communications with the Admiral, and if they were previous to the period of my anecdote, (which may be easily ascertained) it will be evident that I mistook those symptoms, which so strongly impressed me and others present with the belief, which I attached to my relation of that anecdote. That I was more particularly attentive to the whole elaborate process of the gallant Admiral with his cherry-stones, is a fact that I can well account for, inasmuch as when I perceived Lord Sackville losing his attention to his guest, and wearied with the many leading questions, uninteresting as they seemed to be to the rest of the company, who did not foresee the point they led to, I thought it right in my regard for both parties to give the more earnest heed to what my friend was about, who seemed in travail with some new idea, and in a whisper predicted to his Lordship, that I was persuaded something worth his notice would come out at last.

I repeat this as my apology to Mr. Clerk and the public at large, if, being misled by these indications, I have ascribed originality to the

wrong person: nothing could more strongly character the first conception of a new idea. When the Admiral avowed his resolution to make experiment of his plan in action, and heard it treated with something more than doubt, he quoted no authority in support of it, but seemed contented to stand alone in the opinion of its practicability, and persisted in declaring that he would try it.

I must also beg leave to add that my friend Sir Charles Douglas, upon his return to England expressly declared to me that the merit of cutting the French line rested entirely with his Admiral, and that his own opinion ever went against it. In my assertion of this fact I am strictly correct, and the observation I deduce from it, is, that if Mr. Clerk suggested it to Sir Charles Douglas for the Admiral's consideration, it must have been the sagacity of the principal, not that of the second, which discerned the merit of Mr. Clerk's discovery, and in spite of all discouragements carried it resolutely and successfully into operation.

If, after all this discussion, it shall turn out

that two men great in naval tactics, struck upon the same idea, where would be the miracle?

Whilst I was upon a visit to my old and worthy friend the Reverend Mr. Higgs at his rectory of Grandisburgh in the county of Suffolk I put the last hand to my poem of Calvary. In his hospitable mansion I enjoyed my leisure in complete tranquillity and peace. It does not often come to pass, that two men, who had been intimates in their boyish days at school, and contemporaries in the same college, shall meet, as we did, in our old age with the consciousness that there had not been a single moment when our friendship felt a check, or a word had passed, that we could wish unsaid. Those days of course were to me peculiarly grateful, and I flatter myself if any visitations of my Muse were happy, it was then they were such, when she led me to those regions, which I attempt to describe as the residence of death. I should hardly presume to particularize these passages, had I not the authority of my kind reviewer Doctor Drake to appeal to for my apology, and to him I shall ever hold myself indebted as the one can-

did critic, who brought that poem out of its obscurity, and obtained for it a place amongst our British classics.

Encouraged by that favour, which was thus obtained for Calvary, I cherished a design of attempting another epic poem on a sacred subject, and of selecting it from the Old Testament, following the example of Milton in his *Paradise Lost* and *Regained*. Whilst these thoughts were in my mind, though without any fixt plan, my friend Sir James Burges suggested to me the history of Moses from the period of his leading the Israelites out of Egypt to his death upon Mount Horeb. This he did not propose in a crude and undigested state, but imparted to me a plan deliberately and minutely methodized, and apportioned into books, ten in number, with the argument of each correctly drawn up; a work of much labour and considerable research. When I had taken this plan into consideration, I found that he had not only traced out the journal of the sacred Historian with the most exact fidelity, but had availed himself of maps and books, till then unknown to me, and which seemed to leave little to the pen, that followed him,

except the task of filling up the outline he had laid down. It appeared to me to be a subject, comprising every property that should unite to constitute a sacred epic poem—a series of supernatural and sublime events, awful and tremendous judgments, forming a perfect and magnificent whole, displaying characters, achievements, incidents and situations, such as the history of no other people upon earth ever did exhibit, exceeding all the powers of mortal agency, yet backed with the authority of holy writ.

My friend, who had taken to himself the whole labour of the plan, consented also to share that of the execution, and we divided our respective portions accordingly. Though we have each been drawn off to other studies, yet we have advanced considerably in the joint work, and I purpose with the concurrence of my worthy colleague to submit the first and second books to the public very shortly, and so to publish part by part, if life and health permit, till the whole shall be completed—We entitle it *The Exodiad*.

I have also planned and in great part finished, one more novel, upon which I have bestowed

much time and care, anxious to leave something behind me in that way, which may interest the scholar as well as the idler; something, which gravity may read without contempt, and modesty without a blush: a work of fancy, that may prove I have not quite exhausted my capacity to amuse, nor quite abandoned my endeavours to instruct.

I hope it is not the character of old age to be querulous and dissatisfied: if it is, I trust I have escaped the common lot, for Nature has bestowed on me such strong animal spirits, and I have been blessed with so long a series of health, that I have hitherto found an unfailing source of occupation in solitude; and of pleasure in society. We old fellows should be aware that the young ones will only suffer us whilst we are conformable. The world at large will pay but little reverence to our grey hairs, unless we set them off with the graces of good nature.

For some years before the decease of my wife, such was the unhappy state of her exhausted and decayed constitution, that my house was in a manner inaccessible even to my nearest friends and neighbours: her nerves

being utterly destroyed, and even her recollection impaired by the effects of the breaking of a blood-vessel, which no art could heal, every step, that approached her, threw her into tremors, and it required careful preparation to enable her to support an interview with any of her children, who came at times to pay their duty to her.

The daughter, who is now the comfort of my old age, was then the only inmate in my family: fortunately for her, she had the same resources with myself; from her earliest infancy books had been her passion, and of these her choice was directed much more to edification than mere amusement; and so clear was her comprehension, so retentive her memory, that I had the substance of any new publications in her own language so well detailed to me, that I could reap the fruits of her studies and pursue my own. So supported I could not wholly sink; but when she also fell dangerously ill, and Death seemed only pausing between objects so infinitely dear where first to point the inevitable blow, it was a trying and distressful crisis: still I struggled against base despondency, to which amidst the wreck

of father, mother, sons and friends I never yet had yielded; and here (as I am still my own biographer) I must take leave to say, in mitigation of my many failings and infirmities, that want of patience under the dispensations of God's providence is not amongst their number—Let not my readers think I aim to give false colours to my character: I scorn the imputation, and am too sensible how nearly I am approaching to the hour, when every idle word must be accounted for, to load my conscience with the guilt of an untruth.

Men, who have been in situations, and availed themselves of opportunities for conferring favours, are apt, when fortune turns against them, to be loud in their complaints of the ingratitude of mankind; I have had those opportunities, but am not warranted to make those complaints; whether I have not met with instances of ingratitude, or have outlived the recollection of them, I would not wish to ascertain, if it were in my power. I know that many people torment themselves with conceiving slights, and tease their hearers with describing them: I can readily call to mind many small services of mine gratefully

remembered and generously overpaid: I have had many true and steady friends, and never found myself cast off by any, only because I could no longer keep the station, which I held before: when I am within their reach they welcome me with all the cordiality of former times, and when I am master of a leisure day in London, I can always find a hospitable table and a friendly host: this is at once my consolation and my pride; I have lived beyond the ordinary limits of man's time on earth, and have not forfeited the good will of those, with whom I lived; whilst with few exceptions from amongst the numbers, who are now no more, I can reflect with comfort that I did not lose them till death took them from me.

One instance of injustice and oppression was so interwoven with my history, that I could not avoid the recording it. Setting that aside, which it now behoves me to do, I have much reason to think well of the world, and when my time shall come much good cause to part from it in peace.

In the quarto edition of my Memoirs, page 471, I mention a certain tributary present,

which my old friend Mr. Smith of Bury was pleased to bestow upon the puerile Roscius in the candid spirit of encouragement. If any thing, that appears upon that page, gave my respectable contemporary a moment's pain, I am sincerely sorry, and though I know he has forgiven me, yet before I can be heartily disposed to forgive myself, he must allow me to tender him this my public apology. We are both far advanced into the vale of years, both pilgrims grey with age, and pressing onwards to our journey's end: time has been when his encouragement put me upon attempts, which his abilities as an actor contributed to support. I met him lately in town; a lucky chance brought him to the hotel, where I had lodgings; I was delighted to see him in such green old age, upright in person, active in limbs, and of a countenance still so animated, as bespoke him apparently as able to perform the part of *Charles* as in his younger days. I introduced Mr. Alexander Rae to him, and tempted him to the Haymarket theatre to see him in the character of Mortimer in *The Iron Chest*. He sate with me in the orchestra, and

was highly pleased with the performance of that young and very promising actor, with whose merits I am so intimately acquainted, and for whose success I am so warmly interested.

Since the stages of Drury Lane and Covent Garden have been so enlarged in their dimensions as to be henceforward theatres for spectators rather than playhouses for hearers, it is hardly to be wondered at if their managers and directors encourage those representations, to which their structure is best adapted. The splendor of the scenes, the ingenuity of the machinist and the rich display of dresses, aided by the captivating charms of music, now in a great degree supercede the labours of the poet. There can be nothing very gratifying in watching the movements of an actor's lips, when we cannot hear the words that proceed from them; but when the animating march strikes up, and the stage lays open its recesses to the depth of a hundred feet for the procession to advance, even the most distant spectator can enjoy his shilling's-worth of show. What then is the poet's chance? Exactly what the

parson's would be, if the mountebank was in the market-place, when the bells were chiming for church.

On the stage of Old Drury in the days of Garrick the moving brow and penetrating eye of that matchless actor came home to the spectator. As the passions shifted, and were by turns reflected from the mirror of his expressive countenance, nothing was lost; upon the scale of modern Drury many of the finest touches of his art would of necessity fall short. The distant auditor might chance to catch the text, but would not see the comment, that was wont so exquisitely to elucidate the poet's meaning, and impress it on the hearer's heart.

It never was my object to depress the living candidate for fame, but has been uniformly my desire and my endeavour to uphold and cherish genius whilst it lives amongst us, and may be fostered by our commendations. The dead can do no more; they have finished their career, and there is no more use and profit in our praise of them: the living are our property; we have a participation in their talents, and it is no less our interest than our duty to

encourage all their efforts for the honour of the æra we belong to. How much more gratifying must it be to behold perfection than to hear of it! If I tell a man that Garrick was an inimitable actor, he may, or he may not, take it on my credit; but how does my report edify him unless I could present him with a sample of his style, and be myself in every circumstance of action, voice and feature perfect Garrick? But this I cannot be, and in the mean time nothing is more elusive and vague than my description; I can give the measure of his stature, and perhaps some idea of his person, but that which alone is interesting to be acquainted with, I cannot communicate. The living actor is within our reach.

So long as I have known the stage, so many eminent performers as I have seen pass over it, and so frequent as my concerns with them have been, I should be glad to say something in this place, that might manifest my regard for them, and keep me in their remembrance when I am no more; but when I turn to the essay, No. xxix, in *The Observer*, which I devoted to their use and service, whilst my

thoughts were fresher than they are at present, it is but little I can add, and that little will be hardly worthy of their attention in any other light than as a mark of the unvaried good will, which I entertain for them.

As men separated by their profession into a distinct order, I have the satisfaction to see them maintain a more respectable station in society, than they did in my early acquaintance with the stage. Though they have produced no writer from amongst themselves equal to the author of *The Careless Husband*, yet I could instance some who have written, and still write, more prosperously in their day than Cibber did in his. Though none perhaps, since Garrick trode the stage, can boast such *various* excellence as he possessed, yet I have seen nature so admirably imitated in particular characters by performers yet amongst us, that I have said within myself—If human powers can reach perfection, I behold it now.

The stage has never within my knowledge of it been wholly unprovided with performers of distinguished merit in the tragic line. I have remarked that it is generally the first am-

bition of the candidate for histrionic fame to be the hero or heroine of a tragedy. It is perfectly in nature that it should be so: the school-boy, who is taught to declaim, has his passages selected from the writers in heroic metre: he speaks a soliloquy of Hamlet's to a parcel of people, who are predisposed to applaud him, and he conceives himself a second Garrick; he makes love as Romeo or Marc Antony, behold he is another Barry; he recites an extract from Macbeth or Richard, and he is Kemble, Cooke, or any other, who can please you better, if any such there are. Blank verse adheres more easily to the memory than prose; the human passions are more strongly roused by tragedy than comedy, and he becomes a decided votarist of Melpomene; he enrolls himself in the troop of a country theatre, the manager of which pays no attention to his prejudices, no respect to the sublimity of his ideas, but levels him at once with his fellows, and makes him stand in any gap, that wants a substitute to fill it up: at length by frequent lowerings he discovers to his surprise, but ultimately to his advantage, that he is a low comedian, and that it is much easier

for him to provoke a laugh than to extort a tear. Thus it comes to pass that comedy in its lower characters has been always well filled up, but very few indeed have distinguished themselves in the more refined and elegant department: there must be a graceful ease and a highly finished air, which without an experience, that falls to the lot of very few performers, cannot be engrafted even upon the finest and the fairest forms.

The profession of the actor is laborious in the extreme; it is only to be upheld by habitual temperance and incessant study: indolence cannot retain it; dissipation must extinguish it. They, who are for ever in the public eye, can surely estimate the value and advantages of private character; they must know how grudgingly applause is given to such as have no title to respect. The increased exertion of the voice alone is now become a task more toilsome than their predecessors underwent, and by how much the present call for novelties exceeds that which is past, by so much greater must the exercise of the memory be now than heretofore. With these extraordinary demands upon the vital sources of their

noblest functions, how cautious should they be to keep those sources pure ! Repletion must impede the faculties ; ebriety deserves no pardon.

It would be possible for me to bring to my recollection the particular style and manner of many eminent performers, who are now no more, and my description of them might perhaps afford amusement to the generality of my readers ; but I am not disposed to make the attempt, because I am so averse from all comparisons between the dead and living, that I will not give any one the opportunity of supposing that my praise implies preference. It is more a trick of talking than a truth of judging in those, who make a practice of decrying living actors : if they would write but half as well as the performers can act, the stage would be better furnished with new pieces. A silly witless coxcomb conceives it is a token of superior taste to contemplate every thing with cold indifference ; whereas his foolish affectation only impresses us with a sure conviction of his dulness, and a shrewd suspicion of his maliciousness. Such a man will tell you there are no good actors now ; they are not to be

compared with some, that he remembers; whereas he said the same of those then, as he does of these now, and perhaps with something more like truth and reason. Is he a judge of what an actor should be? Is he competent to distinguish the just and genuine representation of nature from the tricks of art and studied pedantry of declamation? If he were, he would know better where to look for merit, and how to value it when he had discovered it. But I am resolute to credit no man for merit in himself, who can see none in others, and am persuaded that with all his contempt for the sons and daughters of Thespis, there is no strolling master of a troop of spouters, who would admit him into his barn, unless to snuff the candles or to beat a drum.

The living actors can do justice to the living authors, let them write as well as they can, and as much better than they do write, as it shall please Heaven. If their wit provokes them to attempt a comedy, the danger will not be that any part shall be too good for the performer, but that the performer shall think himself too good for the part. I am satisfied it is not in my power to name the time within

more than half a century past, when the stages of Drury Lane and Covent Garden have been better furnished with comedians than at the present hour. Perhaps it is to be lamented, that their influence is such, as to induce an author to make greater sacrifices, and pay more attention to the particular persons, whom he has in view to represent the characters of his play, than to the general interests of the play itself; and though I would not be understood to insinuate that an actor or actress should not have the privilege of declining certain parts, that may be tendered to them, yet I am fully warranted to remark, that they exercise that privilege much too frequently, and upon too frivolous objections. They are become exception to a degree, that the stage in former times had no idea of, and this unaccommodating caprice reduces the author either to sacrifice the harmony of his composition out of flattery to their freaks, or by submitting to the rebuff put his play upon its trial with the discouraging circumstance attached to it of having begged its way through the repugnant heroes and heroines of the green-room. It may not be reasonable

in some cases to expect compliance, but when the director of the theatre concurs with the author in deciding on the cast, either the performer must do his duty, or the writer should withdraw his play, and give his reason to the public.

But it is not in this particular only that the conduct of our theatres seems to need some further regulation, there might in my opinion be a better mode adopted than what they now pursue in treating writers for the stage, and passing judgment on the manuscripts referred to them. As there can be no premeditated offence in the person, who makes suit to be accepted, there should be nothing that can wound his feelings in the manner of rejecting him. He has an equitable right to know the judge, that passes sentence on his work, and there cannot be a good reason why that judge should only be heard to speak through the organs of the prompter, and commit the manuscript to be sent back to its owner, with a note from that servant of the side-scene, so uncourteously concise, that it would barely serve to warn an actor to rehearsal.

If it were to be wished that he, whose first

proposal does not suit, should not be tempted ever to propose again, a more effectual method of accomplishing that end can hardly be devised. The flame of that dramatic passion must be very strong, which the prompter's extinguisher, thus applied, cannot put out: but if an easy intercourse between parties, mutually interested to serve one common cause, ought in all good policy to be furthered, every thing that can give disgust and irritation should with caution be avoided; for in every pursuit, where ambition is praise-worthy, attempts should be encouraged.

Conducted as the business now is, the ruler of a theatre may well complain of the burden of his office: but if a judicious and respectable person was sought out and specially appointed for the purpose of receiving, reading and reporting upon dramatic compositions, tendered for acceptance, all cause of complaint on the part of the *genus irritabile* would be removed, and there would be no accumulation of the obnoxious mass of manuscripts, that occasion so much trouble to the holders, and give such matter of complaint to the authors, who are destined to be tantalized by long expectations,

and at length dismissed by short answers. This person, if duly qualified for his office, will readily distinguish such performances as are evidently inadmissible, and in the disposal of these nothing more will be required than expedition and a courteous manner of declining the offer ; whereas now, when manuscripts of this description are suffered to lie upon the shelf, though they have no title to be accepted, their owners have still just reason to complain of inattention and delay.

There will of course be other tenders made with more respectable pretensions, but which nevertheless upon the whole it may be judged expedient to decline ; in these cases I should conceive it right to qualify their rejection with such general observations and remarks, as may not only soften disappointment, but convey instruction : candour of this sort would inspire ambition, and if there was a spark of genius in the writer of a piece so treated, it would cherish and improve it.

When a drama shall be judged worthy of acceptance, it must still from the nature of all human compositions be found capable of improvement : how many novelties are improvi-

dently brought forward, whose general merit is so glaringly defaced by obvious errors, or stifled by disgusting and unnatural excrescencies, which in their passage to the stage might and ought to have been corrected and lopt off ! It is then, if the author is not deaf to all advice, and unobservant of effect, that in the course of the rehearsals he may give the finishing touches to his production, and how much depends upon the proper conduct and enforcement of those rehearsals I need not observe ; they certainly demand attention, and I suspect they need reform ; for what between the affected carelessness of some performers, and the real indolence of others, the play is in part kept out of the author's sight, who is told that such and such an actor will be perfect at representation, or in other words that he will get his part when he can no longer put it by, and speak out to his audience in self-defence, though he has muttered and slurred it over to his author at rehearsal through mere laziness or self-conceit. But neither these, nor any other remarks how apposite soever, can be said to be in place, whilst the stage is so pre-occupied by spectacle !—As a gaudy equipage

will attract notice, though it shall carry a dull company withinside of it, so will fine scenery and rich dresses hide the nakedness of nonsense, and sweet melodies impart a grace even to the lamest and most wretched metre.

If nature can hardly be upheld by Mrs. Jordan, or Shakespere by Mr. Kemble, what author in his senses will attempt a comedy more legitimate than *The Forty Thieves*, or a tragedy more serious than *Tom Thumb*?

Whilst I pause here, death has struck down an illustrious victim in the person of Mr. Fox. The time is marked with awful visitations. Mr. Pitt is taken from us, and now the other luminary of our state and senate is extinct: in the moment when his great abilities were drawn out by great occasions into full exertion we have lost him. His amiable qualities, his steady friendships, his brilliant talents will be long recorded in the hearts of those, who loved him and admired him; their sorrow will be proportionable; but it is to be hoped they will avoid that extravagance in their eulogies, which oversteps discretion, nor mingle that despondency with their bewailings, in which there is no wisdom, policy or com-

mon sense. We should recollect that it is upon the general spirit of our countrymen that we rest our confidence; when Nelson breathed his last, he breathed out nothing but his own brave soul; our fleets are not become less terrible to our enemies because he no longer lives to command them: if it were so, it were time indeed to withdraw from the contest, for there is one at no great distance from us, who is fearfully and anxiously alert to watch our waverings, and engrift his own advantages upon them; but as the courage of our soldiers has recently chastised his arrogance, so I trust that the harmony of our councils will disappoint his artifice, and enable our nation to maintain that attitude, which alone is worthy of its character, and consistent with its security.

As I now find myself once more under the hospitable roof of my old friend Mr. Higgs, I am likely to wind up this supplement of my Memoirs in the very spot, where fifteen years ago I concluded my poem of Calvary. This companion of my youth, though far advanced into the vale of years, is still enjoying the reward of temperance, a sound mind in a health-

ful body. He performs all the duties of a parish-priest in an exemplary manner, executes the laborious office of an acting justice of the peace with that of a director of the poor-house, established at Nacton in this county of Suffolk, an institution of such striking use and benefit, and productive of so great a public saving in the article of poor-rates, that it is matter of astonishment why it has not been more generally adopted. When I fell ill at Ramsgate, and he was made acquainted with my situation, he wrote a letter, that convinced me his affection had suffered no abatement by the lapse of years since I had seen him, and he took a journey of a hundred and forty miles to visit me in my convalescence. He was of the same year with me at Trinity, and we have not a senior to us in the college now living.

To the candid reviewers of the first edition of my Memoirs I have already paid my acknowledgments, and if in this octavo re-publication I have omitted to avail myself of some remarks upon a few verbal inaccuracies, which had escaped my notice, I must beg them to believe it is not that I am obstinate against correction, but because I hold it a point of

honour to leave that copy untouched, which my first purchasers are in possession of, preferring to acknowledge my faults and ask pardon of the public, rather than make this second copy better by the amendment of a single word than that which they have bought at twice the price. Perhaps I may refine too much in this particular, but it is my idea of fair dealing, and there are objects in my estimation infinitely more worthy my consideration and attention, than any thing, which can only affect my reputation as a writer.

When this manuscript was going to the press I was informed by my publisher Mr. Lackington, that he had been told I was not correct in stating that the West Indian, when first produced, had no after-piece attached to it. If this was a mis-statement, I trust I need not say that it was perfectly involuntary.

Whilst I was employed upon my Memoirs I was inhabiting a furnisht house at Ramsgate, where I was literally provided with nothing but the mere materials for writing, having left my books and papers in their packages at Tunbridge Wells, where they still remain. This I hope will in some degree apologize for

my mistake in retorting upon Bishop Lowth by saying I had traced his quotation against Doctor Bentley up to its source in one of the most uncleanly samples in Catullus: it is a palpable error, of which I am very properly reminded, and I thank my kind reviewer in the British Critic for giving me this opportunity of acknowledging it.

At the same time that I was writing without books, I was living without any literary friend or neighbour to resort to, till the arrival of Sir William Pepys at Ramsgate gave me an opportunity of renewing my acquaintance with one of the best classical scholars of his time, and who, together with his learning, possessed a correct taste and admirable judgment. When I lived with Johnson, Garrick, Dodington, Jenyns, and the wits of that period; I had the happiness also of living with Sir William Pepys. No man had a better right to be present wherever men of talents held their meetings; for with a very quick comprehension, a ready elocution, and a fund of erudition, this gentleman has a grace and suavity of manners, not always to be found in contact

with a superior understanding. There are few now left, who can be heard with equal profit upon literary topics, for his opinions are delivered with peculiar clearness and a marked precision; they are not such as can puzzle and entangle; they must either confirm or confute. He attached himself very zealously to Samuel Johnson, for he admired the man, and was more solicitous to elicit his talents than to display his own; on many subjects I have known him follow where he might have led; for if the orbit, in which Johnson's mighty genius rolled, was wider than his, or probably than any other man's of his time, still on all points, where classical authorities were to be appealed to, and somebody was to be appointed as expounder of those authorities, I should conceive there could be none more fit than him, of whom I am speaking. When I had him within a few doors of me, though much the greater part of my work had passed the press, I did not fail to solicit his revision of the few concluding sheets, which I had yet in manuscript; to this request he most kindly accorded, and I must ever regret, not less for

the sake of my readers than for myself, that I had so limited an opportunity of availing myself of his judgment.

In the winter season I produced with Mr. Harris's permission a comedy in five acts, which I entitled *A Hint to Husbands*. It was originally engaged to take its fate upon the stage of Drury, and was calculated to suit the cast of certain performers belonging to that theatre, particularly Mr. Johnstone, so justly admired for his excellent display of Irish characters. If I had done right I should have prevailed upon Mr. Harris not to risque his expectations and property upon it, when both Mr. Kemble and Mr. Lewis thought proper to reject the parts, which they were solicited to undertake: he was too generous however to let their scruples divert him from his protection of the play, and brought it on his stage, where, after the flattering reception of a first night, it languished through a chilling course of five successive snowy evenings, severe enough to have starved a healthier babe than mine. This play has been published, and they, who are pleased to patronize it in their closets, will perceive that I have persisted in making

no sacrifice to the ruling fashion of the times, nor studied to contrive any situations, which the favourers of farce are likely to be amused with; if it may aspire to any merit, it will be found where I would wish to place it, in the moral: the whole is written in five-footed verse, and perhaps some passages may recommend themselves to the reader as not unworthy of the British stage.

I have now concluded the account I undertook to give of a long life, not often occupied in interesting and important pursuits, but certainly comprising very few periods of indolence and inaction. What further time may be allotted to me I shall devote to the works, which I have noticed in this supplement, and I hope the publication of this edition will be speedily followed by that of the first part of *The Exodiad*. But I apprehend we are fast approaching towards an awful crisis when the minds of men will be too much occupied to spare a thought for literary objects. Perhaps the *DESTROYER*, who has been sent on earth for the chastisement of the nations, has already reached the summit of his power, and like *APOLEON*, shadowed out in the Apostle's vi-

sion, is verging towards extinction, together with those symbolical *locusts*, who have him *as a king over them, and on their heads as it were crowns like gold*; and I doubt not but it will be the destiny of our brave countrymen to convince the rescued world, that these vermin are not invincible.

It is a delicate and arduous task I have had in hand, and I trust that now, as heretofore, I shall be read and judged with candour. I have not knowingly transgressed, or even strained, the truth, to which I pledged myself; but fairly and sincerely stated how I have employed my faculties, what I have been and what I am. Man hath no need, no right, no interest to know of man more than I have enabled every one to know of me. I have no undivulged evil in my heart; but with unabated affection for my friends, and good will towards my fellow creatures, I remain the reader's most devoted servant—

RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

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Bishop Reynolds, *ib.*—lived in the hearts of his parishioners and the esteem of his neighbours, *ib.*—as a magistrate more active in the reconciliation of parties than in the commitment of their persons, 52.—his loyalty and exertions in raising men upon the approach of the rebels to Derby, 76.—raises two companies, of 100 men each, for the Earl of Halifax's regiment then enrolling, with which he marches to Northampton, and is graciously received by the Earl, who confers the command of one of the companies upon his son the author, 77.—many of these soldiers lost their lives at the siege of Carlisle, and others by the small pox, *ib.*—gives a very active though unsuccessful support to the Whig Interest in the contested election for Northampton, between Knightly and Hanbury, 118.—this second striking instance of his popularity occasions offers to be pressed upon him by the Earl of Halifax, which he declines personally, but lends an ear to flattering situations pointed out for the author, *ib.*—excursion to York, *ib.*—his table, cellars, servants, &c. managed by the author's mother, without unbecoming parade, or unsuitable to his fortune, 161.—exchanges the living of Stanwick for that of Fulham, 178.—is promoted by Lord Halifax to the see of Clonfert, 237.—his modest, calm, and dignified observations, upon being informed of this intended promotion by the author, 238.—upon his nomination to the bishopric of Clonfert, arranges his affairs and prepares for his departure, 241.—takes possession of his see, 257.—encourages the English mode of agriculture by judicious rewards, 262.—as one of the members of the linen trade, introduces a number of spinning wheels, and much good linen made in consequence, this improving

manufacture an interesting occupation to the author's mother, and flourished under her care, 263.—presents a poor catholic priest with a horse and provender, 285.—receives the freedom of Dublin, presented by the corporation in a gold box, an honour never before observed towards any person below the rank of their chief governor, 289.—the great respectability of his character, and his disinterested protection of the Irish clergy, were the motives assigned in the deed which accompanied the box, 290.—is translated from Clonfert to the see of Kilmore, 374.—his death, and soon after, that of the author's mother, is communicated to him by Primate Robinson, 375.—his injunction relative to his burial in the words of the old prophet of Bethel, 376.—buried at Kilmore beside the grave of the venerable and exemplary Bishop Bedel, *ib.*—and the author's mother is buried by his side, *ib.*—his patronage at Kilmore considerable, which he strictly bestowed upon the clergy of his diocese, 377.—his liberal and disinterested conduct in leaving the see much better than he found it, of which his successors derived the benefit, *ib.*

Cumberland, Richard, Esq. only son of the preceding, the author of these Memoirs, born in February, 1732, in the master's lodge at Trinity college, Cambridge, 27.—preliminary observations upon the task of becoming his own biographer, 28.—pledges himself to execute that task with strict truth and impartiality, *ib.*—and exacts only from posterity what is strictly due, 29.—reflection upon the lot of life he is cast upon, which is neither congenial to his character, nor friendly to his peace, *ib.*—his backwardness in learning when an infant, and inferiority to his sister Joanna, 30.—mutinies

against all the powers of the alphabet, 30.—revolting ideas on reading about the Heathen idols, described in the 115th psalm, as contrarieties repugnant to an infant mind, *ib.*—sent at six years of age to school at Bury St. Edmunds, then under the mastership of the Reverend Arthur Kinsman, 31, 32.—anecdote of Mr. Kinsman, when visited by some of the governors whilst the author was reading Juvenal, 32.—roused from his backwardness by the spirit of emulation, 35.—his illness, visited by his mother, recovers and regains his lost ground, 35, 36.—generally passed his holidays at Cambridge, with Dr. Bentley, and treasures up all his sayings, 37.—his indescribable gratification at those delightful seasons, *ib.*—visit to his grandfather from his old master Kinsman, 38.—humorous anecdote of Dr. Bentley, 39.—Dr. Bentley's death communicated to him by Mr. Kinsman, 41. rises rapidly to the head of his class, *ib.*—in his progress through the upper school, never once lost his place as head boy, though daily challenged by those anxious to dislodge him, *ib.*—description of the tasks of a schoolboy, 44.—betrayed into grammatical inaccuracies in his exercises, although they were not devoid of imagination, *ib.*—blunders commented upon with extreme severity by Mr. Kinsman, 45.—severely reprehended for an exercise of Phalaris's Bull, and threatened to be degraded from his station at the head of his form-fellows, *ib.*—poignancy of the inflictions of discouragement to the feelings, and which operates only to destroy what it is the object of the master to improve, 46.—acts the part of Juba in Cato, 47.—rehearses the part on the following morning before Mr. Kinsman in the school, by whom he is sen-

tenced to execute the 10th satire of Juvenal as a fitie, 1. 47.—his first attempt at English verse, *ib.*—poetical description of the docks at Portsmouth, and the races at Winchester, made upon a summer excursion thither with his family, 48.—two introductory couplets to this poem, the first the author ever wrote, *ib.*—his poem, which consisted nearly of one hundred lines, highly approved by his father, who frequently recited it to his intimates, *ib.*—another couplet of this poem frequently quoted upon him by his mother, as a specimen of the art of sinking, 49.—passes as his own an epigram picked up among his school-fellows, *ib.*—his sincere contrition for the above, the only fallacy he ever practised upon his father, and the reasons why the mistake was not corrected, 50.—his happiness and most indescribably delightful sensations, when spending the holidays with his parents at Stanwick, 53.— his adroitness in athletic exercises, *ib.* in swiftness of foot not to be matched by any boy in Bury-school, *ib.*—a general challenge for running to all the collegians, decided in Trinity Walks in his favour, *ib.*—enjoys the sports of the field in perfection, through the indulgence of his father, whom he accompanies in hunting, *ib.*—his taste and ear for poetry formed by his mother, by whom he is employed to read to her in the evenings of the holidays, 54.—these readings, with few exceptions, confined to Shakespeare, *ib.*—her judgment and discriminating taste in pointing out the peculiar excellence of that unrivalled poet, in the consistency and preservation of his characters, and preventing him from being dazzled by the glitter of the period and false sublime, 55.—effect of these readings in his attempts to-

wards the drama, I. 56.—compiles a dramatic piece of one act, called *Shakespeare in the Shades*, at which time he was 12 years of age, head boy at Bury-school, and not very slightly grounded in the Greek and Latin classics, *ib.*—description of and extracts from that drama, with the author's reasons for inserting them, 64.—transplanted by his father from Bury-school to Westminster, 65.—examined in Homer and Horace by the master, who passes an encomium upon the boys educated under Mr. Kinsman, *ib.*—examined next day for form's sake at the table, and placed in the shell, *ib.*—names of the masters and scholars who were his contemporaries at Westminster, 66.—precluded, as being in the shell, from challenging for places, he applies with ardour to school business and to his private studies, 70.—acquires the approbation of the masters and confidence in himself by his first exercise in Latin verse, *ib.*—reported by the monitor for escaping out of the abbey during divine service, and joining a party of his school-fellows in intruding themselves upon a Quaker's meeting, 72.—is called before the master, who, seeing his contrition, sends him back to his seat unpunished, *ib.*—gives in a Latin exercise stolen from Duport, which passes inspection without discovery, 73.—confesses this piracy to Dr. Nicholls, *ib.*—receives a commission for one of the companies raised by his father against the rebels, but being too young, another officer is appointed to act in his place, 77.—remains at Westminster school half a year in the shell, and one year in the sixth form, *ib.*—his self-satisfaction at the improvement of his time in this school, 78.—upon his return to Westminster, is taken as a boarder into the family of

Edmund Ashby Esq. elder brother of Waring, who had been married to the author's father's sister, I. 78.—is permitted to go once or twice to the play under proper convoy, 80.—treated for the first time with a sight of Garrick in *Lothario*, *ib.*—description of the dress and manner of Quin, and critique upon Mrs. Cibber, Mrs. Pritchard, and Ryan, *ib.*—his impressions of delight at the first appearance of Garrick, 81.—avails himself of the privacy and solitude at Mr. Ashby's, to press his private studies, 82.—extract of his translation from Virgil's *Georgics*, Book 3. beginning verse 478, beautiful description of the Plague amongst the Cattle, 83.—his sister Joanna dies of the small pox, her fine parts and amiable character, 88.—is removed on account of that event, and admitted in his fourteenth year of Trinity College, Cambridge, 89.—assisted in his studies during the vacation by the Rev. Thomas Strong, 90.—accompanied by his father to college, and put under the care of Dr. Morgan, a senior fellow, and an old friend of the family, *ib.*—is left by his tutor, with Mr. Rudd, a youth of fine talents, and a well-grounded scholar, to pursue their studies as they think proper, 91.—transferred to Dr. Philip Young, professor of oratory, and afterwards bishop of Norwich, *ib.*—commences soph in the last year of his under-graduate, 92.—appointed to an opponency in the first act given out for the mathematical schools, when he had not read a line of Euclid, *ib.*—is turned over to Mr. Backhouse, the Westminster tutor, who ably and conscientiously fulfills his duties, *ib.*—his name is withdrawn from the act, *ib.*—is sent for by Dr. Smith, the author of the celebrated treatises upon har-

monics and optics, who reprobates the neglect of his former tutors, and advises him to apply to his academical studies for the remainder of the year, I. 92.—his exemplary prudence and regularity when at college, 93.—looks back upon this period of his life with a tranquil conscience, *ib.*—laments the loss of those important advantages he might have derived from the assistance of a tutor, who would have systematized and arranged his studies, 94.—his course of reading, from his admission, to his commencing soph, 95.—receives from Dr. Richard Bentley a valuable parcel of his grandfather's books and papers, containing his correspondence upon points of criticism; notes for Lucan's *Pharsalia*, and sundry Greek and Latin books, &c. by him collated and filled with marginal notes, *ib.*—much assisted by these in the *Observers*, on the Greek writers, *ib.*—kindly distinguished by Dr. Richard Walker, 96.—contributes some elegiac verses to the university volume, on the death of the Prince of Wales, 97.—pays more attention to his Latin declamations, recited publicly in chapel every Saturday after evening prayers, *ib.*—commences a severe course of study, living almost entirely upon milk, using the cold bath, and allowing himself only six hours sleep, 98.—makes himself master of mechanics, optics, and hydrostatics, *ib.*—works all his propositions, forms all his minutes, and even his thoughts, in Latin, whereby he acquired a facility of expounding, solving, and arguing in that language, 98.—the best of his contemporaries in public disputation, sensible of the advantages thereby acquired, *ib.*—appointed to keep an act, 99.—humourous contrast between him and a black bearded philoso-

pher, his opponent, description of the argument, his success, I. 100.—apology to the reader's candour, and reasons assigned for a long tale, told in his old age, of the first triumph of his youth, 102.—passes four times through these scholastic exercises, in the latter of which the deductions were so artfully drawn, that they could neither be parried by the gentleman who kept the act, Mr. Backhouse, nor the moderator, 103.—dispute with the moderator, which, by the statutes of the university, is decided in his favour, *ib.*—his first opponent nominated by the moderator to oppose him in this act, 104.—feels his frame extremely debilitated, in consequence of intense application, and is led between two friends and fellow collegians to the schools, in a very feeble state, *ib.*—dismissed with a speech by the moderator, on a plea of sudden indisposition, *ib.*—pays more attention to his health, 105.—cited to the senate, to be examined for his bachelor's degree, *ib.*—during that interval enjoys no respite, but kept perpetually at the table, under the process of question and answer, *ib.*—his constitution just holds up to the expiration of the scrutiny, when he hastens home to his parents, *ib.*—attacked and confined by a rheumatic fever, which keeps him six months hovering between life and death, *ib.*—recovers under the care of Dr. Wallis, of Stamford, *ib.*—receives agreeable intelligence from Cambridge, of the high station which had been adjudged to him amongst the wranglers of his year, *ib.*—considerably indebted for this to the Rev. Mr. Ray, the moderator whom he had thwarted in his questions, 106.—finds himself in a station of ease and credit in his native college, had changed his under graduate's gown, and obtained his de-

gree of B. A. with honours hardly earned, 1. 106.—reasons for having been so minute in tracing his particular progress through his exercises at Cambridge, 107.—sketches of the frivolity of modern table conversations, illustrations of, and the causes, 109. *See this more minutely under Table conversation.*—conceives himself destined for the church, and has good reason to expect a fellowship, with the degree of M. A. 114.—these views perfectly suited to his natural disposition, and he dwells upon them with entire content, *ib.*—puts his thoughts upon paper, and begins to form a kind of *collectanea* of his studies, *ib.*—enumeration of the particulars of this *collectanea*, 115.—reviews, in this process, all the several systems of the heathen philosophers, and discusses at large the tenets and opinions maintained and professed by their respective schools and academies, *ib.*—compelled to chalk out for himself a settled plan of reading, 116.—composes an entire drama, entitled *Caractacus*, 117. *See Caractacus.*—accompanies his family upon an excursion to the city of York, 119.—resides at the house of Mrs. Foster, a widow, and niece to Dr. Bentley, and passes half a year in the society and amusements of that place, *ib.*—employment of his time, 120.—strings nonsensical stanzas, in imitation of Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, which he is shamed from persisting in by his mother, *ib.*—his poem in imitation of one written by Lady Susan, daughter of the Earl of Galloway, 121.—amuses himself by composing short elegies, in the manner of Hammond, 125.—reprimanded by his mother—his farewell lines to Hammond, written almost extempore, 126.—returns home from York, and soon after to college, 127.—invited to the master's

ledge, who approves his past exertions, and imparts a new arrangement, by annulling some of the articles relative to fellowships; and recommends him to take his chance as a candidate, I. 127.—prepares for his examination, 128.—receives a summons to assume the situation of private confidential secretary to the Earl of Halifax, 129.—his reflections upon this new scene of life, which effects a revolution in his former tranquil and congenial prospects, *ib.*—description of his feelings and disposition, 130.—character and literary attainments of Lord Halifax, and state of his family, 131.—goes to town, attended by Anthony Fletcher, a steady and intelligent servant of his father's, 133.—lodgings taken for him in Downing Street, by order of Lord Halifax, *ib.*—messes with Mr. Pownall, acting secretary to the board of trade, over which Lord Halifax presided, 134.—is completely out of his element in his new situation, *ib.*—being desired to inform himself about the colonies, he travels through a mass of folios, commencing with the discoveries of America, 137.—these volumes furnish some plots for tragedies, dumb shows, and dances, but afford very meagre information upon the then existing state of the colonies, *ib.*—employed in copying private letters to governors and civil officers abroad, 138.—removes to an apartment in Mount Street, near Lord Halifax's house, where he attended every morning for commands, and dined two or three times in the week, *ib.*—is introduced by his lordship to the Duke of Newcastle, at Newcastle house, *ib.*—accompanies Lord Halifax, at the recess, to Horton in Northamptonshire, from whence he proceeds to Cambridge, in pursuit of his fel-

lowship, I. 139.—finds six vacancies—description of the candidates, *ib.*—goes his rounds on the day of examination to the electing seniors, 140.—his reception and examination by Dr. Charles Mason, 141.—Do. by Dr. Samuel Hooper, 142.—assigned to execute a Greek translation as an exercise in the very room in which he was born, 144.—is chosen for a fellowship with Mr. John Orde, now one of the masters in chancery, 146.—his reception by Dr. Mason, when waiting upon the electing seniors, to return thanks, 147—returns home to Stanwick, and from thence pays his duty in a short visit to Lord Halifax, *ib.*—favourable moment for returning into the line of life he had slept out of, *ib.*—returns to town, where he lives sequestered from the world, 148.—deficient in the requisites for public life, 149.—makes his first offering to the press in a poem, entitled *St. Mark's Eve*, and published by Dodsley, *ib.*—his negative merits, 154.—solves an enigmatical question for Mr. Charles Townshend, 155.—entrusted to revise and remark upon a very elaborate report, drawn up by Mr. Townshend, then one of the Lords of Trade, *ib.*—his translation in verse from the Troades of Seneca, 158.—his intimacy with Mr. Isted, at Ecton, and amiable character of that gentleman, 162.—forms an agreeable intimacy with the sons of the Rev. Mr. Elkins, one of whom, Jeffery, late deceased, was dean of Carlisle, and rector of Morpeth, and the younger now dean of Salisbury, 164.—lines upon Mr. Elkin's poem on dreams, 166.—employed in collecting materials from the History of India, for a poem in heroic verse, 168.—extract from that poem, on the discoveries of the Portuguese, 169.—Pays a visit of

condolence to Lord Halifax at Horton, upon the death of his lady, I. 177.—removes to town for the winter season, and resumes his solitary lodgings in Mount Street, derives all his resources from books which he reads, and studies incessantly in absolute solitude, but for the visits of his friend Higgs, *ib.*—becomes a frequent guest with Mr. Dodington at la Trappe, 182.—pays a visit to Mr. Dodington at Eastbury, 183.—obtains a lay fellowship, 195.—writes his first legitimate drama, entitled the *Banishment of Cicero*, 196.—his first interview with Garrick, 203.—marries Miss Ridge, 206.—upon Lord Halifax's being made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, he accompanies him thither, and resides at Dublin Castle, as Ulster secretary, 208.—superintends the private finances of Lord Halifax, and puts his green cloth upon a liberal but regulated establishment, 209.—publishes his tragedy of the *Banishment of Cicero*, which is pirated by George Faulkner of Dublin, 210.—addresses a poem to the king, upon his accession to the throne, *ib.*—attends the Lord Lieutenant to Ireland, with his wife and family, except two infant children, who are left with their grandmother Ridge, 217.—his disinterestedness in never having been betrayed to accept any thing which delicacy could possibly interpret as a gratuity, 222.—returnus from Ireland perfectly clean-handed, not having profited his small fortune a single shilling, but from the fair income of office, *ib.*—is offered by Lord Halifax the rank of a Baronet, which he respectfully declines, 223.—finds Mrs. Cumberland in the crisis of a fever, exhausted, and scarcely alive, but she survives the shock, 236.—removes, with his family, to

Tyringham, I. 236.—tenders his services to Lord Halifax, when Secretary of State, but receives a cool and repulsive answer, 242.—a place of £.200 per. annum, his sole profit after eleven years attendance, and Mrs. C.'s fortune of £.3000, reduced to a very small balance, after repaying his father, for expences in supporting him in a style of life very different from that in which he was found, 244.—his interesting interview with Lord Halifax, 245.—tenders his services to the Earl of Hillsborough, in Mr. Sedgewick's place, which are accepted, 218.—writes the *Summer's Tale*, which excites the jealousy of Bickerstaff, 249.—his liberal conduct to Bickerstaff upon that occasion, 251.—turns his sole attention to comedy, to which he is persuaded by Mr. Smith of Covent Garden theatre, in whose liberal hospitality he frequently shared 253.—his dramatic sketches of the Irish character first studied at Clonfert, 258.—resumes his situation at the Board of Trade, and brings out his play of the *Brothors* at Covent Garden theatre, 263.—becomes acquainted with Garrick in consequence of some complimentary lines in the epilogue to the *Brothers*, 266.—never wrote a single line to puff or praise himself, or to decry a brother dramatist, 270.—nor disgraced his colours, by abandoning the cause of legitimate comedy, in whose service he is sworn, and in whose defence he has kept the field for nearly half a century, till at last he has survived all national taste, *ib.*—returns to Clonfert, where he plays the West Indian, 271.—refutes the calumny of his endeavouring to cavil and decry the *School for Scandal*, by positively proving an alibi at Bath, *ib.*—his ambition in writing for the

stage, to produce something that might outlive him, I. 273.—characters of the heroes of his drama, 274.—makes an excursion to Mount Talbot, and in a hermitage in the pleasure grounds writes some scenes of the West Indian, 279.—makes excursions on the Shannon with Lord Eyre, *ib.*—whimsical anecdote in one of those excursions, which furnishes another trait for the sketch of Major O'Flaherty, *ib.*—accompanies Lord Eyre to a cock fight—whimsical occurrence at that meeting, 281.—receives the honorary grant of the degree of LL. D. from the university of Dublin, 290.—his intimacy with Mr. Garrick, with whom he enters into an engagement to bring out the West Indian, 291.—avails himself of his advice and remarks, and introduces a preparatory scene, 292.—domplimented by Garrick on the West Indian, in the St. James's evening paper, 297.—enters the lists of controversy, and vindicates the insulted character of his grandfather Dr. Bentley, 308—account and title of the controversial pamphlet, against Dr. Lowth, in favour of Dr. Bentley, which went through two full editions, 312.—his letter to Mr. Commissary Greaves, 314.—notice to Mr. Hayley, on his merciless and uncivil sport with Dr. Bentley's character, 315.—copy of Mr. Hayley's verses, 316.—has a house in Queen Anne Street West—Mr. Fitzherbert lived in the same street, and Mr. Burke nearly opposite, 323.—visit from the Rev. Dr. Decimus Reynolds, who unexpectedly makes his will, and appoints him his heir, *ib.*—his liberal and disinterested conduct upon that occasion, 325.—called upon by the nephew of Dr. Reynolds, demanding him to render back the title deeds, 327.—letter to Dr. Reynolds upon this

• occasion, and reasons for having been so minute in the detail of these transactions, I. 330.—number and discipline of his little family, 332.—always studied the assort-
ment of his company, so as never to bring uncongenial humours into contact, 334.—begins to frame the character of Colin Macleod, 345.—writes the **Fashionable Lover**—his critique upon that play, 346.—called by Garrick the man without a skin, 347.—first meeting with Dr. Goldsmith, 350.—lines upon Dr. Johnson, 363.—writes a small poem in the style of Goldsmith's **Retaliation**, assimilating the different guests to different kinds of liquor, 371.—again visits Ireland, with part of his family, and passes his summer recess at Kilmore, 374.—receives the melancholy news of his father's death, which is speedily succeeded by the death of his mother, 375.—his drama entitled the **Choleric Man**, 378.—its success, *ib.*—dedicated to **Detraction**, 379.—makes a tour with the Earl of Warwick to the lakes, accompanied by Mr. Smith, well known for his elegant designs after nature, in Switzerland, 382.—ode addressed to the sun, and another inscribed to Dr. James, 383.—his **Timon of Athens**, altered from Shakespeare, 384.—extracts from that tragedy, 385.—his dramatic sketch of the **Note of Hand**, or a **Trip to Newmarket**, 388.—uses, but unsuccessfully, his interest with Garrick, to obtain an engagement for Henderson at Drury Lane, 389.—his tragedy of the **Battle of Hastings**, 391.—gives evidence before Lord Mansfield, relative to the last illness of Lord Halifax, 392.—reflections upon his death, 393.—pays his respects to Lord George Germain, upon his taking the seals of the **colonial department**, *ib.*—in negociation with Mr. Pow-

nall for the secretaryship, I. 394.—invited to visit Lord George Germain at Stoneland, near Tunbridge Wells, 396.—succeeds Mr. Pownall in his secretaryship, 397.—occasions during the conflict with America when his zeal was not unprofitably exerted for his friend and patron, 399.—quits Tyringham, and takes a house at Tetworth in Bedfordshire, to be near Lady Frances Burgoyn, sister to Lord Halifax, 400.—writes the opera of Calypso, *ib.*—applied to for the defence of Dr. Dodd, 403.—which is undertaken by Dr. Johnson, 404.—accepts a commission to undertake a secret negociation with the court of Spain, 415.—his accuracy and veracity in detailing the circumstances of this negociation, *ib.*—occasion of this mission, 416.—embarks on board the Milford Frigate, commanded by Sir W. Bunbury, 418.—dangers of the voyage, from a storm and engagement with the enemy, 419.—fortitude of Mrs. Cumberland, 420.—experiments upon the credulity and superstition of seamen, 423.—account of the action, and naval anecdotes, 424.—song by the author upon this occasion, 429.—chased by a French line of battle ship from Tournay's squadron, 431.—lands at Belem Castle, finds there the Romney and Cormorant, Captains Home and Payne, under Commodore Johnstone, *ib.*—Purchases a large stock of oranges for the refreshment of the ship's crew, *ib.*—takes apartments in Mrs. Duer's Hotel, Buenos Ayres, for himself and family, 432.—exchanges visits with Commodore Johnstone at Belem, and Captains Home and Payne, *ib.*—is informed by Mr. Hussey, who had promised to be extremely precise and correct in his report, that the Spanish ambassador Count Fernan Nu-

nez, had committed himself to a conversation, from which Mr. Hussey drew very promising expectations, Vol. II. 2.—extract of dispatches to Lord Hillsborough, 4.—visited at Buenos Ayres by our minister Mr. Walpole, Commodore Johnstone, Sir John Hort, Captain Payne, and other gentlemen of the factory, 6.—applies to Mr. Walpole, British minister at Lishon, 11.—follows the advice of Mr. Hussey to give the negociation a fair chance—his dispatches to Lord Hillsborough, stating his reasons for this conduct, 12.—departs from Aldea Gallega, in company with Captain Payne—passes Vendas Novas, 22.—attacked in a very mysterious manner at Elvas, by an Irish benedictine monk, 24.—escorted through the barriers by a guard of Portuguese dragoons, 25.—arrives at Badajoz, and is received by the garrison with military honours, 26.—proceeds from thence to Miajada, 27.—passes through Truxillo, Venta del Lugar Nuevo, and La Calzada to Talavera la Reina, where he receives a letter from Mr. Hussey, 29, 30.—arrives at Aranjuez, and is affectionately welcomed by Mr. Hussey, 34.—visited by the sub-minister Campo, Anduaga, and Escarano, also by the Duke d' Almodovar, Abbe Curtis and others, and on that evening had his first interview with the Count Florida Blanca, 35.—receives dismaying accounts of the riots in London, *ib.*—believes that he should have advanced the preliminaries had not the fatal news of those riots arrived, on the very day appointed by the Spanish minister for the fair discussion of the terms, 37.—compelled on account of these exaggerated rumours to suspend his operations, 38.—soon after informed by Escarano that the rioters were quelled, and

Lord George Gordon committed to the Tower, II. 39.—avails himself of this intelligence, but ineffectually, to bring back the negociation to its former forwardness, *ib.*—completes his dispatches, in which he gives a full and circumstantial account of all his proceedings, 40.—extracts from those dispatches, *ib.*—removes with his family to Madrid, 42.—the court removes to St. Ildefonso, where Count d' Estaing arrived specially commissioned to traverse his negociations, 44.—inactivity of the British fleet under Admirals Geary and Derby—capture of our great East and West India fleets and convoy by the Spanish squadron, *ib.*—by the alluring promises of D' Estaing, and the interested counsels of Galvez, minister of the Indies, the Spanish minister is for a continuance of the war—his situation becomes extremely critical, and his house is beset with spies, 45.—proscribed from all his accustomed friends and visitors, except Count Kau-nitz, and a few religious, *ib.*—attaches to his service certain confidential agents, by whose means he is enabled to expose and effectually traverse several insidious manœuvres, 46.—receives the long expected answer to his first dispatch, *ib.*—the covering letter to which contained a more than half reproof for having written to the Spanish minister on the subject of the riots—extracts from this letter, containing an examination of this charge and justification of the author's conduct, 47.—inconsistently arraigned for giving credit to sincerity where it did exist, and being doubtful where it wavered, 51.—attends again upon Florida Blanca at San Ildefonso—D' Estaing there in high favour and much caressed, *ib.*—conference with Florida Blanca, *ib.*—departs, and returns to Madrid,

leaving Mr. Hussey to settle terms with the minister, and the day following D'Estaing set out for his command at Cadiz, II. 58.—suffers very much from the unskillfulness of the surgeons, having received a very serious injury by a fall from one of his mules, 68.—at length relieved by an artist, who, under the sign of a brass bason, practised conjointly the sister arts of surgery and shaving, *ib.*—parting interview with *Abbe* Curtis—receives a most courteous invitation from the minister, in answer to a solicitation for a conference, 75.—these conferences separate Mr. Hussey from the author, who sends him home with those propositions which the author's instructions did not allow him to discuss, 76.—visits the *Escurial*. *See* *Escurial*.—upon the court's removal to that palace, the author is invited to bring his family thither, which he accepts, 80.—gracious condescension of the King of Spain, *ib.*—accident that had nearly occurred to the Prince of Asturias, when met by him, 82.—popularity of his wife and daughters, 93.—adapts his mode of life to his circumstances and undefined character, 94.—his house the rendezvous of fashion, *ib.*—his stud, 95.—returns to Madrid, where he finds his mansion in the naked dignity of brick-floors and white walls—mode of passing his time there with his family and friends, *ib.*—conveys his dispatches by Count Pallavicini, 110.—his dispatches embraced much matter, containing particulars of important information which proved to be correct, *ib.*—discovers an important intrigue, 111.—recalled by the Earl of Hillsborough, 112.—sends another dispatch to the Earl of Hillsborough relative to the Spanish horses, 115.—no longer any hope of bringing Spain into

a separate treaty, II. 121.—extracts from several of his dispatches, which terminate in his recall, 127.—comments upon this letter, 128.—Count Kaunitz reports to the British court the most favourable impressions of the author's conduct, 131.—went abroad to find friendship and protection, and came home to meet injustice and oppression, *ib.*—is offered indemnification for his expences by the King of Spain, which he refuses, 133.—at the commencement of the undertaking had £.1000, beyond which his private credit supplied every want, 135.—writes to the Earl of Hillsborough, and the minister Campo, 139, 140. quits Madrid, 142.—his company and travelling equipage, 143.—particulars of his travelling through Spain, &c. 144.—arrives in Portland Place, 162.—anecdote of the mysterious monk, *ib.*—cautioned against poisoned snuff, 163.—his memorial to Lord North, 172.—which produces no compensation, *ib.*—upon the dissolution of the Board of Trade, fixes himself at Tunbridge Wells, 178.—eulogy on that place, 179.—habits of life, 180.—description of his house there, 181.—his books and pen his best associates, 186.—his study matured by age and experience, 187.—vindicates himself from the charge of depreciating Sir Joshua Reynolds, 189.—extracts from his anecdotes of Spanish painters, relative to Mengs, *ib.*—ditto relative to Velasquez, 192.—part of Father Sullivan, in the Walloons, had no reference to Abbe Hussey, but expressly written for Henderson at his own request, 193.—continues to amuse his fancy with dramatic compositions—his chief attention bestowed on the original essays in the *Observer*, 199.—is charged with composing with great rapidity, 203.—answer to this

charge, II. 203.—*epilogue to the Arab*, 208.—review of the characters of Johnson and Garrick, 210.—Sir Joshua Reynolds, *ib.*—Romney, 211.—anecdote of the latter and Garrick, 213.—publishes an account of the death of Romney in a magazine, 215.—lines complimentary of Romney and Sir Joshua Reynolds, *ib.*—has written fifty dramas, published and unpublished, 218.—amongst the latter are some better than most which have yet seen the light—account of the Elder Brutus, *ib.*—the Carmelite, 219.—revolution occasioned by the introduction of Master Betty, 220.—observations upon the Roscius Mania, 221, 222.—if the theatres persist in these puerilities, they will be in the same predicament with an ingenious artist in the days of Rich, 223.—story of this artist, *ib.*—a parting word to his brethren in the dramatic line, 224.—controversy with the Bishop of Llandaff upon his proposal for equalizing the revenues of the hierarchy, 225.—avows himself the author of *Curtius* rescued from the Gulph, 226.—the subject of which was started at one of Mr. Dilly's literary dinners, *ib.*—acknowledges the great and frequent gratifications which he received upon those occasions, 227.—literary characters who associated there, *ib.*—the idea of writing these memoirs first suggested to him by Mr. Sharpe—lines to that gentleman, 230.—devotes the task of arranging his posthumous works to that gentleman, Mr. Rogers, and Sir James Bland Burges, 233.—compliments the Countess of Derby (late Miss Farren) upon her performance of *Lady Paragon* in the *Natural Son*, 236.—a short sketch of Lord Sackville's character, 237.—dedicates that sketch to the Earl of Dorchester, nephew to

Lord Sackville, II. 255.—renews his plea for pardon for errors in the dates of his productions, 256.—labours to effect a simple, clear, and harmonious style, 262.—quotation from Pliny, *ib.*—his partiality to heroic verse. See *Calvary*.—considers *Tristram Shandy* as the most eccentric work of his time, and Junius as the most acrimonious, 269.—letter from Mr. Edmund Burke, 274.—a few plain reasons for believing in the evidences of the christian revelation, 275.—Poetical Translation from the Old Testament, 276.—Fugitive compositions written at Mrs. Bludworth's, Holt, near Winchester, 282.—loses his eldest son, and soon after Mrs. Cumberland, 293.—his grateful domestic comforts, *ib.*—his verses presented to the Princess Amelia, by his daughter Lady Albinia Cumberland, 296.—numbers nineteen grandchildren, 294.—appointed major commandant of two companies of volunteer infantry—discipline of this corps, 290.—presented by his corps with a sword, as a tribute of esteem, 291.—vindicates the volunteer system 292.—Summary Account of these Memoirs, 299.—filial and pleasing duties of his younger daughter, to whom this work is consecrated, 301.—*Supplement*, 302.—reasons for adding one, viz.—to fill up the chasm of what passed subsequent to his return from Spain, 303—much more active as a literary man, since he has ceased to be busied as an official one, 304.—a multiplicity of his unpublished productions since his return from Spain, which will evince his industry, 305.—character of the Resurrection Critics, *ib.*—their posthumous justice, *ib.*—critical strictures on Mr. Hayley's Life of Cowper, 308.—vindicates Dr. Bentley and himself from Mr. Hayley's

invectives, 311.—comparison between Mr. Pitt and Cicero, 315.—writes three letters to Mr. Pitt, but receives no answer, 319.—delineation of his character, *ib.*—lines to his memory, 320.—meritorious services of Lords Nelson and Collingwood—impromptu on the former, spoken by Mr. Wroughton of Drury Lane, *ib.*—composes the melodramatic piece represented on the third night following, for which he receives the present of a gold snuff box, *ib.*—writes a piece upon the same subject, for Covent-Garden, unaccountably suppressed by the Lord Chamberlain, 324.—favourable reception of these memoirs, *ib.*—grateful acknowledgments to Mr. Sharon Turner, the Earl of Dorchester, and the writers of the reviews—levies contributions on his brains, though in his 75th year, 326.—malevolent personalities which formerly distinguished the diurnal prints, *ib.*—more just and manly principles now prevail upon the face of them—rejoices at this revolution, *ib.*—their tantalizing with reports of magnificent dinners, 327.—recommends one grand and sweeping *remove* of the whole of this erroneous practice, *ib.*—lives in the same house at Tunbridge Wells upwards of twenty years, 330.—domestic felicity, 331.—takes an active part in promoting the interests of his neighbours in Tunbridge Wells—exemplary character of Mr. Benson the minister, 332.—eulogium on the men of Kent, 334.—credit to the loyalty of Tunbridge Wells, 335.—supports the volunteer system, *ib.*—was a captain of infantry in the year 1747, and at this time perhaps the most aged field officer of volunteers in the kingdom, 337.—his loss of friends and relatives, 338.—his kindness and solicitude for Mr. Badcock and his family, 340.—favourable

mention of Mr. Henry Fry, II. 341.—convivial hours of Lord Mansfield, 344, 346.—conversation sketches of Charles Townshend, Fitzherbert, Johnson, Dr. Bentley, 344, 345.—Lord North, 348.—compared with Dodington, 350.—description of the political print called the Motion, 351.—Lord North kept his own hands clean and empty, 353.—his happy quotation, *ib.*—biographical sketches of Lord Primate Robinson, and his elder brother Sir William, 354, 356.—Archbishop Moore, Dr. Moss, Sir James Bland Burges, 360.—frivolities of the age, 362.—its fashionable votaries live in a continual display of scenery, *ib.*—Mr. Moore, a writer of love songs too highly coloured, 365.—dancing chancellor, *ib.*—eloquence of St. Stephen's chapel compared to Mother Goose's Tales—a junto of northern periodical critics have taken the author's works into their laundry, and put them through the usual process of *mangling*, 370.—hopes these acrimonious North Britons will discover the error of their ambition, the misapplication of their talents, and that their combinations to undo others, is, in fact, a conspiracy against themselves, 372.—explanation to the Edinburgh reviewers relative to Admiral Rodney, 373.—attends the Haymarket theatre with Mr. Smith, to see the performance of Mr. Rae, 383.—enlargement of the stage at Drury-Lane, 385.—difficulties and increased efforts of modern actors in consequence, *ib.*—eulogium on living actors, 391.—the stage pre-occupied by spectacle, 396.—death of Mr. Fox, 397.—thanks a reviewer in the British Critic for reminding him of an error, 401.—renews his acquaintance with Sir William Pepys at Ramsgate, 401.—character of that gentleman,

his classical knowledge, &c. *ib.*—his Hint to Husbands intended for Drury-Lane. 403.—conclusion, 404.

For a more particular account of the author's works, see the several articles in the following catalogue: **EPIC**—Calvary, Exodiad.—**DRAMATIC**—Arab, Banishment of Cicero, Battle of Hastings, Brutus the Elder, Box Lobby Challenge, Brothers, Choleric Man, Country Attorney, Calypso, Caractacus, Carmelite, Clouds, from the Greek of Aristophanes, Dependant, Days of Yore, Don Pedro, Eccentric Lover, Fashionable Lover, False Demetrius, False Impressions, First Love, Hint to Husbands, Impostor, Jew, Last of the Family, Mysterious Husband, Natural Son, Note of Hand, Sailor's Daughter, Shakespeare in the Shades, Timon of Athens, Torrendel, Walloons, Wat Tyler, West Indian, Wheel of Fortune, Widow of Delphi, Word for Nature.—**FUGITIVE PIECES**—Affection, Amelia Princess, Lines to, Avarice, Dreams, Envy, Epilogue to the Arab, Fragment, Hamlet, Hammond, Humility, Judges, James Dr., Mansfield, Nelson, Ode to the Sun, Pitt, Pride, Prudery, Prince of Wales, Romney the Painter, St. Mark's Eve, Troades, Virgil.—**PROSE**—Curtius Rescued from the Gulph, Evidences of the Christian Revelation, Controversial, *Lowth*.—**MISCELLANEOUS**—Anecdotes of eminent Painters in Spain, Catalogue of Paintings in the King of Spain's Palace, Sermons, Observer, Translation of the Psalms.—**NOVELS**—Arun-del, and Henry

Cumberland, Richard, the author's eldest son, goes through Westminster school with the reputation of an excellent scholar—admitted of Trinity College, Cambridge—volunteers in a cruize with Sir Charles Hardy, then command

of the channel fleet, I. 399.—enters himself as an ensign in the first regiment of foot guards, 400.—marries the eldest daughter of the late Earl of Buckinghamshire, and sister of the present—died at Tobago, where he went to qualify himself for a civil employment in that Island, II. 293.

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